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Davis, Kenneth Sydney, 1912-
The hero; Charles A. Lindbergh
and the American dream. Garden
City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1959.
527p.

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This well-researched biography not only records the details of Lindbergh's life, but explores the reasons behind ~~the~~ almost incredible hero worship accorded Lindbergh for several years after his nonstop flight across the Atlantic. The portrait does not end with Lindbergh's triumph but goes on to tell of the much publicized kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby, traces Lindbergh's zealous activities as an isolationist in the prewar and early war years, and speaks of his belated contributions to the U.S. war effort. An immensely readable and informative work that skillfully brings in much background detail about the U.S. of the 1920's and 1930's.

The Hero

Books by Kenneth S. Davis

THE HERO

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

MORNING IN KANSAS

RIVER ON THE RAMPAGE

THE YEARS OF THE PILGRIMAGE

SOLDIER OF DEMOCRACY

IN THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT

The Hero

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH
AND THE AMERICAN DREAM

Kenneth S. Davis

Garden City, New York

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.

1959

Excerpts from the poem *American Rhapsody to Lindbergh* by
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First Edition

To
STANLEY PARGELLIS
and the staff of the Newberry Library

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Preface

JOSEPH CAMPBELL in his *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* argues that the myths and legends of heroes in all countries and all ages are variations of a "monomyth" (the word is from James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*) whose "nuclear unit" is a "magnification of the formula represented in the rites of passage: *separation—initiation—return.*" Campbell sums it up: "A hero ventures forth from the world of common day into a region of supernatural wonder; fabulous forces are there encountered and a decisive victory is won; the hero comes back from this mysterious venture with the power to bestow boons on his fellow men."

Thus the adventure of the hero may be presented, as Campbell presents it, in three chapters. In Chapter I, the hero hears and heeds the call to adventure and, having been granted supernatural aid, goes forth alone on a journey, passing into the realm of night. In Chapter II, "the hero moves in a dream landscape of curiously fluid, ambiguous forms, where he must survive a succession of trials"; thereafter he meets and has mystical marriage with the Queen Goddess of the World and, through various vicissitudes, achieves at last his apotheosis. In Chapter III, the hero returns and is reintegrated with society or (as sometimes happens) is not, conferring boons in the former case and himself collapsing in the latter.

Almost point by point, Charles A. Lindbergh's solitary flight to Paris in May 1927 accorded with the monomythic adventure of the hero as described by Campbell. The young air-mail pilot, by his own account, heard and heeded the call to adventure, deciding to attempt the Paris flight, in a moment when a rare sense of power flooded through him. As he flew into the night, alone, he encountered fog which iced his plane's wings and brought him into mortal danger. He had constantly to fight the temptation to sleep (Campbell has a sec-

PREFACE

tion on "Woman as Temptress") and, of course, the sea over which he flew is of the *Magna Mater* of all life, literally and symbolically. He himself describes his mystical experiences over the sea in several passages of his *The Spirit of St. Louis*, notably in his account of the twenty-second hour of his flight where he tells of the "spirits" which rode with him, of how he saw and heard them and recognized them as "emanations from the experience of ages, inhabitants of a universe closed to mortal man." When he returned to his country he sought to bestow upon his countrymen the boon of safe and easy flight but, alas, his countrymen demanded of him other gifts which it was not in his nature, or in the nature of any mortal man, to bestow. . . .

Almost impossible to recapture in the late 1950s, when our great popular hero is a passive corporate personality epitomizing the "Organization Man," is that kind of magic which Lindbergh and his legend exerted upon those of us who remember him in the years of his heroism. I suppose that the return of such magic to the world would be a dubious blessing: there was in it a sickness like that of the Magic Mountain. Yet I have long wished that some author would help me recapture a sense of what we then experienced and would relate it, in its antecedents and consequences, to the life of the actual man upon whom we focused. It has seemed to me that the author who did so would tell a story which was not only exciting but also, in several ways, meaningful: the man himself, as his public record shows, is amazingly symptomatic of certain dominant moods in recent Western culture, and his life describes a remarkably pure symbolic curve across the turbulence of our times. He should be approached, I've thought, in a mood at once dispassionate and compassionate, but from a clear and definite point of view. His story should be very plainly and simply told by one who recognized the author's task as an essentially humble one, that of assembling in one place heretofore scattered materials, testing them for authenticity, and then weaving them together in a continuous narrative.

This, since no one else would try, is what I have tried to do. Perhaps it is what I have done.

—K. S. D.

Chicago, Illinois
May 1, 1959

The Hero

ONE

Boy in a Landscape

1

FROM windows of a Northern Pacific train as it drew near to Little Falls on a June day early in this century, the boy's eager gaze could see a land lying green and warm in golden light, yet a land that remembered glaciers. Bleak bones of winter showed through its grass-clothed flanks; the marks of ice were everywhere upon its face.

The boy could see low rounded hills, shaped by ice, and bogs and marshes and lakes by the dozen, where ice had gouged holes in the earth and then, melting, had filled them with water. He could see myriad green islands of lily pads where the waters were shallow, and cattails at the water's edge surrounded by bands of dark-green ferns, light-green sedges, and shrubs of elder and winterberry. He could see (already knowing) that such shallow waters had the faintly reddish color of a much diluted blood, being stained by moldering leaves—for by nature this was a country of forests as well as of lakes and there remained, among open pastures and cultivated fields, patches of woods where grew maple and ash and basswood, and a few tall white pines that had somehow escaped the woodsman's ax. Occasionally in the woods could be glimpsed tar-paper shacks where lived, in wintry solitude all the year 'round, men who had been isolated by some inner need or outer circumstance and who (as the boy also knew) made their meager livings off firewood cutting and odd jobs for otherwise unknown neighbors. As for the open fields, almost every one on higher ground bore at its center a cairn in memory of the ice age; hardhanded farmers had there heaped up piles of stones worn smooth by glaciers and left scattered by melting ice to harass, eons later, the pioneers of Minnesota.

The boy who looked out on all this was yet in his first decade of life. He was slender, taller than most boys his age, with blond hair and level brows. His lips were of generous proportions, his nose

straight, and both were finely modeled. His cheeks, though full now, looked as though they might become lean and hollowed as he grew toward manhood; they sloped smoothly down to a chin narrow almost to sharpness, its pointedness somehow accentuated by the dimple at its middle. His eyes were blue, very quick and bright, and their gaze revealed something of his character. When photographs were taken of him that year, he looked directly into the camera's eye. The innocent candor of his look, however, was qualified by a certain watchfulness. He appeared to maintain reserves across which he looked, as if from a distance, and by which he measured what he saw. One sensed that he was shy and aloof, and wary, in his dealings with other human beings; he might be more spontaneous and wholehearted in his responses to physical objects for the very reason that these did not demand that he respond and were, indeed, utterly indifferent to him.

But if he felt a special affinity with the objects he now viewed, it was only natural. Such landscapes as he saw had molded the lives of his father and his father's father as well as his own earliest memories, and they were not unlike those in which his paternal ancestors had lived for as far as family tradition extended beyond his grandfather. All had been Swedes, living out their lives among forests and lakes in a country which every year returned, for long dark months, to the ice age. As for the grandfather, he had been among those pioneers who had cleared Minnesota soil for the plow and heaped up, in cleared fields, mounds of glacial rock.

The boy might feel a special affinity with the river along whose eastern bank the train roared northward. When the tracks ran across lowlands, he could catch from windows at his left only an occasional wink of the river's waters, where reflected sunlight glinted through a tangle of a river-bank foliage. But now and then the tracks thrust along the brow of a low hill, and when this happened the Mississippi could be seen in its full width—a formidable stream even thus far from its mouth, thus near to its source. This river had flowed through a hundred of the boy's homesick dreams during the confined city months now ended; it would now flow, he confidently expected, through an open and happily active summer; for Little Falls, his home town, straddled the stream at a point where it was white with rapids (a dam had been built there) and the farm toward which he journeyed lay upon the river's bank two miles south of town. From every room of the house he called home, the flowing waters could be seen.

He had become intimately acquainted with those waters, as a swimmer is, when he was only three years old. His father had taken him

upon his back and breasted the Mississippi from bank to bank with strong, confident strokes, though the river was a full quarter mile in width where it passed the farm, and its current was swift. Thus the boy had never feared the river. He respected it, knowing the dangers of undercurrents and suckpools and submerged debris, but he regarded it as a friend, the giver of many happy hours of fishing, boating, swimming. Why, maybe he could go swimming that very day with his friends and neighbors, Alex Johnson and Bill Thompson! Maybe they'd all go down to what they called the "dryin' rock," below the river's tall western bank; or maybe they'd go to the creek (it should be high enough for swimming, with the early summer rains)—Pike Creek, which cut through the farm to flow into the Mississippi. . . .

But now the train was slowing, jerking a little as it curved toward the west. Abruptly, rows of houses appeared beside the tracks. Then the train crossed a roaring bridge while the boy looked far down the white-watered river toward the tops of Norway pines marking his home, and a trainman came down the aisle of the car, singing out: "Little Falls! Little Falls!" The boy jumped up and began to help his mother gather things together.

She, his mother, standing up, revealed herself as a woman of little more than average height whose figure was more sturdy than beautiful, her physical movements more efficient than graceful. Her face in its general contours bore but slight resemblance to her son's. It was more rounded than his, the cheeks proportionately wider and fuller and the chin broader; the lips were thinner, the eyes and hair somewhat darker. Her facial expressions, however, revealed attitudes and traits of character not unlike some her son might already have revealed to a penetrating observer. She, too, seemed wary of people. In the few photographs which had been taken of her, and particularly in the formal ones, she would appear to future observers as she normally did in that year to the citizens of Little Falls: a rather stiff, cold personality whose flawless courtesies were walls rather than bridges to intimacy and who was not so much shy of the camera's eye, or of any other eye focused intently upon her, as she was resentful of it. A close look at her was apparently regarded by her as an invasion of privacy, and there could be no doubt that privacy was a possession she valued highly. She guarded it so jealously that a bare handful of people, in all her life, would ever feel truly close to her.

But she smiled now, fondly if faintly, as her son ran eagerly down the aisle ahead of her. When the train jerked to a stop, he jumped down upon the platform immediately behind the conductor and stood

waiting, with some impatience, as she with dignity descended. Then the two set off side by side, carrying their bags into the dusty main street of the little town (Broadway, it was called) under a bright June sky, past saloons and stores to a grocery shop where they ordered food and arranged for its delivery with their bags.

As this business was transacted, the two were treated with deference. To this they were not unaccustomed; the boy, at least, took it for granted. After all, his mother was the wife of the Republican congressman from Minnesota's Sixth District. He himself was Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., the congressman's only son. He was returning with his mother from a winter in Washington, D.C., where they had seen and even met some of the most famous men in the land. Why should they not be deferred to in Little Falls as he had been, on several occasions, in that larger and more glamorous place, the nation's capital? Guards at the Navy Yard and on the Capitol grounds had given him special privileges when they learned he was a congressman's son. . . .

For though his winter in Washington had seemed to him a long dreariness, though he had felt hemmed in by the solid rows of red brick houses and had longed for woods and fields, though the nights had seemed to him hideous with the clank of streetcars and the roar of wheels on pavements, though his father's endless hours of paper work and talk, talk, talk indoors had seemed to him like a sickness—though all these things were true, he could not deny that he had known, in the city, many interesting and memorable moments.

He had seen Teddy Roosevelt riding in an automobile (he'd found the big powerful automobile as interesting as Teddy). He had seen the enormously fat President Taft walking for exercise behind his carriage in a park. He had met Knute Nelson of Minnesota and Champ Clark of Missouri and Bob LaFollette of Wisconsin. He had visited Mount Vernon and Arlington, had climbed the Washington Monument, had gone with his mother to many of the city's parks and historic places, and had taken long walks with his father on the few occasions when his father had had time for such pleasures. He had spent hours in the Smithsonian, looking at the exhibits, and still more hours in his father's office and on the floor of the House of Representatives. He had watched laws being passed, money being printed, demonstrations (for women's suffrage) being made. And he was sure that these things did give him, as his father said, "educational advantages" over boys who remained the year around in Little Falls.

All the same, he had envied those boys. He'd missed the sigh of wind through pines, the cry of a hoot owl across the dark. . . . How

he had looked forward to taking precisely the walk he now took with his mother, out to the farm!

2

The land had been bought by Charles A. Lindbergh the elder in 1898, a year of tragedy for him. . . .

In 1883 he had been graduated from the law school of the University of Michigan. Not long after, he had come to Little Falls, rented an office in Marotte's Brick Block, and hung out his shingle: C. A. *Lindbergh, Attorney at Law*. He had roomed and boarded in the home of the Honorable Moses Lafond (or "LaFond," as it was later spelled) whose family was the most prominent in town and whose youngest daughter, Mary, attracted first his eye, then his heart. On April 4, 1887, he married her. The ceremony was performed in her father's house, not by a minister of the Gospel but by one S. P. Fuller, justice of the peace. Immediately afterward, as the Little Falls *Transcript* reported, "the joyful couple left for a wedding tour to St. Paul, Chicago, and other places," to return "in about a week."

The bride was nine years her husband's junior, a quietly pretty girl whose temperament had few of the fiery qualities one might expect from her French-Canadian and Irish descent. Kind, loving, she devoted herself almost exclusively to wifehood, motherhood, homemaking. She did so for eleven years during which three daughters were born (one died in infancy) and her husband's professional and business career prospered.

He became a man of extensive affairs, building and selling several houses in Little Falls, acquiring several farms, achieving a bank directorship, joining with the Lafonds in various enterprises, serving a two-year term as prosecuting attorney of Morrison County. He became known far and wide as "C.A.," a man whose prosperity was wholly earned since he cared more for principle than profit and often rejected opportunities for the latter when the former, by his high standards, might be violated. He worked hard. By late January of 1898 he was, as the *Morrison County Democrat* put it, so "worn by the cares of business" that he took one of the longest vacations of his life—six weeks with his wife and children in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and Washington, D.C. He found things "exceedingly lively" in the latter place, as he reported upon his return. In mid-February the battleship *Maine*

had been blown up in Havana harbor; talk of impending war with Spain filled the air.

But as the talk mounted toward an actual declaration of war, C.A.'s mind was focused on more intimate and, for him, disturbing concerns. His wife was ill. She had long suffered from severe headaches; she now developed other symptoms, and the doctors diagnosed her trouble as an abdominal tumor. It must be removed at once, they said, though it was almost certainly benign and would require no very dangerous operation. So in the second week of April, in Minneapolis, Mary Lafond Lindbergh went under the surgeon's knife, which discovered, to everyone's surprise, that the tumor was malignant and that the cancer had spread. She survived the operation barely two hours, dying then of surgical shock just a few days before her thirty-first birthday. "Her death was a terrible blow to her husband, who was with her, and who until a short time before her death was assured that she would be fully restored to health."

Did this blow strike so deep as to injure permanently his capacity for human affection? Did it drive him toward regions of solitude and reticence which, though natural to him, might otherwise have been avoided?

At any rate, it was remarked of him, even in that spring of '98, that he showed little grief—and there were some in later years who doubted, maliciously, that he was capable of grief or of any other purely personal emotion. Certainly he showed none to the world. He was a tall, lean, fair-complexioned man, loosely but powerfully built, with a long lean face, high cheekbones, a stubbornly determined jaw, and a full mouth that was rarely broadened into a smile. His eyes were of a clear blue. Through them he looked out directly upon the world but into them few men could ever look very far, for it was as if a shutter dropped down behind them when personal matters arose. His was a Puritan's countenance: to those who knew him only casually (he permitted few to know him better) his facial expression often seemed frozen in a Nordic hostility to all joy, all beauty, all the warm spontaneities of Southern natures.

Yet he had bought this land. He had bought it in the year of his wife's death simply because it was beautiful, having for it no utilitarian purpose. It comprised one hundred and ten acres of primeval pines and hardwoods, broken by a little open meadow, stretching along the Mississippi as wilderness had done along the Sauk when his father homesteaded there in 1859. At least one of its white pines, a mighty tree with a trunk twelve feet in circumference, had been growing a

decade or more when William of Normandy conquered Harold at Hastings; several were two or three centuries old when America was discovered; and all raised lofty crowns over a sweet green gloom, arching a cathedral's hush. Into this gloom, this hush, he liked to walk of an evening or on a Sunday, pushing his way through tangled undergrowth to the river's bank. . . .

For three years he left the beauty wholly undisturbed.

Even when he decided to make a home upon the land, he disturbed its beauty as little as possible. This was in 1901. On March 27 of that year he was again married, to Evangeline Lodge Land of Detroit, a graduate of the University of Michigan who had been teaching science in the Little Falls high school. The ceremony was performed in the Detroit home of the bride's parents, 258 West Forest Avenue, "at half after seven o'clock by Reverend Nehemiah Boynton," and though the house was "bedecked" with "a magnificent wealth of spring flora," the wedding party was small. In addition to relatives, there were present only "nine young girl friends of the bride, with whom, as a member of Sorosis at the Michigan University, she had been associated four years." Immediately following the wedding supper, "Mr. and Mrs. Lindbergh left for a three-month trip to California," according to the *Detroit Free Press*. Actually, having spent part of their honeymoon on the California ranch of C.A.'s brother, Perry, the two were back in Little Falls by mid-May. They lived through the summer in a cabin hastily erected below a little hill on the river's bank, the highest point on the property, while on the hill's crest their house was built.

Across the road a caretaker's house, a barn, and other outbuildings went up. A fence of net wire was strung between white-painted cedar posts, broken here and there by gates of black iron. Lawns were established, and flower beds and a vegetable garden. Cows were brought to pasture a meadow north of the barn, and Angora goats cleared out excessive underbrush. But initially Lindbergh thought of the place as a country estate and private park rather than a farm. He named it "Lindholm," cultivating just enough of it to supply family needs and leaving the woodlands in their natural state. The great trees remained untouched.

The house itself, a frame structure, was imposing for its time and place, obviously built in the expectation that much life would be lived in it. It stood three stories high and had thirteen rooms: seven bedrooms on the upper floors, a billiard room on the third floor, and downstairs a reception hall, dining room, living room, study, and kitchen. Both living room and master bedroom had fireplaces in them,

and the dining room, reception hall, and front staircase were paneled in quartersawed oak. Lace curtains were on the windows; Oriental rugs spread over the floor; the tables and chairs were of mahogany and oak.

And all this made up the world of the boy Lindbergh's earliest memories. Brought to the house a few weeks after his birth in Detroit on February 4, 1902, he first became aware within its walls that there was a world outside himself which could harm him if he failed to learn its rules, which might serve him well if he obeyed its rules, but which could never be wholly subservient to his wishes. He also learned, from the sad fate of the house when he was four, that there was terror in the world. And tragedy.

On that hot Sunday afternoon (it was August 6, 1906) he was at play when suddenly he heard shouts and feet running down the stairs. His mother came, and his nurse, both of them in great excitement. He was pulled to his feet and hurried from the house and across the road to the barn. There his nurse tried to soothe his fears, tried to interest him in new things to play with, but he slipped away from her and looked around the barn's corner toward the house. Smoke poured up from it, a great black column of smoke which plumed out against the pale August sky, and red flames shot out the windows of the upper stories. A crowd was gathering, and there was much running and shouting in and about the house. . . . His nurse took his arm and pulled him back behind the barn, saying that he mustn't watch. He *mustn't!*

The big house burned down, all the way to the foundation, the fire having started in a closet on the third floor and each floor collapsing, as the flames roared through it, into the floor below. No fire-fighting equipment was available. All that the crowd could do was carry out the furniture, the books, the rugs, the china and silver. Even the piano was saved. But the boy's toys were not—and next day he mourned them and the loss of a score of other familiar things as he stood beside the still-smoking ruin, tightly grasping his mother's hand. Wide-eyed, he stared at the tall brick chimney upon whose fireplace mantel, where the living room had been, reposed the only object in the house to pass unscathed through the flames: a small Mexican figure of baked clay, belonging to his mother. Wide-eyed, he stared into the black pit, walled by the house's scorched split-stone foundation, where charred wood and ashes and hunks of twisted iron were heaped in a smoldering debris. Perhaps he wept. At any rate, his mother comforted him, telling him a new house would be built. He

could be sure of that. A brand new house. Father would build one. And father did, of course.

A year later there stood, on the foundation of the earlier structure, a smaller and far less expensive house, with six rooms downstairs and four upstairs, the latter rather cramped under a gabled roof. There was also a sleeping porch on the first floor, overlooking the river; here the boy Lindbergh slept in the summers as, later, he would do also through the long harsh Minnesota winters when the thermometer was often below zero and a snow hard as sand sifted over an ice-cold floor.

It was said that the new house was so much less elaborate than the first had been because fire protection was still lacking. This was certainly a partial reason. There were some in Little Falls, however, who found other explanations. When Congressman C. A. Lindbergh spoke of the farmer's sad plight in an economy dominated by the railroads, the banks, the giant trusts, he spoke with an authority born of personal experience. His own capital, most of it in farm land and small-town real estate, was depleted soon after, and in part as a result of, his reluctant entry into active politics. Financial considerations alone might have dictated a reduced scale of living for him, particularly in 1907 when a financial panic, directly attributable to the tight control of currency by private banks, deepened what had been since the 1870s a chronic agricultural depression.

But even more important, according to the talk of the town years later, was the fact that the Lindberghs had no longer any need or desire for so large a house. The expectation of abundant life, on which the earlier house had evidently been raised, was not to be fulfilled.

C.A. and his second wife may have been too much alike in essential ways to make a successful marriage. Each may unwittingly have encouraged in the other precisely those traits of character most inimical to a happy intimacy—an iron reticence in the handling of private feelings, a too-rigid sense of privacy—while discouraging other traits whose full expression would have opened up and enriched their lives. Whatever the reason, the marriage failed. It did not do so publicly. There was no legal divorce, no hint to the world of private sorrow, no evident acrimony between husband and wife. Eva and Lillian, C.A.'s daughters by his first wife, remained on good terms with his second, living with their stepmother and half brother for weeks at a time in the summer. But as the years went on, there could be no hiding the fact that C.A. and Evangeline Lindbergh lived separate lives, having become estranged not long after the birth of their only child. Through all these years, their only truly vital link would be

this son, who made his home with his mother, though he spent much time with his father.

3

Near the edge of the town, at the corner of Broadway West and Fourth Street, the boy and his mother turned southward around the new Bethel Lutheran Church, passed another smaller church of yellow brick a block away, then paused at a house whose white-fenced yard was full of flowers and whose owners had kept, through winter months, the boy's spotted dog. If he had feared his dog would forget him during the long separation, he was quickly reassured. Joyful to see, joyful to hear was their reunion. Then mother, son, and frisky dog set off down a sandy street. Soon this street became a country road curving southward past farmsteads and a green open sloping meadow beside the river, past openings of paths leading through woods and tangled thickets toward places of play, and into the Lindbergh farm itself.

Once, when he was five years old, the boy was taken by his father deep into the woods which now reached to his right; it was one of those lonely tramps his father loved and which the boy, too, now loved. They were well over a mile from home in a pathless wilderness, with evening approaching, when the little boy grew tired. His father bade him rest. "I want to go on a bit," his father said. "I'll be back soon. You wait right here." But when the father returned, the son was nowhere in sight nor was there any answer to the father's loud cries as he threshed about in the woods, hunting with increasing desperation as his imagination pictured frightful things. At last, he hurried home to enlist help—and was met by his son at the gate to the yard! How had the boy got there? Simple. He had noticed that they walked in late afternoon straight toward the sun; when he tired of waiting, he therefore walked straight away from the sun. His only surprise was at his father's surprise that he should have come directly home. . . .

Angling away from the river into the Lindbergh land, the road ran straight for a half mile, passing tenant house and barn, to that gate where he had swung on the afternoon he was "lost." Through it and up the straight concrete walk went mother and son and dog, beyond a screen of flowering shrubs, into a grassy yard shaded by oaks and poplars and a great basswood tree, then into the house where a winter's air remained, caught and held in a stuffy enclosed gloom. At once,

mother and son flung the windows wide; a fresh sweet wind of June flowed through.

The cookstove was lit, and while his mother was preparing lunch, the boy renewed acquaintance with a dozen things he'd longed for: a giant elm with cleats nailed to its trunk up which he could climb to his "Indian lookout" high in the branches, a chipmunk which had become his pet last summer, a pair of stilts, swing ropes he had carefully stored last autumn, a play cave he had dug and play objects put away in closet and basement.

He spent a long glorious afternoon out of doors with Alex Johnson and Bill Thompson as his roving companions—and his dog, too, of course. They hiked through the woods, alert for Indian arrowheads (he'd found one once at a tree's root), the whirring arrow flight of birds out of tall grass, the scamper of rabbits from leafy thickets, the warning cries of crows down corridors of forest as they approached. They swam, as he had hoped they would, in river and creek. They rolled a log which had been caught in a jam beside the "dryin' rock." They tried in vain to catch a turtle. He came home at last when the sun was low in the west, wonderfully hungry. And happy. . . .

So began another of those summers he would remember and write of a half century later as an idyllic time in an idyllic landscape of field and wood, river and lake. With his father he went to a pond where turtles by the score and of various colors sunned themselves atop tangled mats of weeds; from a flat-bottomed boat father and son grabbed them by their shells when, seeking to dive to safety in the clear leaf-stained waters, they were caught among the green stems of weeds. With his father, he went into field and forest carrying a Savage repeater or a Winchester 12-gauge shotgun; his grandfather Land in Detroit had given him a single shot .22 when he was six; his father had given him the Savage when he was seven; and in the latter year, as he would proudly record, he had been permitted to walk behind his father with his gun loaded. (Once it went off accidentally, grazing the boy's big toe, after he'd ignored his father's warning not to carry it with the safety catch not on. His father said nothing about it until, almost home, he mourned the probability that the boy would not be permitted to hunt any more once his mother learned of his carelessness. Chastened, resolved never to be so foolish again, the boy said he'd never tell her if his father didn't. . . .) His father had taught him fishing and swimming, the latter characteristically by letting the boy save himself when he slipped into a hole that was over his head; from

the bank the father watched as his son, struggling, found himself swimming before the current had carried him into shallow water.

His father was a great believer in self-reliance, practicing far more than he preached a truly rugged individualism. He had inherited these qualities and been raised in such a way as to encourage their development. Necessity, often a cruel necessity, had been his teacher.

Sometimes he told his son of his own boyhood, long ago, on the wilderness farm grandfather August Lindbergh had homesteaded on the Sauk River in 1859. Hunting and fishing and trapping had not been mere sports for the Minnesota farm boy of the mid-1860s. Venison and rabbits, prairie chickens and ducks and geese, pickerel and bass—these were needed food. Moreover, deer skins might be sold for thirty cents a pound; a timber wolf's pelt brought a dollar and a quarter; otter skins were worth two to four dollars apiece, while a coon might be worth as much as fifty cents and a beaver a dollar. Most valuable of all, and most exciting to hunt, was bear; bearskins brought from ten to twelve dollars. But ammunition cost money, of which the family had little. C. A. Lindbergh, whose assigned task as a boy was to keep the family in meat, was taught never to waste a shot. The rounds of ammunition he carried were carefully counted before he left to shoot ducks and he was expected to bring back a duck for every shell expended; if he missed a bird with one shot he endeavored with the next to bring down two by getting them in line. This was no such feat as might be imagined, he explained to his wide-eyed son, for in those days ducks were so thick above the marshes that one could often bring down two at once by firing with no particular aim into a whirling flock.

And so C.A.'s son, wandering through the woods or fishing and boating on lake or stream, would try to imagine himself back into that wondrous wilderness. Being an only son whose two half sisters were really much too old for him to play with when they stayed at the farm, he played alone most of the time. Nor was he sorry for it. He liked solitude, needing it more than most, and had he been born a century before would surely have gone awestering, roving the empty land beyond the farthest frontier as mountain man, trail blazer, Indian scout. . . .

He followed a trail the Chippewas had followed for generations, seeking out scenes in a grove of primeval pines which remained as they had been when the first white man came—such scenes as Lieutenant Zebulon Pike had witnessed when he camped near what was now Little Falls in 1805 and 1806. He passed round or elongated mounds

of earth (there were more than one hundred fifty of them within a few miles of Little Falls) heaped up no one knew how many centuries ago, nor by what hands nor for what reason, and became aware that there had been people here long, long before the Chippewas came. He went often to a gravel pit (it was on a short cut from town to farm), keeping his eyes open for flakes of white quartz which, he'd been told, were sometimes found in the glacial drift three or four feet below the surface of the ground and which indicated, or so scientists believed, that there had been people here in a past so distant that the world of the Chippewas, even the world of the mound builders, was comparatively but a moment ago. These quartz flakes, it was said, had been artificially chipped by primitive men before the last glacial age ended—and that was thirty to fifty thousand years past! If the boy ever found one, he failed to recognize it. Probably he never did.

But he did sometimes find in the gravel pit pieces of quartz which were as interesting to him as the prehistoric chips would have been. These were carnelians—translucent quartz, often blood-red, which his mother told him had been among the stones most valued by the Greeks and Romans. In the ancient world, she said, carnelians had been used not only as ornaments, because they were so beautiful when polished, but also as seals, because wax did not stick to them as it cooled. His mother was full of such lore. She could tell him that quartz was chemically of the same composition as the sand in the playbox of his infancy and she could also speak with knowledgeable feeling about the use of carnelians by artists, for her own interests were both scientific and artistic. She combined them in such enterprises as flower painting. On summer afternoons her son occasionally watched her as she meticulously drew her pictures of flowers in vases, the drawings carefully shaded then in water colors and the completed work hung, sometimes, upon a living-room wall.

There were other sweet pleasures of solitude. He built a crude flat-bottomed boat and set out in it, with only his dog for companion, on many an all-day excursion along the river and its tributary streams. He spent whole afternoons alone upon the steep bank of the river, under oaks and elms and ceaselessly rustling cottonwoods, watching the flow of waters and the jump of fish and the plunge of turtles from mud shore into muddy stream. He saw, first, their necks and heads and thought he saw snakes writhing at the water's edge, but a thrown pebble caused the mud-colored shells to heave up on awkward legs. Turtles in water were much more graceful than turtles on land, just

as the birds he watched, so jerky in their movements on earth, were beautifully controlled in the air.

Sometimes he hid—from what? from whom?—in thickets of sumac taller than his head, or in narrow ravines which creased the river bank, or in fields of tall grass. In the latter, as he would write long afterward, he liked to lie upon his back. He did so for hours at a time. Tall stems walled a cozy, isolated nest, hiding him from all the horizontal world, shaping a deep green frame through which to view the sky, and as he lay there he could feel himself become almost a part of the upper air, wonderfully free of earth and of men. He walked in his imaginings along stuttering lines of cirri that were like faint brush-strokes of white across the blue; he plunged through a wild countryside of rolling mist as thunderheads moved in; he climbed toward the moon, so wanly shining in the daytime sky; and all these imaginings might come true, or virtually so, he told himself, if only he had an airplane.

He recalled to mind the only two airplanes he had thus far seen in his life. One had been at Fort Myer near Washington; the other had recently roared out of the afternoon along the Mississippi where it flowed by his home. Both had been pusher biplanes. Their pilots were precariously perched at the forward ends of oblong boxes which were without solid side walls and whose tops and bottoms were held together by a forest of struts, a network of wires. Obviously flying was dangerous, as his mother had been quick to point out. Extremely dangerous. However free the sky might seem to be, he who mounted it on artificial wings was not free. Earth had her claims upon him and would exercise them fatally if anything went wrong with his flimsy flying machine. Flying was expensive, too—incredibly so. And so the boy put aside as a foolish wish his yearning to go up in an airplane.

Perhaps he was encouraged to do so by certain deep insecurities whose roots he might never recognize, whose manifestations he sternly banished from his daylight mind, but which gave birth to a thousand horrors in the night. One of these was a horror of falling from high places. All through his boyhood—and indeed, until he was a full-grown man—he had occasional nightmares in which he fell from a tall cliff or building, plunging helplessly downward, nauseated by fear, toward ugly death. Yet he mounted in daylight to the uppermost boughs of giant trees and seemed, to his infrequent companions, notably free of vertigo.

Bill Thompson, for instance, would never forget the hot afternoon when Charles climbed to his lookout atop the elm and, having vainly

surveyed the horizon for "Indians," calmly announced that he would jump instead of climbing down.

"You'll be killed!" cried Bill.

"I'm going to do it," said Charles, easing himself toward the end of the bending bough, sixty feet above the ground. His tone carried such conviction that Bill shouted for Mrs. Lindbergh.

She came running from the house. Angrily, for she was badly frightened, she ordered her son to descend in the normal manner. He did so, dutifully: he was always dutiful. But when he reached the lowest branch, ten feet or so above the ground, he disdained to use the cleats he had nailed to the trunk. Instead he leaped outward and fell to the earth, landing heavily but unhurt. ("He came the nearest to getting a spanking that afternoon that he ever did," Bill's brother Leo told a newspaper reporter years later. He added that young Lindbergh was never punished physically. "Neither his mother nor his father ever laid a hand on him.")

But this was daylight daring and even so was inspired not by fearlessness but by fear. With the night came, often, a terror before which he was helpless. Undefined in itself, it assumed with vivid realism whatever shape his imagination might suggest. A cruel tiger in the black wood. A poisonous snake in some dark corner. A robber crouching with poised knife in a fearfully whispering thicket. . . . "It was what I couldn't see that frightened me," he would record long afterward, "—the python, slithering overhead, the face beyond the curtain."

TWO

The Family, as Background and Education

1

A QUARTER CENTURY later, this boy become a man would be actively interested in the culture of living tissues. He would help devise mechanical means for prolonging the life of cells indefinitely beyond the death of the individual body to which those cells had belonged, and he would be led thereby to ponder mysteries of Time and Eternity as these are manifest in the relationship of germ plasm to soma. Theretofore unwonted speculations would absorb him—speculations concerning his own identity, his personal relationship to God—for he would then realize as never before that he was not only (as soma) a unique and mortal individual but also (as germ plasm) a flowing and immortal process. In one aspect, he had been born and would die. But in another, he had been from the moment of vital creation and might forever be, his life continuous with that of his ancestors, his children, his children's children, yes, and with all life everywhere on earth from whatever its beginning to whatever its end.

On his father's side, however, the earliest ancestral life with which he could actually *feel* an identity was that of his grandparents, and particularly of his grandmother. She yet possessed her life, a dignified and independent one of sixty-six years, when the boy was born—and he first knew her well as the smiling proprietor of a wonderful cooky jar in the cottage built for her in Little Falls by C.A. She was an impressive lady with a square jaw, a direct gaze much like the boy's own, and manners that were sometimes intimidating. But she was also a cheerful person with a ready, wholehearted laugh, who loved children and was much loved by them in return. Her grandchildren developed a tradition of "surprising" her with little presents when they came (she must have had a considerable histrionic talent to be able to register daily her "astonishment"), as tokens of gratitude for her abundant and unfailing supply of cookies. The boy himself once pre-

sented her with some baby mud turtles he had caught on the bank of the Mississippi.

From her lips, from his father's, and from two portrait photographs, the boy learned nearly all he was ever to know of his paternal grandfather, August Lindbergh, who had been dead for ten years when the boy was born.

One of the photographs, which hung in his father's study, was not prepossessing, being of a stiff, fierce-looking old man with strange light-colored eyes that had almost a savage glint in them. The other, taken when its subject was in his forties and seen by the boy in a family album, was more attractive, though it, too, had a quality which many might have found repellent. A rather arrogant figure was seated stiffly beside a table, wearing starched white collar and formal black tie, brightly checked waistcoat and long black coat, gray trousers and (it was as though he "wore" it) thick black cane, the latter firmly planted between spread knees by two hands resting, not at all at ease, upon its head. The eyes, darker than those in the other picture, looked slightly askance at the camera as if they manifested a hard, half-disdainful pride. And this kind of pride seemed confirmed by the firmly set jaw and slightly outthrust lower lip. The total impression was metallic and sharp, rather like the photographs one sees of Charles Dickens in his middle years. Yet there was an impression, too, as in the Dickens photographs, of an intense, outwardly focused vitality. Here appeared no introverted personality. There was no such petulance in that outthrust lip as would later seem faintly to appear in photographs of his son Charles, and of his grandson Charles, also. Instead was an attitude by no means inconsistent with generosity, with gregariousness.

And indeed the boy's father and his paternal aunts and uncles all assured him that August Lindbergh had been the soul of friendliness and hospitality, his farmstead a center of community life and a major overnight stopping point for immigrants on the main-traveled road north and west of St. Anthony Falls. "I have seldom stayed with anybody up north who did not stop overnight with father and mother in the '60s and '70s," said C.A. And the boy's aunt Linda (Mrs. J. H. Seal) was fond of telling how the farmstead became, for a time, a sewing center for the community, after the Lindberghs bought the first sewing machine to come into the Melrose countryside. Women came from miles around, bringing their children as well as their sewing, to work, with many an expression of astonished delight, upon the "New Home," as the machine was called. . . .

The boy learned that his grandfather had been born with the name Ola Månsson in Sweden a century ago and that his grandfather's father, a shadowy figure in an inconceivable past, had been a farmer who had died when Ola Månsson was but five years old; the widow (who was the boy's great-grandmother) had lived to the age of ninety. He learned that his grandfather's childhood had not been an easy one; when no older than his grandson now was, Ola Månsson had borne many burdens of responsibility. Deprived of opportunities for formal education, he had struggled to overcome the handicap of little schooling, reading widely and continuously. He had married Ingar Jönsdotter, and had had with her six children. After years of work on other men's land, he had become a landowner himself near Gardlösa in Skåne, southernmost province of Sweden, surmounting obstacles which Sweden's social system and population pressures, in the 1830s and '40s, put in the way of common men.

Ola Månsson had also learned to express himself clearly and forcefully in public speech while developing profound commitments to liberal political principles. Reportedly he was pushed into public life by the desires of his neighbors, though these were doubtless aided by his personal ambition. At any rate, when he was forty he became a member of the *Riksdag*, Sweden's Parliament, where he was soon a leader of the agricultural estate¹ and, during a decade of public service, became nationally known as a social reformer, even a radical.

It was with this aspect of his grandfather's life in the Old Country that the boy became most familiar; it was of this aspect that the boy's father most often spoke. Moreover, the boy could derive some sense of his grandfather's public role from the fact that his own father was a congressman and was being increasingly attacked by conservatives as a "dangerous radical."

Ola Månsson allegedly violated tradition from the very outset of his political career. He spoke from the floor at once, without waiting, as custom decreed, for a second term in which to make his maiden speech. He was chosen for this second term not only by his home province but also by a neighboring one, so that he sat for two at once. He fought for abolition of the whipping post as a legal punishment, for laws prohibiting the corporal punishment of servants by their masters, for repeal of that *Conventicle Edict* which forbade Swedes to

¹ In those days the *Riksdag* contained four houses representative of the nobility, the bourgeoisie, the clergy, and the farmers. The new Swedish constitution of the mid-1860s changed this, establishing two houses comparable to the Senate and House of the Congress of the United States.

gather in private homes for Bible reading and prayer, for improvements in public transportation facilities, and for a wider extension of the suffrage. Inevitably he made political enemies among the rich and powerful, and there is evidence that he also aroused personal animosities among colleagues who otherwise agreed with him, for he reportedly added to a "naturally commanding presence . . . an arrogant manner." Yet it was said that he also commanded the warm personal affection of at least some of his strongest political opponents: when he made known his decision to emigrate to America, conservatives of the *Riksdag*, who hated his social principles, presented him with a gold medal in token of their personal esteem.

He became a close personal friend of the handsome, popular Crown Prince, who in 1859 became King Charles XV of Sweden. At the time of Charles' accession to the throne, Månsson had been recently married for the second time. His bride was Louise Carline, born thirty years later than he and of a family higher than his in the social scale. (Her girlhood, it was said, "had been pleasantly tinged with a fine touch of aristocracy.") Their first son, born in Stockholm on January 20, 1859, was named Charles August, in honor of the King. . . .

And the birth of this son—destined to become the father of the boy we know—coincided with a great change in the life of Ola Månsson, for it was in 1859 that the father, now over fifty, made his complete break with the past, beginning a new life in a new country with his new wife and child. He even cast off his old name and substituted a new one. From that time forward, he was no longer Ola Månsson; he was August Lindbergh.

Perhaps his migration might be explained in part by a letter he wrote to a young friend seven years after his arrival in America. By that time he had severed all legal ties to his native land; he had become an American citizen, struggling to master, though he never did perfectly master, the English language. And as he wrote from his Minnesota farm on April 28, 1866, he expressed in broken English his disgust with Sweden's class structure, his despair of Swedish reform. "I know all about the matter you wrote about in Sweden," said he. ". . . I don't think the new constitution will do much good for the old country. The religious freedom was proclaimed partly before I left and the Lordship is not overthrown. The Lords are still there and are Lords as they were before. The constitution is changed after the English, all most in favor of the wealthy. Yes, it has been a great jubilation all over, but I think I see a black spot in the white. I am afraid the people will find it out and go from the old country to America because it is

the same mistake in the new Constitution as it was in the old one, not half the people are represented, only the rich, and pretty rich, too."

He saw a black spot in the white. . . .

But why did he change his name? How explain that? When pressed with this question by one of his daughters born in America, he made a seemingly ingenuous reply. There was nothing disgraceful or uncommon about changing one's name in Sweden, he explained. There were no serious legal obstacles to doing so. Indeed the whole system of familiar nomenclature in the Old Country had differed greatly from that in America. His own name, for instance, was Månsson simply because his father's name was Måns; his Swedish-born sons were named Olsson because they were the sons of Ola; and when two of these, Måns and Jens, went off to school and found Olsson so common a name as to render them virtually anonymous, they abandoned it, substituting the less common name of Lindberg to which, for added distinction, they appended an *h*. So when he and his bride planned their migration to the new country and decided that they should embark on their wholly new life with a wholly new name, what was more natural than that they should take his sons' new name as their own?

Actually there was more to the story than that. At the time of his migration, Ola Månsson, as one of the directors of the loan office of the Bank of Sweden at Malmö, was in process of being convicted of embezzlement by Sweden's superior court. "From the vantage point of today we can judge that Ola Månsson's enemies—and he had many, largely because of his liberal ideas—"framed" him, and that he was guilty only in a technical sense," Grace Lee Nute would write eighty years later. "But for many years his name was one of reproach in Sweden." It was so much so that his son Måns Olsson Lindbergh, despite the change of name, was seriously hampered (being subjected to virulent personal attacks in the press) as he attempted to raise and lead a colony of Swedes to Minnesota in 1868 and '69. Only through the exercise of rare qualities of character, energy, and intellect did Måns succeed in his enterprise, settling a company near Big Lake in Sherburne County—and this was but one of the things which made his name glamorous, fifty years later, to the boy in Little Falls whose half uncle he was.

For Måns was a soldier, a roving adventurer, constantly in quest of dangerous excitements. He had served as volunteer in a British regiment during the Crimean War, when he was twenty, and with the Royal South Scanian Infantry Regiment in Sweden from 1857 to 1862, coming in the latter year of the American Civil War, with his younger

brother Per, to Chicago. There he promptly enlisted in the Eighty-second Illinois Volunteer Infantry while Per went on to join his father in Minnesota and to become ultimately the Uncle Perry of our boy in Little Falls, with a ranch in California. By the spring of 1865, Måns Olsson Lindbergh had risen through the ranks to a captaincy in the Union Army and was a veteran of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, and Nashville, among a dozen lesser battles. When he returned to Sweden in 1866, King Charles XV personally presented him with a royal silver medal "for bravery in action." He had lived his life intensely, no doubt of that. In doing so he had burnt up his body. He was not well by the time he had settled his colony at Big Lake in the summer of 1869. By December of that year, back in Sweden, he was hospitalized in Lund. He died three months later of tuberculosis, aged thirty-five. . . .

Thus, despite his grandfather's misfortunes, the little boy of Little Falls could conclude that his grandfather's Swedish family was not without honor, even in its own country. He could also conclude that his grandfather more than paid in Minnesota for whatever mistakes he may have made in Malmö, proving in the process that those mistakes stemmed from no lack of essential courage or integrity.

When he arrived at St. Anthony Falls in the spring of 1859, August Lindbergh was so nearly destitute that he used the gold medal he had been given by his *Riksdag* opponents as payment for a breaking plow. It was such a plow as would have broken with ease the sod of the open prairie around what is now Litchfield, Minnesota, some fifty miles to the west, the place toward which he had aimed when he left Sweden. A farm could be quite easily made on the grassland. There were no trees to fell, no tangled undergrowth to clear, no stumps to grub: virgin soil broken the first year might grow a crop the second. Moreover, a small Swedish community was already established on this open land, including people whom Ola Månsson had known in the Old Country. But was this an inducement to one of his experience and temperament? Swedish hands had inflicted upon him deep wounds, as yet unhealed, and he might well have wished to avoid, for the moment at least, further contact with them. At any rate, arrived in Minnesota, he changed his plans. Instead of heading west from St. Anthony Falls he went northwest until he was beyond the line at which prairie ended and forest began, adducing as he did so plausible reasons for his move. The forest provided logs to build with and fuel for vital fires. It abounded with game and berries and nuts, as did the

streams and lakes with fish. Thus, though it would be harder to make a farm out of the forest than on the prairie, it would be easier to make a living while farm land was cleared.

"In Stearns County," he has been quoted as saying, "we will not starve or freeze."

He settled near what is now Melrose, ten miles down the Sauk River from what is now the town of Sauk Center and was then but a name, a single house, and the ruin of a dam washed out the spring before. He built a log cabin, twelve by sixteen. His wife Louise traded her gold watch for a cow. He hunted and fished for food and set traps so that he had pelts to sell when fur traders came down the trails from the north. Slowly, painfully, he cleared fields to plant. In his second full summer there, he set about building a larger cabin, for his family was growing. (He and Louise were to have three children born in America who lived to maturity: Linda, June [or Juno, as she was originally named], and Frank.) Perhaps it was for this purpose that he rolled several logs onto a wagon bed and set out behind oxen, one bright morning, for the sawmill which had been established the summer before beside the rebuilt dam at Sauk Center. During slack times at the farm he had worked in this mill to earn that minimum of cash without which he could not obtain tools, kerosene, salt.

But he met there, on this summer day, an ugly fate.

As he shoved and guided a log into the blade, he slipped and fell. In a flash the room was splattered with his blood as his left arm was cut through near the shoulder and a deep gaping wound was torn in his back. None who saw his injuries believed he could live, for the nearest doctor was in St. Cloud, some forty miles to the southeast, and there was no horse on which to ride for help nearer than the Lindbergh home. The men at the mill did what they could. They gave the wounded man rough first aid, crudely bound his wounds, and sent for the local minister. He, the Reverend C. S. Harrison, ordered Lindbergh to be laid in a wagon and taken to the Lindbergh farmstead, which was on the direct route to St. Cloud. Ten miles of jolting agony intervened between mill and farm, but Lindbergh would not permit himself to faint on the way. Instead he tightly gripped with his right hand his mangled left arm to check the dangerous flow of blood, gritting his teeth in silence.

Nor would he permit himself to die as he lay for three days and nights waiting for the doctor who, as the rider sent to fetch him discovered with dismay, attended a childbirth many miles beyond St. Cloud. During those days and nights, Louise and the little boy,

Charlie, and the Reverend Mr. Harrison, who was there most of the time, made hundreds of trips to the farm's spring for cold water with which to wash the wounds, check the bleeding, soothe the fever. And when the doctor came at last, August Lindbergh endured with scarcely a moan the amputation of his mangled arm, the sewing up of the wound in his back. . . .

"By the next December," wrote the Reverend Mr. Harrison long after, "the old hero was out chopping rails with his . . . [remaining] hand."

All this became a family legend which exerted its influence, fifty years later, upon August Lindbergh's grandson. C.A. never forgot the horror of those days when his father lay in agony, stubbornly refusing death, and he spoke often to his son of the courage with which his father refused to become an invalid. August Lindbergh made a belt with pockets and rings into which he could fit the handles of scythes or cradles; he could then swing these almost as efficiently as he had done theretofore with two hands. He designed an ax weighted and balanced and of a special handle length for his singlehanded use. He designed other tools to reduce his handicap. Soon he was able to do as much work with one arm as most men could do with two.

His special ax became the central item of yet another family legend having courage as its theme. . . .

Louise Carline Lindbergh, whom her grandson knew as the smiling old lady with the wondrous cooky jar, was, as a young woman, terrified of Indians, having lived through the Sioux uprising of August 1862, when Little Crow and his braves, after abundant provocations by the white man's perfidy, massacred hundreds of Minnesota settlers and destroyed hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property. The Lindberghs had fled for their lives to St. Cloud, where forts of logs and earth were hastily erected. There they lived for many weeks; there Louise gave birth to her daughter Linda; and there, amidst the anxieties of impending childbirth, she heard of horrible atrocities perpetrated by the enraged savages. It was said that babies had been roasted alive in red-hot stoves, that men had been staked to the ground and fires built upon their bellies, that women had been raped and slowly tortured to death.

So when some Indians came to the log farmhouse one morning, a year or so after the massacres, Louise was almost sick with fear. August Lindbergh was away; Louise was alone with the children. The Indians were Chippewas, traditionally friendly with the white man, but in those troubled times when so many men were away fighting in the

Union Army and Indians' grievances were piled high, there was no certainty that the Chippewas, too, would not go on the warpath. Besides, these particular Chippewas had been drinking—and no one could tell what drunken Indians might do. Louise, however, hid her fear, knowing it was imperative for her to do so. Refusing to admit the Indians to her house, she made brusque reply to their demands for food. There was no bread, she said; she had just put fresh loaves into the oven and they were as yet unbaked. She continued her housework until, grumbling, the Indians left.

As they did so, a drunken brave took with him the ax, which had been struck into a log on the woodpile. Louise, watching from a window, was dismayed: the ax, even had it not been of special design, would have been virtually irreplaceable, for the Lindberghs had at that moment no money. Quickly she changed her clothes; she put on her best dress, for she knew she must assume a superior status when she addressed the thief. Then she ran after the Indians. With outward boldness, though inwardly trembling, she demanded the return of her property. The brave refused, scowling. She persisted; he made menacing gestures with the ax. She followed as the Indians went on, threatening stern reprisals. Finally one of the accompanying squaws, awed perhaps by Louise's courage, grabbed the ax away from the brave. Louise took it, then turned away with dignity and returned to her house. . . .

For some reason, this story made a particularly deep impression upon her grandson, Charles. He asked her to tell it again and again.

2

As the years passed, C.A., the eldest son of Louise and August, certainly proved to have inherited his parents' qualities, adding to the family tradition of courage, physical toughness, and stubborn individualism.

One of the earliest anecdotes of him had as its setting the first schoolhouse in his home neighborhood. There a succession of schoolmasters and -marms had their troubles with C.A., who was very far from being a "good scholar." Routine classwork bored him. He often played hooky, accepting with no show of pain the worst whipping he might receive for doing so. ("He had an aversion to publicity," writes his biographer, Lynn Haines; "otherwise a licking did not matter.")

And when he did submit to the school's confinement, his pent-up energies were often released in mischief.

One day he managed to capture alive a number of flies. Taking one of these at a time, he thrust a broomstraw beneath each pair of wings, until all the flies were lined up helpless along the straw. He then placed them carefully in the aisle down which, perforce, they marched in line, to the total disruption of the school. Angrily, the teacher summoned him to the front of the room. He was sternly ordered into the yard to cut a stick for his chastisement. He went out. When he returned he dragged a log. The furious teacher sent him out again. He returned with a twig.

"You know the kind of stick I want!" the teacher cried above the maddening laughter of the school. "Go get it!"

Again he went out. He did not return to school that day. . . .

This was one of the few occasions in the whole of his life in which he publicly displayed a sense of humor—and even in this instance his primary motive may have been an experimental curiosity coupled with a defiance of authority.

Certainly his instructors and fellow students at the University of Michigan, where he entered in 1881, remarked in him no gift for laughter. On the contrary, he was notably sober, earnest, conscientious, industrious, with an iron self-discipline and a solitary self-sufficiency which commanded more respect than affection. Eagerly ambitious young men were often made uncomfortable by him, not because he designed to make them so but simply because he was as he was. The mind he displayed to law-school teachers was tough and independent, but far from brilliant. The character he displayed was doggedly independent. He would tell the truth as he saw it at all costs; indeed, it sometimes seemed that his urge to tell the truth increased with the cost to him, personally, of doing so. Moreover, he was constitutionally incapable of easy intimacies. None among his fellow students could have had fewer of those ingratiating traits and tricks which usually characterize a man destined for a career in politics.

Yet his very "weaknesses" as politician in the traditional sense may have constituted a strength in the political situation prevailing in central Minnesota during the early 1900s. The farmers of the Sixth District, and the artisans and mechanics and small merchants whose interests were linked with the farmers, had learned to distrust standard political types. Too often their interests had been betrayed by such types since the Civil War. Too greatly had they suffered in the '70s, '80s, and '90s from what they conceived to be a conspiracy to deceive

and defraud them, a conspiracy in which venal politicians served what Lindbergh called an "invisible government" of railroads, banks, and giant trusts. Many a Sixth District citizen had joined actively in the Populist revolt of the '90s; most had listened with delight to the spell-binding oratory of populism's most eloquent spokesman, Ignatius Donnelly, and had been at least momentarily persuaded by it. They were ready to welcome into political life a man who shared many of Donnelly's expressed views but who (unlike Donnelly, whom most of them would not trust with public office) eschewed every art of popularity, was sober of mind and mien, and was transparently honest, obviously incorruptible.

A purely personal ambition might never have moved him into public life. Certainly he would remain his own man against every temptation of power and glory. But as the years passed, he manifested a burning commitment to justice—and not merely justice in the settlement of differences among individual men (into this some individualized personal sentiment was bound to enter) but justice in general, justice in the abstract, requiring, as he saw it, radical changes in the social and economic order. This became his only publicly apparent passion. His mind was stirred, if not churned into an almost frenzied confusion, by the writings of Edward Bellamy, Henry George, "Coin" Harvey, Karl Marx, and by the words and example of his own father. Agriculture, he was convinced, is "the fountainhead of the world's energy." "All that exists in a social way," said he, "has grown from the soil and centers on it." Labor, he was convinced, is the source of all economic value. But under the existing system, acquisitive men who made nothing and contributed nothing to the public good were enabled to take a "free ride" on other men's brains, other men's efforts, denying to farmers and workers the fruits of honest labor. They did so mostly through their control of money and credit: hard money broke the bones of workingmen, tight credit strangled them. . . .

Through many a midnight he struggled to organize his thoughts in writing of his own, achieving results in which his effort was as painfully evident, alas, as his failure to achieve a logical coherence. Striking phrases appeared here and there in his prose; the beginnings of arguments were stated, as were numerous conclusions, but there was no clear progression from one idea to another and no over-all conclusion of which the separate ideas could be perceived as parts. Moreover, his sentences were far too long and involved to be followed by the average reader.

Presumably he sent these writings to magazines and had them re-

turned. Presumably he regarded the rejections as a commentary upon the magazines (dominated by money interests, he would believe) rather than upon the quality of his work. At any rate, in 1905 he launched a magazine of his own, a quarterly called *The Law of Rights, Realized and Unrealized*, for which the yearly subscription was thirty-five cents and the cost per single copy ten cents. He wrote almost all of it himself, contributing such articles as "Of the Intellectual" and "The Ethics of Fault Finding," as well as others on economic subjects.

Simultaneously he organized an Industrial Development Company whose "main object" was "to prevent, so far as possible, waste of energy." (It was symptomatic of his temperament that, like the Technocrats of a later year, he sought to translate his highly moralistic sense of justice into the abstract language of physics.) Incorporated on February 28, 1905, with brother Frank Lindbergh and father-in-law C. H. Land as two of C.A.'s four fellow incorporators, the company had grandiose aims: "The general nature of its business shall be to buy, own, improve, sell and deal in lands . . . and to do a wholesale mercantile business, and to act as adjustment agency between creditors and debtors, and to handle the deal in machinery, and to receive goods, wares and merchandise in storage and to loan money on such . . . while in storage, and to act as agent for persons and parties engaged in any of the above kinds of business." The company was to confine its activities initially to Morrison County, of which Little Falls was county seat. It was intended to yield "at least 6 per cent per annum on the capital invested, but not to exceed 8 per cent"; if the latter amount was exceeded, "the charge for services rendered to the public will be reduced." C.A.'s magazine was to be the company's official organ.

Both ventures swiftly failed. According to Carl Bolander, who was one of the five incorporators, twenty-six thousand dollars was invested of the more than one hundred thousand which, it was vainly hoped, would be subscribed. Three hundred and ten acres of land were purchased, on which a large barn was built a mile west of Little Falls. A two-story brick building with full basement was built in town, intended for use as a cold-storage plant. But long before March 15, 1907, the date set for the start of actual operations, it was apparent that the needed capital would not be forthcoming. Liquidation of the corporation's tangible assets reduced, if it did not prevent, financial loss to the incorporators; the magazine was discontinued after three issues had appeared; and Lindbergh himself confessed good-naturedly that a letter writer was probably justified in charging him with a foolish

attempt to reform "the universe or the business of it." He began to cast around for other means of effecting social change.

On a night in early June 1906, he walked with a friend on the bridge across the Mississippi at Little Falls. The night air was balmy, the sky brilliant with stars. Back and forth the two men walked, pausing now and then to lean over the railing and look down upon darkly flowing white-streaked waters, while the friend sought to persuade a seemingly reluctant Lindbergh to run for Congress. C. B. Buckman, the incumbent, misrepresented the district, this friend argued; he owned a lumber business in Little Falls and, perhaps for that reason, worked hand in glove with the "money interests." Lindbergh could defeat him easily. Moreover, C.A. had a moral obligation to do so, if he really wished to make his social ideas effective. . . . The hours passed, the stars faded, the eastern sky grew gray with dawn. But when at last the two friends parted, the most that Lindbergh promised was that he'd "think it over."

In the end, of course, he did run. On June 20 he announced his candidacy, adding: "The determination of all questions of governmental policy rests with the people. There is now a pressure for legislative action on more intricate questions of national policy than there has been in any previous period and the wishes of the people must be shaped into legislation through their servants in office, and as a candidate I wish to study with the people the questions that interest them and solicit their consideration with me, and ask *All Voters to Attend the Primaries*, September 18, 1906."

He put out a pamphlet detailing his "views on economical questions"; he gave dry, awkward speeches on the "money question"; he acclaimed Teddy Roosevelt as a "fearless leader and champion . . . of the will of the people." In a startling departure from character, he even acquiesced in a piece of Machiavellian strategy devised by one of his advisers; he permitted the Royalton (Minn.) *Banner* to make against him sensational charges of personal dishonesty, patently false, and then retract them with apologies, thus emphasizing his shining virtue. For the first time in his son's life, he took his wife and son to Sunday church services in Little Falls, the boy sitting miserably hot in long black stockings and a gray flannel suit while the Lutheran preacher declaimed about God and immortality in language that made no more sense to him than did his father's declamations on railroads, banks, and credit. . . .

And this was but the first of many drastic changes in the boy's life, resulting from his father's new career. For it became a career. C.A.

won the Republican nomination with a thumping majority and went on to win in November by an even greater majority, as was to be expected in that monolithically Republican district. In the decade that followed he was four times re-elected to the House, becoming as sturdy and persistent a reformer there as ever Ola Månsson had been in the *Riksdag*.

3

During those years, while he grew into adolescence, the boy was so moved about the country, dividing his time between Little Falls and Washington and Detroit, with extended trips to the West Coast and other parts of the nation, that he never completed a full term in any one school. His mother attempted to fill the gaps with private tutoring, but deficiencies in his formal scholarship became inevitable. That which deprived him of disciplined book learning, however, supplied him with learning of other kinds; his experience became at once more various and more educative than that to which most of his contemporaries were exposed.

Vital lessons were learned from his father's personal example as well as from his father's deliberate teaching. This father, who as a young man had kept his feelings well hidden from the world, had with the passing of years and the accumulation of hurts become increasingly reticent. The lessons he taught, therefore, by example more than precept, had a Spartan quality. They encouraged the boy never to show fear, however fearful he might be, nor pain, however acutely his body suffered, and to make his way in the world with a minimum of dependence upon other people. . . .

By the time he reached middle age, C.A. had come to seem to most people a cold, unloving man, inhumanly indifferent to his body's pangs, his spirit's anguish. "Haven't you any feeling, man?" an astonished farmer once asked him after he'd repeatedly retrieved ducks from water so icy cold the dog refused to plunge into it. The question occurred to many others in many different contexts as the years went by. In early 1917, for example, he asked his friend Lynn Haines to come with him to the hospital where, he said, the doctors were to perform a "little operation" on him. Actually it was a major abdominal operation, and he endured it without anesthetic. During the hour and more that the ordeal lasted, he calmly discussed international banking and the Federal Reserve System with his friend—and Haines's wife,

Dora, later recorded that C.A. "never gritted his teeth, nor even gripped Mr. Haines's hand, except for a few seconds when the surgeon's knife pierced the abdominal cavity." Afterward "he apologized for having subjected Mr. Haines to an unpleasant experience."

Similarly with the griefs of his marriage, his mother's death in 1921, and the death of his much beloved daughter, Lillian (Mrs. Loren B. Roberts), of tuberculosis while yet a young woman; he gave no outward sign of what he felt. Few indeed were the men who discovered that he did, after all, have an emotional life—and the fact never failed to astonish.

Victor Murdock of Kansas told, in the 1920s, of a trip he as congressman once made with Lindbergh and other colleagues to the Panama Canal. "There was rough weather on the Caribbean and everybody went under but Lindbergh and myself," he wrote, "so we spent the time alone together on the deck. . . . A sad moon rose one night in a ragged sky over an angry sea and Lindbergh addressed to the moon an apostrophe. It was pretty good and I asked him where he got it. Warning me not to tell anyone, because it would never do for a congressman to confess to inspiration, Lindbergh told me that it was extempore. Then I discovered from the conversation that followed that he had wanted to make poetry his lifework. Fate had shunted him to the farm and the law and he occupied his chosen field only at odd moments and in cloistered precincts of his own soul." (Murdock passed over-all judgment on Lindbergh: "[He] was not of a type. He was absolutely independent, one of those marvelous souls who lived out of his time and in the midst of an environment absolutely independent of him.")

One beautiful late autumn day, C.A. drove through the Minnesota countryside with an old political friend, James Manahan; the two came upon a barn standing on the shore of a particularly beautiful lake. One side of the barn was covered by a crudely painted landscape, and Manahan wondered aloud what ill-conceived notion had prompted the picture's maker to compete, in such a setting, with the beauties of nature. "I think I can tell you," Lindbergh said. "I believe . . . that the person who did this was trying to give expression to something deep down in his own consciousness, for which his daily life furnished no outlet. He was caught and held and could not break his bonds. This constitutes his flight into another world. It represents his aspirations, hopes, that never found their fulfillment." Manahan was deeply moved and he recalled the words years later to support another friend's opinion that C.A. was one of "those unfortunate . . .

people who simply cannot speak of things that lie deep in their hearts," perhaps because he had been "terribly hurt" and now protected himself with an armor so thick that it inhibited any truly personal communication between himself and others.

Was he so rigidly confined by it that his emotions tended, as the years passed, toward atrophy for want of exercise and nourishment? Did he himself become aware of his deficiencies in this respect? Some of the letters he wrote late in life to his daughter Eva (Mrs. George W. Christie) seem to indicate as much. Secretly, wistfully, sometimes bitterly, he regretted the lack of human warmth in his daily life. For it, he seemed inclined to blame himself alone. While convalescing in the hospital after his abdominal operation, he received from the Macons a "great bundle of Easter lilies" which, he wrote Eva, "broke my heart; I wonder why they remember an old crank like me who never gives or asks quarter." And on another occasion he wrote: "The trouble with me is that I do not tell people when I am pleased. . . ."

Perhaps it was this inhibition, this enforced inarticulateness, which caused him to make before others, on occasion, a seemingly deliberate display of courage and physical toughness. Perhaps he hoped (secretly, even unconsciously) to arouse in others, through his brave deeds, an admiration so great that these others would open themselves to him, helping him establish lines of communication along which warm affections might flow. If so, he, of course, hoped in vain. His acts had a contrary effect: too great a display of cold nerve and stoic fortitude is likely to seem a reproach to the beholder. Hence Lindbergh's salient acts set him even farther apart from other people. Like stones in a wall, building higher and higher, they isolated him.

It could be expected of such a father that he would emphasize the iron virtues in his conscious teaching, or training, of his son. He would lean heavily on "tests" to reveal or develop the boy's qualities—tests of strength, of moral character, of endurance, of self-reliance—and would tacitly insist that individual freedom, the supreme value from his point of view, has individual responsibility as its core. "Children manage much of the time to have their own way," he once wrote. "That, too, with proper limitations, is as it should be, for even with the exercise of reasonable freedom, too many fail to have the necessary executive ability to make a success when they meet the serious things later in life. The more childlike is dominated the easier adults are influenced. They become accustomed to having others direct them and do not think for themselves." What he preached he also practiced, in this as in other matters.

Indeed, he exercised what seemed to some observers an excessive patience with his young son. In November of 1911, the Lindberghs visited in the home of P. P. Ormberg in Grove City, Minnesota; their host believed that the nine-year-old Charles was a "sore trial to his father" during that visit, though the latter gave no sign of it and issued not even the mildest reprimand. "Mr. Lindbergh and I went up to the telephone office and young Lindbergh was with us and several times [on the way] . . . young Lindbergh jumped up on his father's back," wrote Ormberg long after. "Mr. Lindbergh only bent his back some and let him go on." But this same observer also took note approvingly of some of the results of this *laissez-faire* method of child raising. The teen-aged Charles, who appeared younger than his years, was older than his years in his capacity to assume responsibilities. When C.A. came through Grove City in May of 1917, on a speaking tour, the driver of his car was his son, then only three months past his fifteenth birthday. The son also distributed handbills, "stood right at the door like a great general the whole time Lindbergh was speaking," and then gathered up the handbills that had been left in the seats. "Lindbergh said [his son] was keeping account of everything," Ormberg later recalled, "and he had left it all to him."

He could do so with confidence, for his son, by then, had repeatedly "proved himself" under C.A.'s watchful eye. Once, when the boy was in his early teens, he drove the family car, his father beside him, down the great hill on which Duluth is built. At the base of the hill were railway tracks along which a freight was passing. Suddenly the brakes gave out—but as the car plunged downward C.A. said not a word and made not a move to help his son. The boy did the only thing possible to save their lives; he swerved the car into a ditch beside the road so skillfully that neither of them was injured, though the car itself was badly damaged. "It was a good chance to see what sort of stuff the boy was made of," said the father, later, to a friend.

In June of 1915, C.A. received a thirty-day leave of absence from Congress so that he might conduct a firsthand investigation of alleged damages caused by the flooding of lands at the headwaters of the Mississippi as a result of the reservoir system along the river. He took his thirteen-year-old son with him, though (or because) hiking through the forest and paddling a canoe down the wilderness stream, portaging around many rapids, was man's work made all the more arduous by swarms of mosquitoes and black flies that nipped every exposed portion of their bodies. Father and son came all the way from Lake Itasca, where the a-borning river was but a brook, to the

home farm at Little Falls. They followed a thousand twists and turns, suffered scorching suns and chilly rains, camped night after night in the open through all kinds of weather, and came to know one another better than they ever had before. "I found the man in him," said C.A. of his son, after they had arrived in Little Falls. "He has good stuff, and will stick. He stood up under the discomforts of that trip as I never expected he would."

It was during this camping trip that the boy was brought to a clearer understanding of the issues in his father's public life. Theretofore he had known his father's political role in superficial ways, chiefly through its effects on his own life. When he was a month past five years old, he had stood behind his father while the latter was sworn in as congressman in the House chamber. He had been often with his father on the House floor; he had watched and listened, though for the most part uncomprehendingly, as his father made speeches and discussed public affairs with office visitors; he had spent many hours ("a blond, lanky kid") playing with collections of rocks and butterflies or other natural objects upon his father's office floor. He had enjoyed the privileges of a congressman's son and had liked to help in office work. (Once, as he worked with office mail, he turned angrily upon Arthur Gorman, his father's secretary, when the latter suggested a more efficient method of dealing with packages. "You can't tell me what to do," said he. "You just work for my father." Whereupon C.A. looked up from his desk work and said gravely: "No one works for anyone else in this office. We all work together. Don't forget that, son.") But as father and son drifted down the river or sat beside their campfires, C.A. spoke at length of the war raging in Europe, of the "money trust" and the dangers of foreign loans to the Allies, and of the high interest rates which made hard-working farmers the economic vassals of bankers. The boy wondered if his father didn't worry too much about things he couldn't help, wasn't too greatly concerned with a future he'd never live to see, but his admiration was aroused, his understanding enlarged.

Thereafter, he could see a pattern in his father's public life. Looking back over his father's career, he could see how the present flowed out of the past, and as he gazed upon this flowing present he might sense the forces of personality and organized interest, the pressures of history, against which and through which his father scored his triumphs and went down, at last, to crushing defeats. . . .

No man in either House worked harder at his job. C.A. habitually arose at four o'clock in the morning, breakfasted on an apple or orange, took a forty-five-minute walk, and was in his office by five-fifteen.

No man in either House was less amenable to party discipline. When Progressives in the House, in April of 1913, held their first conference and determined to operate as a separate party, Lindbergh made a speech in which he said he would co-operate with them, though elected a Republican, and would not thereafter attend Republican caucuses. He was "willing" to attend "Bull Moose conferences" only with the understanding that he might act as a free agent.

And no man in either House, consequently, had more trouble with his appointments. These were held up, or made over his head and against his objection, time and again. Every effort was made to suppress or discipline him. All such efforts failed.

Indeed, he gained from some of them a wry amusement. When the Little Falls postmaster, W. M. Fuller, died in 1908, his two bondsmen, of whom C.A. was one, were obliged by law to appoint an acting postmaster until a regular appointment was made by the government. They chose Fuller's widow. C.A. then announced that, instead of recommending his own choice for a permanent appointment, as was his patronage right, he would hold an election in which the voters of Little Falls would decide whom their new postmaster should be. Mrs. Fuller declined to become a candidate, but several others entered the running which, early in 1909, was won by Ethan S. Brown, assistant postmaster at the time. Promptly C.A. sent Brown's name in to Washington where it was "evidently pigeonholed" by the Republican Old Guard dominating Taft's administration. Lindbergh made no protest. Instead he laughed about it. He and his fellow bondsman could give Brown an interim appointment any time they wished, but he would "just as soon see Mrs. Fuller hold on." She did so for five years. Not until Woodrow Wilson became President was a new permanent appointment made.

C.A. made speech after speech denouncing the "money trust," distributing franked copies of these by the thousand. He fought against the Payne-Aldrich tariff, and for the Underwood tariff with its income-tax provisions. He introduced and at first fought almost alone for the resolution which ultimately resulted in the Pujo Committee, whose

historic investigation of 1912, with Samuel Untermyer as committee counsel, revealed that a handful of financiers, through a series of interlocking directorates, exerted a vastly disproportionate control over the national economy. (Declared Senator George Norris on the floor of Congress: "When the true history of Congressional action on the so-called 'Money Trust' is written, it will be found that the gentleman from Minnesota [Mr. Lindbergh] is entitled to more credit than any other member.") In 1913 he published at his own expense a book entitled *Banking and Currency and the Money Trust*, detailing his views on financial reform.

He went further than most of the leaders in the great battle against "Uncle Joe" Cannon's autocratic rule, voting to declare vacant the Speaker's office. He spoke in favor of Prohibition in December of 1914 on the ground that the liquor traffic was "attended with practices that are extremely detrimental to good government" and productive of "much suffering and crime," though he personally had "never questioned the right of anyone to use liquor" and had no personal objection "to its manufacture, sale and use in a proper and reasonable way." He spoke for women's suffrage, not only because "there is an absolute fundamental right in the women to vote" but also because he believed that "the politics of this country would be very much improved and purified" if women were permitted to vote. He advocated repeal of the Panama Canal tolls exemptions, espoused rural credit and postal-savings banks, and strongly opposed establishment of the Federal Reserve System on the ground that it would place the country more than ever at the mercy of private bankers. In 1912 he outraged the Right and amused the Left by introducing a resolution calling for a constitutional amendment to abolish the Senate and Vice-Presidency and reduce House membership to 315.

When the World War broke out, he boldly stated that the Socialists took the right view of it and made speeches denouncing "propaganda" issued by "money interests" for the purpose of involving this country on the side of the Allies. He took the same line in the pocket-sized periodical, *Real Needs, A Magazine of Coordination*, which he launched, and which swiftly failed, in the spring of 1916; in it he published articles of his own composition on "The Existing Capitalistic System" and on "Commercializing Sentiment at the Risk of War," as well as long extracts from his speeches.

Inevitably, the nation's business-dominated press bestowed on him much ridicule and vituperation. In September 1914, for example, the *New York Times* carried an editorial entitled "Hark From the Tombs,"

castigating him and Bryan for attacking Wall Street at a time when the financial community was "so patriotically responding to the country's calls for help as a result of the European war." When in early February 1915 he testified on the same day as Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller before the U. S. Commission on Industrial Relations in New York, the *Times* eulogized the latter two as "Benefactors of Their Countrymen" and asserted that the "foil to this sort of benefactor, the 'comic relief' to the situation, was . . . the man whose benevolent aim was to over-set the conditions under which Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller accomplished such marvels." "Mr. Lindbergh of Minnesota," the editorial went on, "is one of those law-makers whose obsession is that they were born and elected to manage affairs." There followed some crude satire, attacking the statement Lindbergh had read as an absurd proposal for "enacting prosperity."

But by his constituents and over Minnesota as a whole his views were, in general, favorably received. As an editorialist in the *Duluth News-Tribune* said: "[The] effect [of attempts to suppress him in the Capitol] has been to cause him to fire back to Minnesota what he was unable to explode in Washington. Interviews, letters, pamphlets, speeches, every form of publicity has been his refuge. . . . He has gone direct to the people and the people seem to like it." The paper also quoted a "near politician" of the Sixth District who said: "If Charles Lindbergh had been on earth when the plan of salvation was offered, he would have voted to amend, and, if the amendment had been accepted, he would have moved an objection because the committee was appointed instead of chosen by the body as a whole." Such cantankerous behavior tickled the farmers.

It was permeated, however, as it so often is, by a species of paranoia. C.A. rarely indulged in personalities in his speeches and writings; for the wrongs of America he blamed on "evil system" rather than "evil men." Jim Hill, he once wrote, was a "great man" whose talents had been warped away from service of the general welfare by an "evil system." But underlying such language was his implicit belief, which became more and more explicit, that the ruling force of the "system" was an organized conspiracy of greedy, ruthless, and therefore wicked men. To this species of paranoia was joined a truly remarkable political naïveté—and the latter seemed to grow stronger rather than weaker as the years passed. It led him, in his fifth congressional term, into disastrous error.

An organization called the Free Press Defense League had charged that the Roman Catholic Church opposed and, through its various

organizations, sought to subvert the American system of public schools, freedom of the press, freedom of speech and assembly, freedom of thought in matters of conscience, and the principle of the separation of Church and State. Were these charges true or false? Only careful, impartial investigation could tell, said Congressman Lindbergh as he introduced, in July of 1916, a joint resolution calling for such investigation. He said in public that it was in the general interest, including that of Catholics committed to a separation of Church and State, "to have the facts, whatever they are, cleared up so the people will not be misled." He said in private, or so some of his supporters claimed, that the Church had nothing to fear from his resolution and much to gain, for the investigation he proposed would show that anti-Catholic organizations were often stupid, intolerant, and "in bad faith."

But of course his political friends were dismayed and his enemies (who may, indeed, have secretly instigated the whole affair) were delighted. C.A.'s friend James Manahan, himself a Catholic, claimed at the time and later that C.A. was "absolutely devoid of any sort of religious prejudice" and that the resolution "was a political blunder which no one but an artless and innocent man like Lindbergh would make." For the resolution, promptly referred to committee, would never be reported out for floor action; its only important consequence—an obviously inevitable one—would be the serious if not mortal wounding of Lindbergh's political career. The Catholic vote was of particular importance in the Sixth District and the Church could be counted upon to construe Lindbergh's action as a malicious attack upon her. . . .

He decided in 1916 not to stand for re-election to the House. Instead, he filed for the Senate and was handily defeated in the Republican primary by Frank B. Kellogg. On March 3, 1917, he left his cleared desk on the House floor, closed the door of his office for the last time, and walked down Capitol Hill, never again to hold public office.

His public life, however, was by no means ended.

In July 1917 he published at his own expense his second book, a smallish volume with a large title: *Why Is Your Country at War, and What Happens to You After the War? and Related Subjects*. In it he charged that the war was caused by an "inner circle" of industrialists and financiers who profited hugely from the agony of millions. "Already since the war began in Europe, the finance speculators have exported \$6,000,000,000 in value of American products in excess of the

products that we Americans got back in exchange, which fact the speculators have used as an excuse to raise the price to American consumers on the 'trust' controlled products approximately \$17,000,000,000 over the former prices, which upon the latter items alone equals \$170 on every man, woman and child. That is what the press calls a 'favorable' balance of trade—favorable to starve the masses and to glut the speculators." Yet before the power of these greedy men, a power exercised not only through hidden pressures on government but also through an iron control of the press, he neither quailed nor despaired. His book had at its heart that optimism which typified the nineteenth century and only now, unbeknownst to him, was dying into disgust and cynicism on the bloody fields of France. He believed in the unlimited potential of the individual. He believed in the infinite perfectibility of mankind. "We must proceed from the individual—the unit," he wrote. "No government is better than its people. On the contrary, . . . [every] government is less progressive than the people. . . . The intelligence must precede, and that must originate in the individual, and spread to the various units and then take effect on the state. Therefore each of us must know himself first."

It was in this vein, in a chapter entitled "You—Yourself," that he issued what looked to the eyes of super-patriots like a call for socialist revolution. "Are you a farmer—a wage worker—or engaged in any of the occupations required to be filled with industrious men and women in order to fulfill the many necessities of life? If you are—why do you let capital, a product of your own toil, sit on the throne of human industry as the master of all—to determine your place in life and assign you to drudgery, even to war if it chooses? There is a reason—you should know, for it is due to you, the real toilers and producers, to sit on the throne where provisions should be made to safeguard the rights of humanity. Under the rule of the 'dollar'—human life has fallen to its lowest value."

It was also in this vein, in a chapter on "The Political Parties," that he defended his ill-fated resolution calling for investigation of the Catholic Church. ". . . I introduced the resolution in the interests of all the people, Catholics as well as Protestants, for it has been my aim to aid in bringing the people generally to a common understanding of their political and economic rights. . . . In my work along this line I found that there was an issue between the Free Press Defense League and other like organizations, on the one side, and some high dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church on the other, and that this controversy had split the common people into factions, a thing

over which special privilege gloats. . . . I do not inject any religious subject into an economic discussion, but I cannot in fairness neglect to observe the secular work of those who come into the political and economic field, even if they professionally belong to the ecclesiastical. Read history. You will find that everywhere, in all lands and at all times, many of the high dignitaries of the Church have been the ally of oppression. . . . That is not the fault of the Church itself, but is the fault of the men in whom it has placed its trust of government. . . . Men are men wherever they are placed, and if they possess great power, as they do in the Church of Rome, they are sure to be subjected to temptations, and it would be a miracle if a few of them did not exercise their power selfishly."

All this in the third month after the United States had entered the war, when passions ran high and every art of propaganda was being exercised to strengthen the policies and institutions that Lindbergh attacked. Events in Russia made American conservatives especially intolerant of the kind of criticism Lindbergh launched at the social order: the Czarist regime had fallen; Lenin had arrived at the Finland station; and at the very moment Lindbergh's book was issued, the Bolsheviks were engaged in an abortive attempt to seize power in Petrograd. Of course the book was attacked, and savagely, as a "red" document whose author was a "Gopher Bolshevik." Copies were bought up by leading businessmen of Little Falls, including one of the LaFonds, in an effort to prevent its circulation in Lindbergh's home town. When, at President Wilson's behest, Bernard M. Baruch asked C.A. to serve with the War Industries Board in August of 1917, the outcry against his appointment was so great that the Administration felt forced to withdraw it—this despite the fact that Lindbergh had announced his approval of Wilson's stated war aims. (He never, however, repudiated his statements to the effect that the war was an expression of capitalism's inner nature and had been directly caused by commercial rivalries.) And in the spring of 1918, agents from the U. S. Department of Justice entered the plant in which both of Lindbergh's books had been printed, forcing the management to destroy the plates of *Banking and Currency* as well as of *Why Is Your Country at War?* and every copy in stock of the two books, even those file copies customarily kept by the printer.

Was he wholly crushed? By no means. Attorney General Palmer might destroy his property and deny his freedom to publish in Washington, but in Minnesota, whose farmers were traditionally distrustful of big business and which had a large German-American population,

C. A. Lindbergh became the focus of as yet incalculable historic forces. By the spring of 1918 he was a candidate for governor, his name more than ever anathema to certain wealthy gentlemen who [it was alleged] dictated the agricultural economy of Minnesota and the Dakotas from a suite in the Merchants Hotel of St. Paul. . . .

In the background of this event was one Arthur C. Townley, a former Socialist with immense energy and a talent for organization, who in 1915 had launched in North Dakota a Farmers Non-Partisan League. Its program called for state supervision of grain inspection, for exemption of farm improvements from taxation, for state crop insurance against hail, and for state-owned terminal elevators, flour mills, and packing and storage plants. By the end of 1917 the league had conquered the political life of its native state; it had elected a governor and a lower house of the Legislature, and had enacted into law much of its program. In January of 1918 it swept officially into Minnesota when Townley established a headquarters and state newspaper (the *Minnesota Leader*) in St. Paul. Here he and his colleagues added to the agricultural platform some planks attractive to labor, emphasized the importance of farmer-labor co-operation in politics, and launched a membership drive which had brought 50,000 of Minnesota's farmers, miners, and factory workers into the league by July. By then, too, the new organization was pivotal in the state political campaigns of that year.

At its Minnesota convention in early spring, the league had offered its endorsement to the incumbent Republican governor, Joseph A. Burnquist, who not only flatly rejected it but also issued a statement attacking the league. Only then was C.A. approached. He, however, was not at all disgruntled at being a second choice, nor was he apparently disturbed by rumors that he would be used by Townley, with calculated ruthlessness, as a "sacrificial goat" while the league built up its strength. Asked to run, C.A. ran with all his might, and with indomitable courage.

Courage was needed.

There had been established in Minnesota, as a function of the prevailing war hysteria, a so-called Public Safety Committee whose powers to act against "treason" and "subversion" were as autocratic as they were vaguely defined. The committee's chairman, as generally happens in such cases, was a fanatical crusader whose zeal was equaled only by his ignorance of democratic theory and practice. His name was John F. McGee; he was a Catholic; and he promptly set out to destroy in the name of God and patriotism all whose social and

economic views differed from his own. Inevitably, his principal target was the Non-Partisan League. A non-partisan lecturer "is a traitor every time," said he in testimony before the U. S. Senate Military Affairs Committee in April 1918. (The Senate hearings were on a bill, strongly favored by McGee, which would have placed the entire country under military law; it failed to pass after President Wilson made known his opposition to it.) In his own state, McGee went on, the "disloyal element" was largely composed of "Swedes and Germans," and the Department of Justice had been a "dismal failure." "Where we made a mistake was in not establishing a firing squad in the first days of the war," he cried in a voice thick with emotion. "We should get busy now and have that firing squad working overtime. . . ."

Thus C.A.'s gubernatorial campaign of '18 became a contest with the Public Safety Committee in which the latter employed a strategy of violence and terror. Nearly all the state's newspapers joined in attacking him as a "traitor." His meetings were sometimes broken up; he was denied meeting halls in many towns, was hanged and burned in effigy, and was repeatedly in mortal danger from angry mobs. He faced this danger with a cold nerve, a force of will, which on several occasions quelled his riotous adversaries. Once, as he was riding away from a town, shots were fired at his car; he turned to his driver and asked him to slow down: "They will think we are afraid. . . ." On another occasion he was about to address a large crowd in a southern Minnesota grove when the county sheriff drove up from town with dozens of special deputies. These took their stand, guns drawn, before the platform, determined to kill rather than permit the meeting to go on. The farmers grew ugly in their anger; they surged toward the armed men, who raised their guns. But at that moment Lindbergh stood up, lifting his hands to command silence. Over the abrupt hush, he said he thought the sheriff wrong to "suppress a discussion of the serious economic issues facing us" but that it would "do our cause more harm than good to have a bloody riot." He suggested instead that all of them "adjourn a few miles south into the State of Iowa, which still seems to be a part of these United States." An Iowa farmer promptly offered his land as meeting ground. An hour and a half later, on Iowa soil, C.A. made before assembled thousands his far from eloquent, yet profoundly sincere, argument for state ownership of public utilities and every other "natural monopoly," as well as of elevators and mills.

His cause did not seem, at that time, hopeless. He appeared to gain support with his every display of courage and self-control under ex-

treme pressures. Two weeks before the primary, private polls actually indicated he would win—and he might have done so had not the St. Paul diocese of the Catholic Church made an all out last-minute attack upon him. In its last issue prior to the election, the *Catholic Bulletin* called upon all churchmen to vote against Lindbergh, quoting out of context those sentences in *Why Is Your Country at War?* most critical of the Church's "high dignitaries." On the last Sunday prior to the election, priests all over the state devoted all or parts of their sermons to an attack on Lindbergh while the bishop himself urged his flock to "throw their whole soul into our prayer, 'Lindbergh shall not be Governor.'" And on election night, as returns pouring into his headquarters showed he was defeated, C.A. shrugged and wryly confessed his error.

"I was trying to clear up a controversy and get politics and religion separated, but it looks like I only mixed them up," said he to his friend, Walter E. Quigley. "The people will one day wake up and refuse to be divided by the bankers. They split the workers and the producers by using race, religion, nationality or any other possible device which will prevent the voters from knowing that the real issue in America is the control of finance by a few."

He lost the primary by a vote of 199,000 to 150,000, and the nation's press hailed the event as a triumph for "loyalty."

Thus did he pay in public for his independence and his political naïveté. He paid, too, in both public and private ways, for his failure to command any widespread personal affection. Very few were those who could feel for him, in his defeat, a warmly human sympathy.

He was alone. . . .

And his son, then in the most sensitive and insecure period of his life, driven by strange new energies of adolescence over which his rational control was as yet inadequate—this son could not but suffer from his father's rejection, his father's isolation, and all the more deeply, perhaps, because he gave no outward sign of it. (Long afterward, Walter Quigley would write that the sixteen-year-old boy, driving his father in a Ford through much of the campaign, "appeared to take little interest in the speeches, the hooting, cheering and jeering, or the riots," preferring to "stay by the car during the meetings, tinkering with its machinery.") He continued to admire his father—admired him more than ever for the very qualities which aroused popular hostility—and this admiration may have joined with his unadmitted pain of alienation to strengthen certain attitudes which would seem to grow large in his future: a contempt for popular opin-

ion, a disgust with the fickleness of crowds, a determination to keep a distance between himself and others, and an admiration for that kind of "greatness" by which this distance is not only maintained but requires, from others, an awe-filled upward look.

5

But, of course, the blood of his paternal ancestors and the personal influence of his father were by no means solely responsible for shaping the boy's character. Equally important were the traits he inherited through his mother and the influence she, with whom he constantly lived, had over him. From her side of the family came inherited elements of character pointing toward mechanical and scientific interests. Indeed, science as a family property might be said to have presided over his very birth: on February 4, 1902, the physician attending his mother at her father's house (he'd then lived in a handsome three-story structure of rough stone at 1120 Forest Avenue West) was grand-uncle Edwin Lodge, who reportedly worried her by telling her solemnly that her newborn son had the largest feet he'd ever seen on an infant. It was Dr. Edwin who took the boy on the latter's first automobile ride, a few years later, and thereafter often permitted the boy to ride along as he made the rounds of his patients.

Young Lindbergh was much exposed to the influence of his mother's people in Detroit: the smoky industrial city became almost as much "home" to him as Little Falls, for he and his mother lived for weeks and even months at a time in his maternal grandfather's gray frame house at 64 West Elizabeth Street. Three blocks away, another of his grand-uncles, Dr. Albert Lodge, also a physician, had his office-home, which was one of the boy's favorite visiting places. Grand-uncle Albert was a large, powerfully built man whose brusque manner was belied by the twinkle in his eye and by the fact that he was liked by almost everyone. He was about as different from the boy's father as a man could be—hearty, outgoing, with a fiery temper that sometimes slipped its leash (he once smashed the fare register of a streetcar with his fist when the motorman failed to stop at his ring)—and he was one of Charles's greatest friends in Detroit. He showed and explained to the boy his collection of medical specimens, his medical instruments, his shelves of medicines.

The Lodges were Mrs. Lindbergh's mother's people. Evangeline Lodge, the boy's maternal grandmother, had been born in New York

City in 1850, the daughter of Dr. Edwin A. Lodge, a homeopathic physician, and of Emma Kissane Lodge, who reportedly had been a very beautiful girl only recently come from southern Ireland when Dr. Lodge met and married her in Canada. After the two moved to Detroit, the doctor became one of the city's leading physicians as well as a highly successful pharmacist and the editor and publisher of a magazine, the *Homeopathic Observer*.

And when Evangeline Lodge married, she chose for husband a man who reinforced the family's scientific character. He was Dr. C. H. Land, a dentist, who came from one of the most distinguished families of Hamilton, Ontario—a city his grandfather, Colonel John Land, who came from England, had helped to found. He himself, however, had been born not in Hamilton but in Simcoe, the principal town of Norfolk County, Ontario, and had spent most of his boyhood in and around New York City, receiving part of his formal education in a private school conducted by his father in Williamsburg, New York. In 1866, when he was nineteen, he had begun to study dentistry under a doctor in Brantford, Canada, moving in 1868 to Chicago where he continued his studies in the offices of three of that city's most distinguished dentists. In 1871 he began to practice dentistry in Detroit.

By the time of his marriage, on April 28, 1875, he not only had a large and prosperous practice but was beginning to be known as an inventive genius. In 1887 he patented a method of inlaying tooth cavities with high-fusing porcelain baked in a platinum matrix, and two years later he perfected the method of making porcelain jacket crowns which would be universally used by dentists until, in the late 1940s, newly developed plastics began to prove their greater suitability for this purpose. He was everywhere acknowledged as a great pioneer of porcelain dentistry, despite the fact that (as a standard history of dental surgery put it) his "attempt to control his materials and processes by patents probably prevented the recognition and encouragement by the profession which he might otherwise have received." Two books, authored by him, added to his professional fame: *Scientific Adaptation of Artificial Dentures* (1885) and *A Study in Aesthetic Dentistry* (1911). His inventive genius was not confined to dentistry. He invented high-temperature gas and oil burners and furnaces and many household gadgets, including a baby rocker and an air-conditioning system for his home.

It was Dr. Land whom young Lindbergh knew as Grandfather Land—a white-mustached, rather short man who wore gold-rimmed spectacles, had a bald spot atop his head, and was, of all his mother's

family, the one who most strongly impressed the boy. He had phenomenal manual dexterity; he could, or so it seemed to the boy, make or fix *anything* with his hands. His laboratories, which occupied the basement and several first-floor rooms of his house, held a magical interest. There the boy spent hours in fascinated observation of his grandfather at work. There he spent even more hours at work or play of his own, for his grandfather gave him the freedom of this magical place, subject only to certain prohibitions concerning the use of the most delicate instruments, the most dangerous chemicals. He polished his carnelians on dental wheels. He learned from his grandfather how to cast metal, make molds, mix clay, and deal with electricity. And at the dinner table in his grandfather's house he heard much talk of science and of the latest scientific discoveries. He also heard expressed certain attitudes which his grandfather held in common with many of those whose active interests and inventive skills have produced the modern technology—attitudes of hostility toward the social consequences of this technology, the human uses to which the new discoveries, the new machines were being put. Grandfather Land disliked automobiles: they made the streets noisy and dangerous. He disliked moving pictures, though he sometimes gave the boy money to spend on them: they spread abroad a false and unwholesome view of life.

There was sometimes talk of politics, too, at grandfather's table—and the political opinions expressed there were greatly at variance with those the boy heard from his father's lips. The Lands and Lodges were conservative Republicans whose politics expressed their commitment to private property and who, therefore, viewed with open disapproval, if not angry alarm, the growing anti-capitalism of C. A. Lindbergh. The boy's bachelor grand-uncle John C. Lodge, as a matter of fact, was personally active in orthodox Republican politics. He varied from his family's norm in that he started his career as a newspaperman instead of a doctor, becoming a reporter and then city editor of the *Detroit Free Press* before becoming chief clerk of the Wayne County Auditors in 1897. When the boy Lindbergh first became aware of him in his professional capacity, John Lodge was secretary to the mayor of Detroit, and he subsequently fused politics with private enterprise, becoming vice-president of the Dwight Lumber Company in 1908 and serving thereafter in the Michigan House of Representatives, as alderman and councilman at large and president of the council of Detroit, and, in the late 1920s, as mayor of his city.

Did this divergence of political views confuse and disturb the boy?

Did he sometimes feel torn between opposite loyalties? To a student of his later career, it might seem so. And by his own account, he measured the language of politics and religion against that of science—the language used by his grandfather and most of his grand-uncles in their daily work—finding the former as repellent in its assertiveness and ambiguity as the latter was attractive in its cold clear precision. With relief, he turned from an area devoid of certainties and filled with passionately opposed convictions to an area where mere opinion counted for nothing, where facts were everything, and from which the emotions were rigidly excluded. Perhaps this was the major influence his mother's people had upon his life: they helped insure that the interest he increasingly withdrew from human relations, as he grew into his teens, would be invested in physical objects with whose handling, in the ways of science and technology, he would be much concerned.

As for the mother's *personal* influence on the boy, it tended in the same direction. Years later it was talked of disapprovingly in Little Falls by a few who felt they had accurate knowledge of it and by many who derived their views mostly from their disapproval, or dislike, of Mrs. Lindbergh. The atmosphere of the home she made, in her estrangement from her husband, was said to be strangely cold, empty of all demonstrative affection, and her methods of child raising were said to have encouraged an unnatural withdrawal from other people. She was reputed to have discouraged her son's playing with other children when he was young—a recollection that accorded with, if it did not result from, the prevailing belief in Little Falls that Mrs. Lindbergh was a "snob." She was also said to have surrounded her child with a zone of gloom and silence at crucial moments: when he took a nap, for instance, the shades were drawn, the house made quiet as a tomb. "This is just the opposite of what modern theories of child raising say you should do," a Little Falls woman, who knew the Lindberghs, would point out in the 1950s.

There were also stories indicating that the boy, as an only child, was, in a "peculiar" way, rather spoiled, his mother having focused upon him a too constant and intense anxiety. A doctor in Little Falls remembered a day when Mrs. Lindbergh sent for him in great excitement because Charles, then three years old, had swallowed a nail. How did she know he had done so? asked the doctor when he arrived and found the child in no distress. Because he said so, replied Mrs. Lindbergh; she had found him sitting on the floor with the contents of a can of nails strewn around him and with a nail in his mouth, and

when she asked him if he had swallowed one he replied yes. Picking up various objects, the doctor asked the boy, concerning each, if he'd swallowed *that*, receiving an affirmative answer every time. Smiling broadly, the doctor reassured the anxious mother and took his leave. . . .

The assumed implication of the doctor's story, however, was contradicted by other views of mother and son—views indicating that she, like his father, encouraged in him bravery, fortitude, self-reliance, all the strengths required for independence and self-sufficiency, coupling these even more closely than C.A. did with a passion for privacy. No more than her husband did she give or ask quarter; even less than he did she reveal an inward self to the world; and she practiced in her own life, if less ostentatiously than he, the same iron virtues.

She was, for instance, an ardent horsewoman who accepted the bruises and risks of an occasional tumble as fair price for the keen pleasures of riding alone, often at a gallop, over country roads and open meadows and along Indian trails through the woods. One late summer day as she rode along the Mississippi, her horse suddenly bolted and threw her. Riderless, it thundered down the road until a boy who had been swimming in the river caught it and led it back to where, bruised but otherwise unhurt, Mrs. Lindbergh picked herself up, dusted herself off, and laughed at herself. Her riderless horse galloping into the farmyard would have given her two stepdaughters, then staying at the farm, such a fright! Now nothing need be said of her mishap. She was immensely grateful to the boy. . . . Some weeks later, from Detroit, she sent him the finest jackknife he'd ever seen.

And this boy—his name was Nels Thompson; he was elder brother of the Bill Thompson who was young Charles's good friend—this boy would flatly contradict, out of his own experience, the general view of Mrs. Lindbergh prevailing in the town. She was not at all snobbish, he would insist a half century later when he was a prosperous building contractor in Little Falls and his brother Bill was vice-president of the Southern Bell Telephone Company in Atlanta. Instead, she was a "fine gracious lady always, reserved but very kindhearted," who was much misunderstood and sometimes unfairly treated because she kept so much to herself and was highly educated, with a university degree in a field (natural science) regarded by most people as exclusively masculine. He would cite, as evidence of her thoughtful kindness, the occasion when lightning struck the Thompson's summer kitchen, burning it to the ground one October night in 1908 or '09. This kitchen was a building detached from the house, used not only for

cooking in the summer but also for the storage of food in the winter, and its loss with all that it contained, including kitchen utensils not yet moved up to the house for the winter, was a staggering blow to the Thompsons, who were in very humble economic circumstances. Mrs. Lindbergh helped them recover from the blow. She brought a supply of food over early next morning; she was, throughout this crisis, a most generous, helpful neighbor.

There is no doubting, however, that her son *was* more than normally withdrawn from other people by the time he was graduated in 1918 from the Little Falls high school into a war-torn world where hostility to his father assumed openly violent forms. Of course his school attendance had been erratic: in 1915 and '16, a typical year, he had gone in the autumn to the Little Falls school and, in the winter, to a high school in Detroit; but even so he had made remarkably few truly personal contacts with either his teachers or his classmates. He took part in no organized sports, joined in no other organized extracurricular activities, and "never cared to go fishing, skating, or hunting" with other boys, despite the fact that he loved the out of doors. He volunteered no information and expressed no personal opinions during classroom discussions. A girl who sat behind him in history class had the "impression" that, when called upon by the teacher, "he generally knew the answer," but neither she nor any other classmate "could really tell," in her opinion, "whether he was a good student or not, he was so silent." A boy who was in several of his classes said "he wasn't a brilliant student but he was a thorough one" who "went in strong for manual training and mechanical stuff."

In the most literal meaning of the word, he shied away from social gatherings. One classmate later said "it was a matter of gossip that Charles Lindbergh never wore a white shirt," never "spruced up." His paternal aunt June (Mrs. W. A. Butler) would recall that, as a boy, "Charles was shy and a little odd" and "didn't play very much with other boys." Jim Fearing, the barber who cut his hair, described him as "always by himself, never a mixer," while Jim Michie, a high-school freshman when Lindbergh was a senior, said that "Lindbergh really had no intimates." With this, Roy Larson of the class of '18 thoroughly agreed. "I guess I knew him as well as anyone, but I didn't know him well," Larson said. "He always kept to himself, never mixed up with the rest of us."

All remarked upon his apparently total lack of interest in girls. "He didn't like girls," Jim Fearing would say flatly. "Never heard of him being interested in one." His aunt, agreeing with a reporter in 1927

that "his mother is his only 'girl,'" went on to say that he had "never made any special friends among his girl acquaintances." Bertha Rothwell, a classmate, remembered that "he paid no attention to the girls, and the girls paid no attention to him." Never during his high-school years did he have a "date." Larson attributed this to the fact that "he was always sort of bashful and would blush every time anyone said anything to him." At any rate he remained so little known, especially by girls, that Viola Leonard, "class prophet" for '18, was hard put to find anything at all to say of him in the school's pamphlet yearbook. She finally settled, in half-joking despair, for as unlikely an event as she could think of, forecasting that "Dorothy Kay and Charles Lindbergh" would be "joint authors of the novel, 'Mrs. Brates' Man,'" which would become "the hit of the season" and bring in "royalties of \$50,000."

Thus when a hundred journalists descended upon the town nine years after his high-school graduation, avid for "material" concerning his boyhood and youth, their most significant discovery would be that such material was virtually non-existent. Few among his acquaintances could attempt with any assurance a definition of his character; fewer still could recall any striking anecdote concerning him. His apparent interest in his fellows had been so slight, he had minded his own business so exclusively, that he might have passed wholly unnoticed through the school (save for his riding a motorcycle at breakneck speeds about the town) had he not been the son of a controversial public figure.

THREE

Toward the Wild Blue Yonder

1

THE man in Little Falls who would appear to the journalists to have known young Lindbergh best was Martin Engstrom, the hardware merchant, a man old enough to be the boy's father. Above the Engstrom store on Broadway was the Lindbergh law office, and this proximity caused frequent contacts between merchant, lawyer, and lawyer's young son. After the elder Lindbergh became congressman, the merchant "used to look after shipping goods for him and doing little odd jobs that brought Charlie [the son] here often."

While yet in grade school the boy had displayed, before Engstrom's knowing eyes, rare mechanical aptitude. He took apart and reassembled a hammerless shotgun almost before he could read. He became adept at opening combination locks whose combinations he had not previously known. But perhaps the earliest of Engstrom's truly memorable experiences of the boy came when the latter was nine or so. Called out to the Lindbergh farm one day to fix a motor-driven pump that had gone wrong, Engstrom was astonished to find that the boy seemed to know almost as much about pumps and gasoline motors as he did and to be as quick and accurate in the diagnosis of mechanical ills. Thereafter, "Charles was always talking about internal-combustion engines, asking me questions about them." The merchant was glad to give the boy free use of the workshop in a room back of the store, and young Lindbergh spent hours there every week when he was in Little Falls.

Thus the friendship between man and boy had begun with and would be maintained by a shared active interest in machines. Whether it ever involved much interchange of general ideas or personal revelation is doubtful, for the most that Engstrom could or would say to questioning writers was that Lindbergh had been "just an average kid, nothing outstanding about him, except that he loved machinery and

knew how to handle it." Nels Thompson would go further than this, saying that "Charles displayed, very early, mechanical genius"—a statement whose accuracy Engstrom would not dispute.

Certainly machines had become central to the boy's life by the time he entered his teens. He was no avid reader of books, though he probably read more than the average Little Falls boy, being encouraged to do so by his parents' example. Spectator sports seemed to hold for him no great interest, though he liked the solitary sports of hiking, swimming, and boating, and became an excellent shot. Machines, however, fascinated him. There is evidence that they became more "real" to him, in a living way, than most people did; his imagination seemed to endow them with individual personalities, inspiring in him personal likes and dislikes as he tinkered with them and tested their performance.

The first of these "personalities" was his bicycle, which he was forever taking apart and putting together again and which, long-legged as he was, he pedaled at furious speeds to and from school. Next came the family Ford, and then a Saxon whose stripped and battered body could still be seen in the basement garage of the Lindbergh home forty years later.

In the summer of 1916, when he was fourteen, he drove his mother and her brother to California in the Saxon, an arduous journey in those days of primitive autos and dirt roads. It had been expected that the trip would require ten days; actually it required five weeks. Crises repeatedly tested the boy's mechanical knowledge and ingenuity: a timer trigger gave out in Iowa; a spring bolt broke in Kansas; a wheel shimmy developed on the Raton Pass; and when Los Angeles was reached at last, he wrote his father a terse, dry letter in which he reported on the Saxon's performance and told of mishaps suffered by other cars along the way, with not a word about anything else. (He addressed the letter to "C. A. Lindbergh"; he signed it "C. A. Lindbergh.") In that same year he persuaded his father to order a tractor for the farm, though the farm was not then a serious economic enterprise and there was only one other tractor in Morrison County. Delivered in pieces to Engstrom's store, the tractor was assembled by the boy himself, who wanted no help with what turned out to be a three-day task. ("It ran perfectly," Engstrom told reporters long afterward.)

A year or so later he acquired the motorcycle which became, in his last high-school year, the one thing all his fellow students would remember about him. He rode it with what seemed to them an appalling

recklessness (they marveled later that he never had an accident), thus fusing more satisfactorily than he had been able to do before his love of machinery and his growing compulsion toward danger.

One witness of this was his classmate Roy Larson, who worked through a school-vacation period in the Little Falls power plant, beside the Mississippi. Past the plant ran a cinder path which slanted from the road through a chokecherry thicket and then along the river's edge. The bank there was quite high. Lindbergh never failed to take this short cut on his way from farm to town. He would come streaking down the road on his motorcycle, then cut into the chokecherries with a shrieking skid. Bursting through these, he would roar along the river bank at racing speeds, the wheels spewing cinders and earth into the water. He did this so often that the path was soon cut almost entirely away.

"It seemed like he wanted to see how close to the edge he could get without plunging in," Larson later recalled. "Finally the boss got scared and had the path dug out so he couldn't go that way any more."

And if his attitude here was experimental, it was in keeping with a character he had manifest while yet very young. Following the burning of the house at Little Falls, he had lived through a dreary winter in Minneapolis where he and his mother occupied the second floor of a two-story house whose first-floor family owned a pedigreed Angora cat. This cat was the special pet of the little girl downstairs and she watched in tear-struck horror as the five-year-old Charles took it upstairs one day and deliberately dropped it from a window. Why had he done this? his mother sternly demanded. Because he had been told that a cat always landed on its feet, he replied, no matter what height it was dropped from; he wanted to see if this was so. "It landed on its feet," he added. . . . (He always remembered afterward how relaxed the cat was as it came down—how, instead of resisting the shock of its landing, it seemed to embrace and be welcomed by the earth.) Surely there was character significance in this episode, sensed if never explicitly stated by the dozen writers who, years later, seized upon it as one of the few authentic anecdotes of his childhood. Did it not reveal a temperament more than normally lacking an empathic awareness of other people? Did it not express a self more strongly committed to neutral facts than to living realities? And was it not consistent with this that he should regard even his own life, his own emotions, as objective facts to be tested and measured in quantitative terms under extreme conditions?

His natural interests and aptitudes were reflected in his high-school

grade record. He would later speak of himself as an indifferent scholar in the Little Falls school, a judgment supported in general by the grades he made.

The grade scale of the school ranged down from *E* (for "Excellent") through *VG* (for "Very Good"), *G* (for "Good"), and *M* (for "Medium") to *F* (for "Failure"). Young Lindbergh was graded *M+* in English I and II, and *G* in English IV. He received an *M+* and a *G* for history, an *M* for civics, an *M* for biology. But in physics he scored an *E* and an *E+*, and in chemistry he made a *VG*. He would have made an *E* in the latter subject, as he did in two of the three six weeks of the semester, had he not flubbed the final examination, on which he scored a *G*. In mechanical drawing he was graded *VG*. One might have expected him to score somewhat higher than he did in the latter subject: drawings of airplanes, motorcycles, automobiles, and other machinery covered many pages of his school notebooks as well as the margins and corners of his textbook pages.

His grade card also recorded that for the last two six-week periods of his senior year—that is, from the first of March to the end of May—he was excused from school in order to operate the family farm, for this was a year in which "Food Will Win the War" became a national slogan and all farmers were urged to produce to the maximum. Martin Engstrom and the elder Lindbergh had often talked together of the younger Lindbergh's future, wondering aloud what it would be. "I thought he would be a great mechanic of some kind," Engstrom later said. "His father, noting his desire to trail alone, thought possibly the boy should be a farmer." Young Lindbergh, therefore, had little difficulty persuading his father to stock the farm with heifers, white-faced sheep, poultry, and hogs, and to permit him to break pasture land north of the barn, planting it to crops.

He thus became a farmer, doing a man's work with a man's tools, before he was a high-school graduate and while he was yet in his mid-teens. Probably a love of machinery, especially of the tractor, was a more important motive for this decision than patriotism, the latter an emotion he could well have viewed askance as a result of his father's current experiences with "Americanism." But whatever his motive, he worked hard at his job. He built a swinging bridge of rope and boards across Pike Creek, to obviate the necessity of wading through water when he went after the cows grazing woodland pasture on both sides of the stream. South of the house he dug a pool in which to water his stock, lining it with concrete into which he traced the word "Lindholm": he called this the "Moo Pond." He built a silo for winter

feeding and bought a silo filler. He obtained milking machinery, then in its early pioneering stage, and in the winter of 1918-19 he supplemented his income with a dealership in this machinery and in farm engines, riding his pony in bad weather and his motorcycle in good to farms as far as thirty miles from his home. He spent hours—more hours than were absolutely necessary, perhaps—working with and upon his tractor.

He became hard and fit physically as he reached his full height of six feet three inches, though he remained slender and light of weight for one so tall, and he knew moments of poignant beauty as he concerned himself intimately with soil and crops and animals, through all the colors and weathers of the seasons. He knew moments of profound satisfaction, too, when he completed particularly hard tasks or solved unusually complicated problems of farm mechanics.

Nevertheless, within two years he had had enough of farming to last him a lifetime. Not only was the work heavy and repetitious, it was also dangerous in harsh sullen ways: the farm worker constantly ran risks that were unaccompanied by the thrill of adventure. A hoof narrowly missed a boy's face as a cow lashed out viciously, unexpectedly, at his bent figure. A pulley belt caught a shirt sleeve, shredding it before letting go, and dragged a man to the edge of horrible injury or death. A piece of steel flew up from a broken chisel and cut the sight from a man's eye. A sudden blizzard caught a man in an open field, blinding him, driving him to freezing death within a mile of his home. . . . One lovely evening in early May, young Lindbergh plowed the west forty. Having reached the edge of the field, he pulled the lever which should lift the plowshares and had just started to turn the tractor when steel glittered within inches of his head. A sudden wind fanned his cheek. There was a loud crash. He sat pale and rigid with the realization that, had he failed to turn at precisely that instant, he would have been crushed and slashed to bloody death by the gangplow as it turned over. The lift mechanism had jammed. . . .

Not only was the work hard and dangerous, it was also unprofitable. In 1919 and '20, the war market for farm products collapsed. Prices came tumbling down as farmers, who had been urged to grow more and more as a patriotic duty, found themselves crushed economically under a burden of "surpluses." Young Lindbergh, whose capital investments in machinery were doubtless excessive, had some bitter experiences with his dairy and livestock sales, enough of them to justify in his mind his father's view that the unorganized farmer was

helpless in the market place. He must sell in competition with other farmers, driving down the prices he received for his goods; he must buy in a market whose prices were increasingly administered, and raised through a creeping inflation, by a few giant corporations. The farm outlook was dreary if not hopeless.

In any case, he had never really intended to devote his life to agriculture. Something wild and free in him rebelled against so literally mundane an existence. He could not long bear to be earthbound and static: he needed excitement, variety, a swift mobility, having developed a love of travel through the frequent long journeys in his childhood. He wanted a profession, too, in which his work with machines was not constantly interrupted, as it was in farming, by long stretches of dull physical labor.

He began to consider, vaguely, tentatively, the possibility that he might become an aviator. To pilot a plane had been, with him, a very early dream—and of the heroes of the war, those who most interested him had fought in the air and become “aces” by downing five or more enemy planes. Since the war’s end he had followed with avid interest the accounts of record-breaking long-distance flights. In May of 1919, an American naval seaplane, the NC-4, had flown from Newfoundland to the Azores with a crew of five men. A month later, an English pilot, Captain John Alcock, and an American-Scotch navigator, Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown, had flown from Newfoundland to Ireland, where they landed in a peat bog, winning the £10,000 prize offered by the London *Daily Mail* for the first nonstop Atlantic crossing. What a wonderful adventure these men had had! It seemed evident, too, that aviation had “a future” of which a young man might profitably partake.

He talked his problems and vague plans over with his mother, who shared his farm life. He said he wanted to quit farming. She approved. He said he would go to college, even though he didn’t particularly want to, and his mother more than approved, having urged upon him, as his father had done, the advantages of a “college education.” She helped him decide upon the University of Wisconsin, because he wanted to take mechanical engineering and Wisconsin’s department in that subject was reputed, by the authorities they consulted, to be “stronger” than Minnesota’s. After finding a tenant for the farm, he enrolled as a freshman in September of 1920.

The last parades of soldiers returning from France had been held before small apathetic crowds. . . . The Eighteenth Amendment had gone into effect, swiftly followed by crimes of fatal violence as the new law was flouted. . . . A revived Ku Klux Klan began to burn crosses and stage parades of sheeted and hooded men. . . . A handsome young man named F. Scott Fitzgerald published a novel entitled *This Side of Paradise*, creating an immediate sensation and, some would later say, a whole generation of "emancipated youth." . . . A less handsome, somewhat older man named Sinclair Lewis published a novel called *Main Street*, bringing unwanted notoriety to his home town of Sauk Center, Minnesota, the "Gopher Prairie" of his angrily iconoclastic book. . . . After a "front-porch campaign" notable for its torpor and its calculated ambiguity concerning U.S. participation in the League of Nations, Republican Harding with his "return to normalcy" scored a landslide presidential victory over Democrat Cox and "Wilsonian idealism". . . .

Thus was born the "Jazz Age"; thus opened the "Roaring Twenties."

The country was in the throes of reaction—mentally, morally, and therefore politically. Sick and tired of heroic efforts, disillusioned by the war and cynical about the peace, those among the American people who set the nation's tone and articulated her dominant feelings were eager for the new "emancipation." Many of the "intelligentsia," a new word in those days, were issuing what amounted to declarations of independence from ideal commitments, from moral obligations, even from that logic of cause and effect which operates as inexorably in history as it does in physics. They would henceforward be "realists" who frankly confessed their selfishness, thus proving their "honesty" as they pursued private profit and sensual pleasures, emphasizing among the latter the hitherto secret and forbidden pleasures of sex. One result of this was a new birth of freedom in the arts: American fiction and poetry began to prosper as seldom before, and there were bold and often successful experiments in music and painting as well. But irresponsibility and a rebellion against "inhibitions," also a new word in those days, were dominant notes of the new mood as it began to affect the average citizen, and in no Midwestern college town were

they more insistently sounded than in Madison, Wisconsin, where Prohibition was more flouted than in most places.

From all this, Charles Lindbergh seemed as far removed as anyone could be.

He was, surely, as obscure a freshman as ever walked along Madison's State Street—a tall, slim blond young man who, in his appearance and many of his mannerisms, was yet a boy, and a very shy one. Langdon Street society knew him not at all: he was never so much as asked to lunch in any of Madison's thirty fraternities. And from his first day on the hill crowned by Bascom Hall he was a being apart from the general fellowship of students, deemed "different" or even "odd" by classmates who left him as severely alone as he seemed to wish to be.

He lived frugally. He had, indeed, little money with which to live otherwise, for to the unprofitableness of his farming enterprise was added the fact that his father's over-all fortune was sadly depleted: C.A. had made poorly secured loans to old acquaintances now caught in the farm depression, had spent an undetermined amount in three unsuccessful political campaigns (he ran for Congress against Harold Knutson in 1920, losing badly), and had lost many thousands in another magazine venture, *Lindbergh's National Farmer*, which was launched as a handsome large-format monthly in March of 1919, reduced to pocket size and irregular publication seven months later, and abandoned altogether in March 1920, after nine issues had appeared. But even had the younger Lindbergh possessed unlimited financial resources, he would have spent little on such concerns as dominated many a fellow student.

He cared little for picture shows and nothing at all for fine clothes. No more than in high school did he manifest any interest in girls: he had never learned to dance and, during his time in Madison, had not a single date. He once claimed to have had one, as a first-semester freshman, but he refused to divulge her name and those to whom he made the claim were convinced he was "kidding." He neither drank nor smoked, not because he morally disapproved of these things but because he believed they injured his body. He made a fetish of physical fitness. When he became a member of the ROTC rifle team, he even gave up coffee because he believed that caffeine reduced slightly the steadiness of his hand and eye. He became by far the best shot of the rifle team in 1921, repeatedly scoring fifty consecutive bull's eyes in competition. Once, having made thirty-seven perfect shots in succession, he missed by a fraction of an inch; he threw down his

rifle in disgust and stalked off the range, insisting he was having an "off day."

His isolation from his contemporaries and the perpetuation of certain attitudes of his childhood were aided by the fact that, in Madison as everywhere before in his life, he lived with his mother. She was again a schoolteacher. When he rented the farm, she set about solving the problem of her livelihood, and perhaps of assuaging her emotional need, by applying for a position in the Madison school system where she might be with Charles. She now taught physical science in the Emerson Junior High School while making a home for herself and son in an apartment on the top floor of a three-story house at 33-35 North Mills, a brown house of distressingly ugly exterior whose sole recommendation, apart from low rent, was its location conveniently near the university, though it was some three dozen blocks from Emerson. Before it was a scrap of parking with two large elms, behind it an unkempt little yard with a giant cottonwood. On one side was a cindered alley; on the other, pressed close, another house. For a few weeks only, in the spring, was there a spot of beauty in that place: a lilac bloomed then above the cinders, against a corner of the building, stirring in young Lindbergh a longing for the woods of Minnesota and, in his mother, a nostalgia for her flowers there.

Machines, studied now in the abstract in several classrooms, were more than ever central to his life. The only friendships he made in Madison had as their major substance a shared devotion to the internal-combustion engine in general, and to motorcycles in particular.

He rode his Excelsior down from Little Falls when he came to enroll. It became the means of introduction to two classmates in the engineering school who had motorcycles of their own. One was Richard Plummer, a shy and studious youth whose rimless spectacles on sober countenance gave an impression contradicted by the fact that he was a great outdoorsman—a hunter, a fisherman—whose favorite exercise, apart from motorcycling, was ski jumping. The other was a Madison boy, Delos Dudley, less shy than Plummer and Lindbergh but equally committed to machines; he was the son of Professor W. H. Dudley, the university's assistant librarian.

With these two, Lindbergh took the only part he ever took in a class activity—a so-called "bag rush," really a freshman-sophomore fight, whose object was to throw members of the opposition into Lake Mendota. In a battered Ford, Lindbergh at the wheel, the boys drove pell-mell through evening streets crying "'23 out" to entice unwary

sophomores from their rooms. As soon as one appeared, he was dragged into the Ford and hauled off for his dunking in the lake. "Lindbergh caught on with that idea right away," Dudley recalled years later. "He was sure enthusiastic that night. . . ."

On their cycles the three boys roamed the country roads around Madison until snow and ice made such riding too risky, even by the low safety standards that Lindbergh maintained.

One day Plummer, Dudley, and Lindbergh walked a street running down a lower slope of the campus hill, a street lined in that year by houses, one of which was the university president's home. The slope was very steep, and at its bottom was a cross street bounded by a high fence. Plummer remarked idly that a motorcyclist would be in real trouble if his brakes gave out as he rode down that hill. He would not be able to make the turn at the bottom; he would crash against the fence. Dudley agreed. Lindbergh said nothing. But an hour or so later, Lindbergh suddenly said: "You know, I think you *could* make that turn without brakes." His two friends looked at him, puzzled. "The turn at the bottom of that hill," Lindbergh explained impatiently. Plummer scoffed at the notion, and so did Dudley. After some argument, the subject was dropped.

But Lindbergh kept returning to it in the days and weeks that followed, repeating every so often his conviction that "the turn *could* be made," even if one coasted the motorcycle from the very top of the street. On each occasion Plummer and Dudley flatly disagreed with him, pointing up inadvertently what Lindbergh seemed to regard as an issue between them as well as a problem of precisely the kind most fascinating to him. His friends had already been impressed by his complete independence of mind and spirit and by his tendency to regard every dangerous opportunity as a personal challenge—though the "game" he played or the "code" he followed seemed also to require that he calculate the risks carefully, employing mind and skill to reduce as much as possible (which was often not very much) the proportion of blind chance in the outcome of his adventures. His friends were unprepared, however, for his announcement one Sunday that further argument over whether or not the brakeless turn could be made was futile, that the "only way to prove it can be done is to do it," and that he himself would do it within the hour. His friends voiced vehement opposition. They were even more vehement when, having followed him reluctantly, they stood beside him as he bestrode his Excelsior at the top of the hill.

"It's a damn fool thing to do," said Plummer. "You'll end up in a hospital, or dead."

But when they saw that Lindbergh was adamant, they went down to the foot of the street and posted themselves there in order, as they told him, to "pick up the pieces." They watched apprehensively as he started his motor and pointed the cycle downhill. Apprehension mounted into actual terror as the cycle plunged downward, faster and faster, with Lindbergh stubbornly refusing to touch the brakes. By the time he reached the bottom, his speed was so tremendous that, for all his skill, he couldn't quite complete the turn. The machine plunged into a gutter; its rider was thrown violently against the fence. Plummer and Dudley ran toward him, sure that he was seriously injured, but before they reached him he had got to his feet. Bruised and bleeding, but with no bones broken, he stood calmly looking up the hill.

"You know," he said in an interested tone, "that wouldn't have happened if I'd gunned the motor just as I made my turn."

Then, to the almost speechless amazement of his friends, he walked over to his undamaged machine, picked it up, and rode it to the top of the hill. Again Plummer and Dudley watched in helpless anxiety while he made his downward run. Again his speed at the run's end was terrific. But this time, as he reached the cross street, he did "gun the motor," and this time, though barely, he completed his turn. . . .

He spent a large portion of his waking hours upon his Excelsior, measuring himself against roaring distances like many a "hot-rod" boy of a later era. He rode his cycle to Camp Knox, Kentucky, where he spent the first six weeks of his summer vacation in 1921, attending an Army field artillery school. On Sundays he roamed the countryside around Camp Knox. He visited Mammoth Cave and, with a couple of companions, hunted for new caves himself. (On one of these expeditions he met a boy named Homer Collins who said that his elder brother, Floyd, had discovered and explored many a local cave.) When the artillery school ended, he rode his Excelsior southward, starting out with forty-eight dollars in his pocket. On the day he reached Jacksonville, Florida, he headed back toward Madison where he arrived just seventeen days after he'd left the camp and with nine of his forty-eight dollars still in his billfold. From Madison, having overhauled the engine, he rode to Little Falls and from Little Falls, when summer vacation ended, he rode back to Madison. The blast of wind against his face, the sense of danger as his unprotected body hurtled through space, was as wine to his spirit. It was his substitute

for, his preference over, the actual wine that others drank, the social life they enjoyed, the girls whom they embraced.

In that early fall of 1921, young Plummer and Dudley were hard at work in Dudley's basement workshop, fashioning an iceboat whose runners would skim frozen Lake Mendota when winter came. It was to be no ordinary iceboat. One of the motorcycles would be dismantled and its motor used to turn an airplane propeller, making possible really terrific speeds. Lindbergh promptly decided he would like to build an iceboat of his own; Dudley as promptly offered him free use of the basement workshop, and thereafter the Dudley house became for him a second home. He probably spent more of his waking hours there than he did in the Mills Street apartment, happily working beside Dudley and Plummer and "snacking" in the Dudley kitchen or from the icebox of Mrs. E. C. Hoebel, one of the Dudley neighbors.

The Dudley house at 1909 Regent Street was a handsome three-story structure of red stone with a red-tile roof, standing atop a steep slope which ran down to Rowley Street, a block to the south, where the Hoebels lived at number 1907. Mrs. Dudley and Mrs. Hoebel thought both Lindbergh and Plummer extremely shy. "I recall that frequently they came to the house while Delos was away," Mrs. Dudley would say. "I'd hear a ring at the door and, upon answering, would find the two boys standing at the foot of the porch steps arguing as to which should go up the steps first." Often she asked her son if he would not like to have his friends stay for lunch; Delos always replied that Lindbergh was "too bashful." So Mrs. Dudley "set out bowls of bread and milk or some sandwiches and, when I wasn't looking, they'd come and get them." Young Lindbergh, said she, was "a very good boy, always polite, never a rowdy." In this, Mrs. Hoebel concurred. She had invited the boys to "help themselves" at her backdoor icebox, and often they did so late at night, hungry after hours of work in the basement. "Young Lindbergh used to tell me that he liked my icebox arrangement because he was able to reach in through the window and help himself," said Mrs. Hoebel.

By the time the boats were finished, the lake had frozen, and over its gleaming surface the boys raced one another, engines wide open, with Lindbergh's boat, as Dudley would distinctly remember, proving the faster of the two. He was immensely proud of it. When it was wrecked one day, he suffered as one might from a severe injury to a very dear friend. . . .

The wreck was not of Lindbergh's making: his boat was tied up at dock, its owner nowhere around, when another iceboat smashed into

it. He came upon the damage unawares and was not only disconsolate but also, at once, very coldly and fiercely angry. He examined the wreck closely. He found a large splinter of wood which did not come from his boat and must, therefore, have come from the one which wrecked it. He then visited every boathouse on the lake until, at last, he found the hull into which the splinter perfectly fitted. It was a boat owned by one Bernard, who rented boats to students, and before Bernard young Lindbergh presented himself, his bashfulness overcome by his anger. He demanded a cash settlement; he threatened court action if the settlement weren't made. Bernard could see he meant business. The name and address of the student who had rented the boat on the afternoon in question were looked up in Bernard's records. The student paid.

There was enrolled in the commerce school, class of '24, a very pretty vivacious girl named Eunice Rogers who fell in love with Dick Plummer and thereby fell afoul, in tenuous ways, of Charles Lindbergh. She met Plummer in circumstances which reduced his shyness, but in any case his shyness, if equal in quantity to Lindbergh's, was far different in quality. She could never have loved him otherwise. Plummer was considered "quiet but nice," not "odd," not a misfit in the community of students: he was asked to join Acacia fraternity and eventually did so. He was not indifferent or insensitive to other people; he was essentially a warm personality, sympathetic, and was in consequence liked as well as respected by his contemporaries. He had no aversion to girls; despite his shyness, he had dated several before Eunice Rogers met him. But he did tremendously admire Lindbergh and tried to "sell" him to Eunice, who would have none of him.

How could she like one who treated her with utter coldness, if not outright rudeness? For instance, she wanted very much to ride the ice-boat on which Dick had worked so hard and of which he was so proud. He would have been glad to have her do so. Lindbergh, however, said "No!" very flatly—and when Dick yielded to him, Eunice was furious.

3

But though young Lindbergh seemed wholly apart from the "emancipated youth" of whom the older generation talked so much and so disapprovingly, he had his own rebellions and made his own declarations of independence. In talks with Dudley and Plummer, he gave

forceful expression to his disgust with the American system of higher education as manifested in Madison. "They treat you here as though you were a baby," he complained. "Presumably a man comes to college because he wants an education. Why, then, all this taking of rolls, daily assignments, checks on your personal life, and so on?" He strongly favored, he said, the "European system": in Europe, a college man might attend class or not, as he liked; might study the assigned lessons or not, as he liked. The only requirement for a degree was that he pass at term's end an examination proving he had obtained the information he had come to obtain. Dudley would remember that his friend sometimes refused to turn in class reports even after he'd done the assigned work. "Why should I?" Lindbergh asked. "The instructor already knows this stuff."

Hints of his mood and values were contained in themes he composed for his freshman English class, taught during the second semester of his freshman year by R. F. Brosius, who gave him a final grade of 85, the second highest in the class. In one of them, Lindbergh wrote of an "American clergyman" who, despite his piety and blameless conduct, was refused admittance to heaven because his "passport, a weighty document, carefully typed" was found by St. Peter to contain minor errors of grammar and punctuation. In another he revealed incipient attitudes which might develop into a contempt for democracy coupled with an admiration for disciplined engineering efficiency. Under the German title *Es war einmal eine Insel mitten in der See* ("Once upon a time there was an island in the middle of the sea"), he essayed an ironic contrast between the magnificence of the Panama Canal as an engineering achievement and the triviality, in his view, of typical American collegians. Two sailors whose ship was about to go through the canal discussed the achievement. Two students on their way to see a movie called *Sinful Sin* displayed the triviality. When Mr. O'Kay casually mentioned news of a landslide along the Culebra Cut to his date, Miss Justrite, she replied: "Oh, you mean that river down in South America. It's all a big graft anyway, you know. . . . I heard that Theda Bara in *Love Kiss* will be at the Strand next Sunday. My, but I'd love to see it."

Yet another Lindbergh composition, entitled "A Day in the University Life of an Engineer," was evidently autobiographical in part. "The gray streak of dawn is in the east," he began, "and soon the sun will usher into Madison another spring day." At "exactly" 7:15, "the alarm rings in the room of a freshman engineer" who, however, does not "crawl" from his bed to "muffle the offending machine" until the

noise "becomes unbearable." At 7:45, "he rushes to the lunch counter" and at 8:02 "bursts into the room of his 8 o'clock, just in time to answer roll call." Fifteen minutes elapse, however, before he "becomes conscious that a lecture is being given in the same room." He has military drill from 10 to 11 and, "after fumbling several formations, shouldering his gun on an 'at trail' order and receiving the usual compliments," he "forgets that there is such a thing as bed." Drill over, he goes to his room "with a firm resolve to study math" but then decides that "he will do it in class, slams his book shut, and is off to make up for a light breakfast." In his mathematics class "he works one of the examples and copies four" and then toys with the idea "of sniping a hat through the window with a piece of chalk." In English class he is relieved when the instructor does not choose one of his themes to read aloud. At 3:30 he is free of classes for the day but, since a chemistry quiz is scheduled for next day, works until 10 at night attempting "to make up for six weeks' neglected study." He then goes to bed, "with formulas and elements playing tag in his brain," having set the alarm and carefully placed it out of reach, "hoping that 'Louie' will leave a few answerable questions on his exam paper."

His impatience with academic routines was exacerbated by his physical restlessness. He maintained so sharp an edge of bodily conditioning that it reduced his capacity to concentrate in sedentary postures for long periods. His mind might dominate his body for an hour or so, holding it quiet while he studied a book, but after that his body took command. He was driven out of doors for a long hike beside the lake or a long ride on his motorcycle over country roads; he went to the gymnasium for a swim or to the rifle range for some target practice.

Inevitably his studies suffered from his lack of attention to them; professors sometimes told him that, with just a little more effort, he could lift his subaverage grades into the A class. He listened politely. One evening Dudley and Plummer decided to "throw a scare" into him "for his own good." Claiming to be Professor P. H. Hyland, adviser of sophomore mechanical engineers, Dudley, in a disguised voice, sternly rebuked Lindbergh for his rebelliousness, threatening him with expulsion if he did not promptly mend his ways. Earnestly Lindbergh promised to do better. But at that very instant he may have been deciding to leave school of his own accord. ("You didn't fire me out of school," he would say a few years later to Professor Hyland, "I fired myself.")

This was early in 1922. One day he counted the number of dif-

ferent schools he had attended and found that there had been eleven of them, scattered all the way from Washington, D.C., where he had gone to the Force School at the same time as Quentin Roosevelt, to Redondo Beach, California. He hadn't liked any of them. He had gone to school because he was required to do so, passing examinations in one grade so that he might enter the grade ahead—but who or what now required him to go through college? Supposing he became a college graduate, what would he graduate into? A desk job in some factory or office building? He shook his head emphatically. If that was what college led to, the sooner he left it the better.

But what *did* he want his future to be? Aviation continued to interest him. Maybe if he got into an aeronautical engineering course he would do sufficiently well in it to make college worth-while. He could hardly study aeronautics intensively in Madison, however, for the university offered little in that subject. The best courses were taught in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology which, he discovered, was out of the question for him: he would never be able to satisfy the entrance requirements. Well, then, maybe he ought to go into the garage business; it seemed profitable, and in it he could indulge to the full his love of machines. Or maybe he could go into the parachute business, making and testing and selling his own parachutes as, he had read, some chute makers did. Certainly that would be an *interesting* life!

Dudley and Plummer, listening to such talk, discouraged the parachute-jumping idea. Dudley, whose interest in aviation was at that moment greater and more exclusive than Lindbergh's, urged his friend to become an airplane pilot as he himself planned to do. He even wrote to three different flying schools for literature, which he turned over to his friend, and when he called at the Mills Street apartment one winter evening he found the folders and letters scattered over a table at which Lindbergh sat, pondering. In a corner of the room sat Mrs. Lindbergh, silently reading and listening, looking up from time to time with what Dudley rather guiltily felt to be disapproval. "I had the feeling that she blamed me because her son was planning to leave school," Dudley said later, "though she didn't say anything." His friend, he found, was particularly impressed by material from the Nebraska Aircraft Corporation, which manufactured Lincoln Standard planes in Lincoln, Nebraska, and offered flying instruction there as part of its sales-promotion activities.

Lindbergh discussed his problem with the captain of the rifle team, an upperclassman whom he greatly respected and who sought to dis-

suade him from flying. The average life span of a pilot in the air during the war, this upperclassman pointed out, was but a few hours, and even in peacetime the dangers were so great that no insurance company would issue a policy on a pilot's life. Aviation might have a future, as Lindbergh said; probably it did; but the future of the individual pilot was likely to be brief indeed. And with all this, the elder Lindbergh, writing or talking to his son, thoroughly agreed. So, no doubt, did Mrs. Lindbergh.

But when the youth told his mother that he had made up his mind, he was definitely leaving school and going into aviation, she merely looked hard at him for a moment, making him realize for the first time what a wrench his departure would give her, what an emptiness it would leave in her life, then calmly said that of course he must do as he wished to do. It meant that never again would they be much together, who had been constantly together up to that time—"But you must lead your own life; I mustn't hold you back." Years later she confessed that "it almost broke my heart" to have him drop out of college.

It was fortunate, nevertheless—perhaps even essential to the preservation of his life—that he left when he did, for it had recently come into his head to hoist his motorcycle to the top of the campus ski lift, some seventy feet high, then ride down through screaming air to land on the slant and roar, if he remained upright, out onto the ice of Mendota. Like all such ideas, once it had entered his head it could not be got out again, either by himself or by the two half-disgusted friends to whom he confided it. He had calculated the chances carefully, he said; the thing *could* be done. All that deterred him was the problem of getting the machine to the top of the jump, and doubtless he would have solved this problem had not his attention been diverted to his plan to enter aviation. . . .

He wrote to Lincoln to arrange for his enrollment there. He dropped out of the second-semester classes in which he had enrolled. At the end of March 1922, he left Madison astride his Excelsior, never to live there again nor attend again a college class.

He had intended to ride his machine all the way to Lincoln, and he pursued this intention happily for a few hours along the paved highway, breathing deeply of the fresh sweet air of spring as he looked across the greening countryside. But when he came to the end of the pavement he entered a road which, with the spring thaw, had become a river of mud. In four hours thereafter he managed to cover, with exhausting physical effort, barely four miles, whereupon he loaded his

machine into a passing farm wagon which carried it to the nearest town. From there he shipped it, and himself, to Lincoln by rail, arriving at his destination on the first of April.

4

The Nebraska Aircraft Corporation was a factory, right enough, as its literature had proclaimed. As factory, it more than lived up to young Lindbergh's expectations. Everything about it fascinated him: the marvelously compact 150-horsepower Hispano-Suiza engines; the fragile wings stacked in pairs, awaiting the moment when, with wooden struts and incredibly slender wires, they would be bound together above and below the brightly painted fuselages which lay upon the floor; even the acrid odor of the acetate and nitrate dope with which the fabric of wings was treated. He spent happy and educative hours in the plant that early April, watching the workmen closely and, now and then, lending a helping hand himself. By direct observation and experience, he learned about aeronautical theory and plane design, though he never ceased to marvel that a machine fashioned of such prosaic materials was capable of the poetry of flight.

One bright morning, a week after his arrival, he stood upon the airfield, watching with particularly close attention the assembly of a Lincoln Standard plane. The riggers worked with extreme care as they attached wings to fuselage and linked the ailerons, flippers, and rudders to the controls. An engineer tested precisely the tautness of wires, the slope of wings, while mechanics tuned the motor, checking and double checking everything, leaving nothing to chance. For all this care, young Lindbergh was personally grateful: in this plane, as he knew, he would soon make the first flight of his life.

Next day, April 9, 1922, he and sixteen-year-old Harlan (Bud) Gurney, a Nebraska sand-hills boy who had taken a job as handy man in the corporation factory a few months before, climbed together into the front cockpit of the new biplane. In the rear cockpit sat the pilot, Otto Timm. Safety belts clasped around them, goggles over their eyes, and leather helmets upon their heads, the two boys heard with a surge of excitement the magic word, "Contact!" and saw the mechanic at the plane's nose give a sudden jerk upon the propeller, using his body's weight as well as the strength of his arms. The motor coughed, then caught with a roar. The propeller blade became a blur, then became invisible. The whole plane began to vibrate. The boys turned to watch

Timm's face as he "revved up" the motor, but he took no notice of them; his expression was grim as he concentrated upon the instrument board. Then, quieting the motor, he gestured to men standing beside the wings, who promptly ducked down to pull away the chocks which had blocked the wheels. Again the motor roared full throttle as the plane moved forward, lurching over rough ground, plunging faster and faster toward trees at the field's edge until suddenly, miraculously, the wheels ceased to bump and the whole earth tilted forward and the trees were below them, shrinking rapidly to the size of bushes. Wider and wider grew the horizons until they were blurred and lost in an immensely distant haze and a square mile below them was no larger than the square of a checkerboard. Everything beneath them—the city, the river, the lake, the patchwork of fields—grew small and neat and clean as the wind whipped their cheeks and wisps of cloud fled past the wings. This was Bud Gurney's first flight, too, and he and Lindbergh looked at one another now and then with delighted grins. Each of them knew, when he stood again on solid ground, that he had found his true vocation. No thrill of motorcycling, said Lindbergh, could compare with this!

He entered thus upon a world as distinct from that of his boyhood, in some ways, as Minnesota had been from Sweden for his grandfather in 1859—and like his grandfather he entered it with a new name. Neither in high school nor in college had he borne a nickname, despite the fact that his excessively slender height made one of the commonest nicknames obvious for him. Even his first name had been seldom used by people outside his family: Dudley and Plummer, for instance, always called him simply "Lindbergh." But in Lincoln he became "Slim."

Ray Page, president of the Lincoln Standard Aircraft Corporation, may have bestowed the nickname upon him on the very day of his arrival in Lincoln. "He came into the office and stood around quite awhile before we knew what he wanted," Page would remember, seeing again in his mind's eye the tall, gawky, country kid with hayseed almost tangible in his tousled blond hair, his anguished self-consciousness enhanced by the fact that he was so very noticeable. He seemed all raw bone and stringy muscle towering above everyone else in the room. When he finally made his wishes known, Page regarded him with considerable skepticism. The enrollment fee, said he, was five hundred dollars, as their correspondence had said. Cash on the barrelhead. Promptly, silently, and in cash, Lindbergh paid.

Thereafter Page found him bashful, taciturn, daring, and stubborn

in approximately equal degrees. "He always had some wild idea," Page recalled. "He worried me almost incessantly about some of the stunts he wanted to do. About the only way to get him out of the office was to let him do them." But sometimes Page vetoed these "ideas" with a sternness that matched Lindbergh's stubbornness. "Once he wanted someone to take one of our planes up with a rope tied to the landing gear," Page said years later. "We asked him what for. His proposition was that the plane should be flown down close to the ground so he could ride his motorcycle under it until he could grab the rope and swing up into the plane. . . . Of course we did not let him."

If Page thus found the Lindbergh character and manner more than a little irritating now and then, Lindbergh may well have been equally irritated with Page—and for objective reasons. Though the factory was real and the joy of flying intensely real, the corporation's flying school turned out to be largely fiction. Having paid his tuition fee on April Fool's Day, receiving in return a promise of a certain number of hours of instruction, Lindbergh discovered that he comprised the whole of the "school's" student body, that his teacher Ira Biffle was the whole of the faculty, and that a single plane with dual controls was the entire "school" plant. There was no slightest attempt at ground schooling, though Lindbergh learned a good deal in the factory, where he worked often side by side with Bud Gurney, lockstitching fabric, cleaning spark plugs, straightening exhaust valves, lapping propeller hubs onto their shafts, and doing the dozen other things a pilot in those pioneering days must know how to do.

Moreover, Biffle—or "Biff," as everyone called him—was remarkably casual in his methods of instruction. A dark-haired man with a deeply seamed face, an irritable impatience, a high-pitched voice, and a profane vocabulary, he had entered a downward path which would lead him to a penniless hospital bed in Chicago a dozen years later, his medical bills paid from a private fund to which Lindbergh would contribute fifty dollars. Workmen in the factory said he had been a flight instructor with the Signal Corps during the war, gaining there a reputation as one of the "toughest" men in the whole of the Army: his pupils, though they emerged well trained from his tutelage, were said to have quaked in fear of him. But the workmen also said that "something went out of Biff" when a good friend of his was killed in a plane crash before his eyes. What had "gone out," Lindbergh quickly discovered, was any love of flying, or even any desire to fly.

Again and again Lindbergh rode his motorcycle out to the airfield to meet his instructor at times the instructor himself had set, only to

have Biff arrive hours later, or not at all. The air at midday was too turbulent for a beginning flier, Biff would say; the best time was at sunrise when the air was still. "I'll see you out here bright and early in the morning," he'd promise, arriving, however, at eleven o'clock next day after the wind had risen. "Well, Slim," he'd say, "we'll just have to wait 'til late afternoon," and he'd climb into his car and drive away, sometimes showing up again (but only sometimes) to give his pupil practice instruction through a few landings and take-offs before the sun went down. He seems to have realized, however, that his pupil was unusually apt, an eager youngster in perfect physical condition whose muscular co-ordination, despite his height, was remarkable, whose reaction time was amazingly fast, and who was cool in moments of danger. Indeed, Slim seemed to *enjoy* danger, a trait which may have annoyed an instructor who had, as he might have said, "out-grown" it. Above all, Slim had a "feel" for his plane, a kind of intuitive awareness of its stresses and strains and possibilities which was increasingly sustained by an intimate factual knowledge of airplane construction.

Then, in May, when he had received perhaps eight hours of flight instruction, Lindbergh suddenly learned that the "school" was being liquidated. The training plane was in process of being sold, Bud Gurney told him, to Erol Bahl, a slender, mild-mannered, no-nonsense flier whom Lindbergh knew as probably the best pilot in Lincoln and who was now about to depart on a barnstorming trip through southeastern Nebraska. Simultaneously Biff announced that he was leaving Lincoln for good. Biff seemed to have no doubts that his obligations as teacher had been fulfilled. Slim, said he, was ready to "solo"—he could take a plane up and get it down safely enough, if the air wasn't rough—and all that remained was for Slim to do so, receiving thereby his flying certificate. There was one little hitch: Biff couldn't permit Slim to solo unless Ray Page approved—

And Ray Page definitely did not.

The corporation's president congratulated Lindbergh on the swiftness with which the youngster had learned. He expressed confidence in Slim's abilities as a pilot. But he just couldn't trust an expensive plane to such inexperienced hands unless a bond were posted to cover the company's loss in case of a crash. Lindbergh listened with a dismay which may well have been tinged with anger. Had he received full value for the money he had paid out? It amounted to \$150 for train fare and living expenses, in addition to the \$500 tuition fee. He still had a few hundred painfully earned dollars on deposit in a Little

Falls bank, but he was stubbornly determined to save this against the day when he could buy a plane of his own, and besides, all his savings would scarcely begin to make up a bond of the size Page required. He protested that he couldn't do it. And Page said there could be, in that case, no solo flight. He was truly sorry. . . . According to the contract between them, the corporation still owed Lindbergh at least two more hours of flight instruction, and he may have reminded Page of the fact, but the interview ended amicably.

For Lindbergh could see things from the corporation's point of view. He was a novice in the air. He had a long way to go before he became a pilot whom other men would trust with their lives and property. Casting around for means of gaining the experience he needed, he approached Erol Bahl, offering his services as mechanic and helper on Bahl's barnstorming expedition. He even offered to pay his own expenses, after Bahl had replied that no help was needed. Bahl hesitated; he liked Slim. "Well," he said at last, "if you want to go that badly—" And so it was arranged.

Barnstorming meant flying from town to town, or rather from one pasture or stubble field to another after having roared low over adjacent towns to announce one's arrival. It meant attracting a crowd to one's landing place and then persuading the more adventurous in that crowd to take plane rides at five dollars per ride. And before many days had passed, Lindbergh had made himself so useful, helping to keep the plane in shape and canvassing the crowds for passengers, that Bahl began to pay his expenses. For Erol Bahl was as honest as he was brave, and as brave as he was sober-minded. He wore an ordinary business suit when he flew and a cap turned backward, and never donned the leather helmet and khaki breeches that Lindbergh and other airmen wore. He looked upon flying as a business which was harmed by aviators who did "crazy stunts" and got themselves killed. (The average pilot's life expectancy in the air was now nine hundred hours; it grew longer every year and would grow quickly toward the life expectancy of relatively safe occupations if only all pilots would use common sense.) But there was no timidity in him: he flew in weather which would keep most pilots on the ground, and when Lindbergh suggested that bigger crowds might be attracted if he, Lindbergh, climbed out upon a wing as they flew low over a town, Bahl made no objection. He merely warned his companion to step carefully upon the spars, else a wing might be damaged, and to go no farther than the inner-bay strut the first time out. If he was at all apprehensive as Slim climbed out of the cockpit for this first time

and edged out onto the wing, clinging to fragile supports in a roaring blast of wind, he gave no sign of it. . . .

A few weeks later the two returned to Lincoln where Lindbergh, his available money almost gone, moved from his twenty-dollar-a-month boardinghouse into a room which cost him only two and a quarter a week. He also took a job as handy man in the Nebraska Aircraft Corporation's factory, drawing a paycheck of fifteen dollars every Saturday. Thus he lived from day to day and from hand to mouth as he tried to determine what next step to take toward the goal he had set, that of piloting his own plane. Sometimes he felt that he had reached a dead end. It was now early June of 1922; in February of '23 would come his twenty-first birthday. . . .

Charles W. Hardin was a maker of parachutes who traveled from place to place demonstrating his own products, which he sold for \$125 apiece, by jumping with them from planes. In his newspaper advertisements he claimed to be the "only aviator in the world" who had made "three to six parachute drops in one descent," thus referring to a stunt whereby the jumper had multiple chutes attached to his harness and to each other in such a way that they could be opened and collapsed in series, with a free fall between one chute's collapse and the next one's opening. With Hardin traveled his wife, Kathryn, herself a "famous aviatrix" and parachute jumper who in the past (so Lindbergh read in the *Nebraska State Journal*) had "doubled in plane acrobatics with Charles, working on one wing while he worked on the other." She helped her husband cut and sew the muslin cloth of which, in those pioneering days, many chutes were made. (Later they would be made only of silk.)

On a Sunday afternoon, June 18, 1922, these two provided "aerial thrills" to a crowd gathered at the Lincoln Municipal Aviation Field for a demonstration sponsored by the Lincoln Standard Company, and none in the crowd watched with a more intense interest than young Lindbergh. As a privileged spectator, he saw close-up how Hardin prepared for the exhibition, packing chutes, which were tied together with rope, into a bag which was then laced up and tied in the same way as one ties his shoes, in a bowknot, and lashed to a plane's lower wing with the laced side downward. After the plane had reached an altitude of two thousand feet or so, Hardin went out onto the wing and, having fastened the parachute straps to his harness, let himself down below the wing where he was held suspended only by a bowknot. Untying this with a jerk, he fell until the first chute opened. After

floating downward a little while, he cut the rope tying the second chute to the first, whereupon the first chute collapsed and he fell freely again until the second one billowed open above him.

Lindbergh was fascinated by this. He was also challenged. The terror of falling from great heights, which had been a recurrent theme of nightmares all during his boyhood, remained strong within him. His wing walking, on Bahl's plane, had been a defiance of this fear, as had been his childhood play in the great elm beside the Mississippi. Such defiance, however, was mild compared to that of Charlie Hardin, who not only wing walked but actually did fall, boldly, deliberately, from the wing. When Lindbergh first thought of imitating Hardin, he grew tense with dread, and this continued for the two or three days during which, with stubborn persistence, he tried to persuade Ray Page to let him do it. He *must* do it, he felt. His fear of doing it made it a necessary act.

And so, one warm evening, having received Page's reluctant consent, he made his wishes known to an amazed Charlie Hardin.

"A double drop?" Hardin exclaimed. "But you've never jumped before, have you?"

Lindbergh shook his head.

"You want to make a double jump the very first time! Why?"

Lindbergh fumbled awkwardly for words. He wanted the "experience." He might become a parachute jumper himself. If so, he would buy one of Hardin's chutes. . . . His face grew crimson with embarrassment.

But Hardin, looking up at that boyish face, really needed no outward answer to his question. He had only to consult his own past to understand the youth's motives, remembering a day when he, whom his parents had intended for the ministry, worked instead as a printer's devil in a dreary, dusty Kansas town and, bored, restless, promptly agreed to substitute for an injured parachutist when a fair concessionist offered him ninety dollars for doing so. He could recall the thrilling terror of his first jump from a hot-air balloon and remember, too, how he had risked his life deliberately a hundred times since then: as parachutist at county and state fairs, as soldier below the Mexican border, as balloon commander during the World War, as stunt flier and aerial acrobat since his return from France. He and this gangling embarrassed boy with his far blue eyes were fellow citizens of the country of danger. . . . He shrugged and grinned, large white teeth flashing below small black mustache; he set about preparing two chutes for

the double jump while Lindbergh completed arrangements for a plane and pilot.

Soon the plane was aloft, circling, climbing, while a little knot of people watched curiously from the ground. Would Slim really do it? Would he dare? And this question, fed by a sick fear, mounted in Lindbergh's own mind as the plane rose. With a terrific effort of will, he forced himself out of the cockpit onto the wing when, at long last, the pilot signaled that the proper height had been reached. With nervous fingers he buckled the chute straps onto his harness.

Then, as if in the worst of his nightmares, he was hanging beneath the wing, two thousand feet above the earth, his hand grasping one lace end of the bowknot. Gulping fear, he looked far down upon the sweet green earth—

And jerked the knot. . . .

At once the first parachute trailed out and began to fill, breaking his fall. As it did so he became aware of a curious fact: at the instant he pulled the knot, all terror had departed from him. He had felt only a thrill of excitement, followed by exultation. He enjoyed this for a few moments, then cut the rope tying the first chute to the second. Again the thrill, the exultation.

But this time the reassuring jerk of the risers as the parachute filled did not come when he expected it. He continued to fall, turning over so that he plunged head downward for, it seemed, a very long time. He looked back to see if something was wrong—and at that instant he saw the parachute open like a white flower above him, blooming against the evening sky. He was jerked upright. He came safely to earth, though he was jarred a bit as he landed.

People rushed up to him, Hardin among them.

"You all right, Slim?" one of them asked.

"Sure."

"What went wrong?" asked Hardin, plainly anxious.

"Why, nothing," replied Lindbergh innocently. "Wasn't that the way it was supposed to be?"

Charlie Hardin shook his head with a wry grin. "I thought that second chute would never open," he said. "I've never had any of my chutes take so long to open before—"

He revealed that he made a practice of tying a part of the second chute to the shroud ring of the first with a piece of twine, in such a way that the second would string out full length after leaving the bag before the twine snapped. Thus it would be ready to open immediately when the first parachute collapsed. He hadn't been able to find any

twine as he prepared the chutes for Lindbergh, however, so he had used grocery string instead. Apparently this had broken before the chutes left the bag. The second chute had, therefore, come out tightly folded. . . .

That night, as on every future night after a parachute leap or after he'd done some other thing he had particularly dreaded, Lindbergh fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, sleeping a deep dreamless sleep until morning. He awoke refreshed as seldom before in his life, free of all anxiety, reviewing with pride the act he had performed last evening.

And when he went again to factory and airfield he became aware of a change in the attitudes which others took toward him. Others seemed proud of him, too, as though by doing what he had done he had conferred a boon upon *them*, widening for each of them the limits of the possible. He was no longer an apprentice, to be patronized by the initiate. He was himself initiated, and into a realm which Ray Page, for instance, had not dared to enter. How had it felt to fall freely through hundreds of feet? Had he held his breath? Had the jerk on his body been painful when the chute filled? Had he been afraid when he hung beneath the wing, afraid to untie the knot? Men who only yesterday had treated him with a casual indifference now asked such questions as these, and he answered them as best he could, being flattered by them.

The essential experience, however, remained his alone, incommunicable, and it gave him an inner power he had never known before. It seemed to have thawed an ice in his veins, releasing from the rigidities of his past a hotly glowing wine of freedom. He was intoxicated by it; he was lifted by it into wide bright skies high above the gloomy forests, the glacier-molded landscapes of his boyhood. Having greatly dared, he would dare anything now. He would not live long? Well, then, he would die—but he would die after having lived more completely, more intensely than a safely earthbound man could possibly do. He would die having measured to the full that exultant joy which floods through a man in precise proportion to the terror he has defied and conquered.

Charlie Hardin, accepting him as a fellow parachutist, gave him professional tips, lessons learned in hundreds of jumps. Never trust your life, said he, to a parachute made of pongee silk; it opened slowly if at all; its fabric apparently generated an excess of static electricity, making the folds cling to one another. Never trust your life to a chute having a canopy spread of less than twenty-two feet. Always land facing the direction in which you drifted, and to guide the chute pull

the shroud lines in the direction you wished to go. Always relax completely when landing, crossing your legs if you came down toward fence or tree or other obstacle, and if the wind was strong, release your leg straps some fifty feet, and your breast strap some fifteen feet, above the ground; that way you'd be free of the harness when you landed and not dragged to possibly serious injury by the billowing canopy. To collapse the chute, pull the lower shroud lines. . . . Yes, Hardin accepted him as colleague in an art more prestigious in some respects, because more dangerous, than piloting a plane. . . .

The way now opened before him toward the goal he pursued. A silver-colored Lincoln Standard plane, newly reconditioned, had been sold to a big wheat farmer named Rogers, "Banty" Rogers of Bird City, Kansas, whose pilot—for Rogers had not yet himself learned to fly—was a stocky, cheerful man named H. J. ("Cupid") Lynch. Lynch and Rogers planned a barnstorming expedition during the late summer; they asked Lindbergh to join them as mechanic, general helper, and stunt man. Lindbergh, who had carefully observed Lynch's skill as pilot, had conceived a great liking for the man personally. He accepted the offer. Perhaps he wouldn't make much money, but he ought to be able to add a little to the savings with which he planned to buy a plane of his own. He would certainly gain experience as a flier, see a lot of country, and have a lot of fun.

One hot day in mid-July he arrived in Bird City by train, having traded the hours of flight instruction and the factory wages which the corporation owed him, plus twenty-five dollars in cash, for a Hardin parachute. Next day he thrilled a Bird City crowd, and himself, with a parachute leap.

FOUR

Variations on a Theme of Danger

"Because they ain't human like us . . . Burn them . . . and they don't even holler in the fire; crash one and it ain't even blood when you haul him out: it's cylinder oil the same as in the crankcase."

—The reporter in
William Faulkner's *Pylon*

1

THE state of the nation was such that moralists of the old order were continuously outraged.

New styles of feminine dress and conduct outraged them. Skirts climbed toward knees; bare flesh of thighs, flickering above rolled silk stockings, would soon seduce the gaze of lustful men. Corsets were now infrequently worn and would soon be worn hardly at all; girls didn't want to be dubbed "old ironsides" by men who embraced them in the new (immoral) dances. Long hair, once a woman's crowning glory, was shorn; bobbed heads bore bright pert faces which soon would be rouged as only a prostitute's had been before the war. Breasts were flattened by tight-fitting brassières and every curve of waist and hip was hidden by cloth that fell down like a sack from the shoulders; "epicene," as applied to girls, had become a term of glamour. But sexlessness was not pursued by these boylike girls in their relationships with men. On the contrary, "petting" and "necking" and "worse" had become a virtually standard practice among youthful unmarried couples. And in their conversation and mental attitudes, these girls were even more "emancipated" than they were in their conduct, employing a vocabulary derived from the latest fiction as they described themselves and their activities. They were "flappers" (F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Flappers and Philosophers*, 1920) who welcomed the

exciting attentions of "sheiks" (E. M. Hull's *The Sheik*, 1921). They were "the beautiful and damned" (Fitzgerald's novel of that title, 1922), "babes" of the "jazz age" (Fitzgerald's *Tales of the Jazz Age*, 1922), who would have no truck with the stuffy hypocrisies of "babbitt" (*Babbitt*, by Sinclair Lewis, 1922). They said, "To hell with the past"—for all the old gods, all the old mores, had been slain in a war the oldsters had made. . . .

The state of the nation was such that political idealists were increasingly dismayed.

In his Minneapolis law office, Charles A. Lindbergh the elder practiced little law. Often he turned away fees which would have required his advocacy of principles he believed wrong, despite the fact that he who had once been "worth" a quarter of a million dollars was now a poor man sleeping in a three-fifty-a-week room in the St. James Hotel, or on a couch in his office, seldom paying more than twenty-five cents for a meal. It was an anomaly that he should remain, as he did, director of a small bank in Shakopee, for he hoarded his limited resources to pay for publication of yet another book attacking banks and the whole prevailing system of finance-capital. He called his book *The Economic Pinch*; it was published in the spring of 1923, and in its opening pages he shaped a theme which, amidst the cacophony of unreason, was not without pathos. "There's a key to the good things of the world," he began. "We all have the key. That key is mind. . . . It is our failure to give a little honest thought to direct our actions that compels most of us to struggle with the hardships of the world. We are too much under the influence of others. . . ." But how to free from the influence of "others" the American who did not care to be free? How stimulate the mind of the citizen who seemed eager to become the businessman's "ideal type": a wide-open mouth, a ceaselessly working gut, a complex of insatiable appetites consuming goods like mad twenty-four hours a day? And how make truth and thought effective in the public affairs of a country whose means of mass communication were in the hands of men with a vested interest in popular untruths, popular mindlessness? The elder Lindbergh, in an essay strongly if indirectly influenced by Marx, gave a passing attention to such questions but failed clearly to answer them. And when he looked toward Washington in the late spring of 1923, having decided to run for the Senate seat left vacant by the death of Knute Nelson, he saw abundant evidence that the present "businessman's administration" was little if any less dishonest, little if any less mediocre in its mental quality, than those that had followed the Civil War. Rumors were

rife concerning fraudulent "deals" between businessmen and high federal officials, involving close personal friends of President Harding. They had been given credence by one resignation and two suicides among the "inner circle" within four months; they would gain further credence when the President, returning from Alaska, died on August 2 under allegedly "mysterious" circumstances. A few weeks after that, a Senate committee headed by Thomas J. Walsh of Montana would open public hearings on the leasing to private oil companies of naval reserves at Elk Hills, California, and Teapot Dome, Wyoming. . . .

The state of the nation was such that the seekers and purveyors of "thrills" were vastly encouraged.

They sought excitement through movie spectacles, sports spectacles, "confession" magazines, sensational newspapers, marathon dances, high-powered motor cars, bootleg whisky. For these things Slim Lindbergh, in his poverty and asceticism, had small use. But he fitted perfectly into the national mood when, in quest of thrills for himself and those who watched, he daily and deliberately risked his life. Handbills, scattered from a plane as it flew over towns, proclaimed in bold letters that "Daredevil Lindbergh" would perform "death-defying stunts" free of charge to all who cared to witness them at such and such a field and such and such a time. He attracted crowds. They watched with bated breath as he scrambled among the struts and wires of a plane's wing high above them. They gasped when he fell from the wing, plunging toward a death narrowly averted, or so it seemed, by the pale flowering of his parachute above him. One day he stood on the top wing of a plane as it looped the loop, falling flat just as the loop was completed, and there were screams of delicious horror among those who watched, even though they realized he must somehow have fastened himself securely. As others used whisky for a release of obscure tensions, so did he use danger. Time and again he gulped pure terror as he climbed from cockpit onto wing, leaped from wing into space. Time and again, as after his first leap in Lincoln, he knew the sweet intoxication of a terror that was dissolved within his spirit and transformed into exultant pride. He was warmed by it; he was uplifted. His every sense perception was sharpened by it and made more vivid. . . .

That late summer of 1922 he flew and stunted with Lynch, who sometimes let him handle the plane's controls, across the vast wheatlands, dusty with plowing, and the pale green-and-brown ranges, burnt by drought, of western Kansas and eastern Colorado. After Rogers had joined them, they barnstormed northwestward. The upper reaches

of the Platte and the mountains of Laramie, Powder River and Custer's last battlefield and the Big Horns, the Yellowstone and the foothills of Big Snow mountain—all these passed beneath their wings as they soared across the dying summer into a golden October where (they were then in Billings, Montana) the flying season ended. In Billings, Lindbergh made some parachute leaps to advertise the garage of one Robert Westover who, five years later, would recall for a newspaper reporter that "Slim Lindbergh was a peculiar guy" who was "just as happy alone. He wasn't much of a mixer and never had much to say. He didn't care for the company of the other fellows and had no use for girls. Everything he owned was in the pockets of his large overalls. He had no suitcase. . . ." The only excitement he craved, concluded Westover, was "daring stuff."

And from Billings, one chilly mid-October morning, Lindbergh set out down the Yellowstone River, alone, with camping equipment in a boat he'd bought for two dollars. He intended to make his way into the Missouri and down the Missouri to the mouth of the Platte, thence to Lincoln where his motorcycle was stored. He pursued this intention for two miserable days (the boat sprang leaks; a cold rain fell), making perhaps thirty miles before his craft's fragile bottom was so scored by rocks that, even with constant bailing, he could barely stay afloat. He traded the ruin for a ride in a farm wagon to the nearest town, where romance, with a sigh of reluctance, yielded to practicality: he shipped his camping equipment by express to Little Falls; he boarded a train for Lincoln, and from Lincoln, he rode his motorcycle to the Minnesota farm.

He spent that winter of 1922-23, the winter of his twenty-first birthday, in a cold and dreary waiting for spring. He lived part of the time on the Little Falls farm and part of the time with his father in Minneapolis. The two talked often of the son's proposed career, which the elder Lindbergh continued to oppose. "Flying is too dangerous," he would say, "and you are my only son." He sought instead to interest his son in business projects the two might carry out as partners, and it is perhaps a measure of his failure really to understand his son that he even proposed, now and again, that this son study law. He did not, however, violate his long-held commitment to genuinely individual freedom for others as for himself. "You're your own boss," he said, when he realized that his son's mind was made up; he even signed his son's note for \$900, borrowed from the Shakopee bank of which he was director, to finance the son's livelihood and the purchase of a plane.

A plane could be bought cheap, Slim Lindbergh had pointed out. At Souther Field near Americus, Georgia, for instance, surplus Army training planes had been auctioned off last year for as little as fifty dollars. These were the so-called "Jennies," with Curtiss OX-5 engines whose 90-horsepower, though sufficient to lift a craft into untroubled air and move it there at speeds of sixty or seventy miles an hour, was insufficient to fight successfully against a stiff headwind or downdraft. Narrowly if at all could the Jenny make its way over unexpected obstacles; it was notorious for its "near misses" of trees or hills or buildings—and sometimes, of course, it didn't miss.

Slim Lindbergh bought one in April of 1923. In the preceding month he exchanged the snow and cold of Minnesota for the gloomy chill of Detroit, where his mother was then in her first year as a teacher of chemistry in Cass Technical High School. (Her application for a science-teaching appointment at Little Falls High School had been denied, ostensibly because she lacked professional qualifications but actually, or so some Little Falls people would insist, because she was personally disliked by certain members of the school board.) From Detroit, after a few days, he journeyed by train southward into the golden warmth of Florida, where his father, a year or so before, had made some small real-estate investments and where, for several days, he devoted himself to physical labor side by side with his father, helping to develop the property. He came to Souther Field from Miami with a little more than \$500 in checks and cash in his pocket, expecting to buy a machine for around \$250. The actual cost was \$500. For this he obtained a newly assembled plane with dual controls (it had been designed as a trainer), a brand-new engine, a fresh coat of olive-drab dope, and an extra fuel tank of twenty gallons which doubled his flight range while reducing, because of extra weight, his already slender margin of safety.

He came close to injury or death on his very first attempt to fly his machine.

In those days no license was required of a pilot, and young Lindbergh neglected to mention to the salesman that he had never soloed. When he climbed into his machine to try it out, his plan was to make two or three take-off runs in which he lifted the wheels only a yard or so off the ground, then come down, thus getting the "feel" of his craft before taking it all the way up for a circle of the field. He quickly discovered, however, that a Jenny's reactions to controls were far different, in their timing and weight, from those of a Lincoln Standard. Moreover, he was "rusty"; he'd not been in a plane since last October.

Before he realized it, his Jenny was flying—and when he brought it down he did so too abruptly. He bounced high. He had come within an ace of crashing. . . . He broke into a cold sweat, not because of the risk he had run so much as because of the exhibition of ineptitude he had made before watchful, knowing eyes.

Humiliated, he taxied slowly back toward the hangars. He was met by a young stocky stranger who, with a good-natured grin, introduced himself as Henderson and offered to go up with him for some practice take-offs and landings while his own newly purchased plane was being put into shape. Gratefully, though red-faced with embarrassment, Lindbergh accepted. The stranger spoke reassuringly after Lindbergh had made with him a series of plunging take-offs and rough landings, suggesting that Lindbergh take up the plane alone after the air grew still.

And Lindbergh did so.

When that evening's sun sank against the far horizon somewhere west of the Chattahoochee, he rode nearly a mile above the red-soiled fields, the green pine woods of Georgia, having for the first time in his life taken a plane into the upper air alone and having never yet landed one alone. But he was not at all worried about his landing as he looked down. There at his right sprawled the toy town of Americus. There at his left and far away huddled the village of Andersonville, where so many Union prisoners had come during the Civil War to suffer and die horribly in the concentration camp nearby. When he turned—and there was no instructor now to signal disapproval if he slipped or skidded—he could see again the rigidly disciplined rows of buildings beside Souther Field. Then he noticed blue shadows spreading to the east of every little hill, wider and wider, the night rising, as it seemed, out of hollows in the earth, and he decided with reluctance that he'd better come down: the light at dusk was tricky, especially for the novice. And so down he came, circling, gliding, and stalling through the still air onto a flat green earth from which the last sunlight of that day was about to fade.

An old Negro man who had watched him take off, the only man on the field at the time, was still there to watch his landing and to praise him for flying so high, much higher than other aviators did. Lindbergh, grateful for the absurd praise, grinned exultantly. He had soloed! He was a flier! He would become the best flier in the world. . . .

2

During the months that followed, he became a fully initiated member of the wild free fraternity of the air, acutely aware, as all his fellow fliers were, of the difference in outlook between aviators and people who were earthbound. They were differences of which the earthbound, too, were aware. Lindbergh, like his colleagues, was so completely absorbed into his profession, and his profession was so alien to common experience, that he often *became* his professional function in the eyes of others, appearing not as a man who happened to make his living in the air but as a flier who only incidentally, and on a unique level, was a man.

In those days fliers were still sometimes called "bird men,"¹ and they did display a good many of the psychological and metabolic characteristics of the class Aves. They lived more rapidly, more instinctively, and at a higher temperature than most men; they devoted their conscious energy more exclusively to the present instant, eschewing that framework of past and future within which most of us plan our activities. Lacking the continuity of ordinary human "careers," their existences became patchworks of vivid, self-sufficing moments as they roamed the country and lived off it, carrying with them only the most necessary personal possessions: a toothbrush, a razor, an extra shirt and pair of socks, a change of underwear. Like restless birds they roamed; they nested nowhere for long. Yet they were everywhere at home. Wherever they landed they were likely to encounter men whom they had last seen a thousand miles away, though only a week or two ago, with whom they engaged in what they called "ground flying." This consisted of exchanging news and views about mutual acquaintances, flying experiences, the most lucrative areas for barnstorming, the latest developments in airplanes, the latest opportunity for adventure.

Seemingly indifferent to the dangers to which they exposed themselves, they often appeared equally so to the dangers they imposed on others. Many of them manifested a quality of cold insensitivity in their human relations, as if they had become identified in essential ways with the machines they flew and so had lost much of their capacity for human feeling. Lindbergh, for instance, published years later two

¹ The typical barnstormer, such as Lindbergh became, was more commonly called a "Gypsy Flier."

full accounts of his early flying experiences in which he indicated (no doubt inadvertently) that other people, especially non-fliers, were not quite real to him as human beings. He displayed toward them a remarkable lack of empathy. He confessed no sense of guilt for submitting them to risks of which they remained unaware as he, who gave prospective passengers no hint of his inexperience, gained the experience and wages he needed. On the contrary, his passengers' ignorant reactions aroused in him a half-contemptuous amusement.

He took off on his first solo barnstorming expedition after a week at Souther Field in which he accumulated less than five hours of solo flying time while using up nearly all his remaining cash. His very first passenger, at Meridian, Mississippi, was brought close to death with his novice pilot on the take-off, because Lindbergh overrated the capacities of his machine. This passenger was a heavy man and the pasture in which Lindbergh had landed was soft from recent rains. Hence the take-off run was slower than Lindbergh had anticipated, so much so that the plane barely cleared a fence, a tree, a hilltop. When they landed, the passenger, who claimed to have flown during the late war, provoked in Lindbergh a vast though secret mirth by commenting on the "wonderful take-off"; he had, he said, enjoyed "flying low" over trees and hill.

Next day, Lindbergh experienced his first "crack-up." He had bought a compass but had not yet installed it in the cockpit; consequently, flying by a map which had little local detail, he lost his way, flying one hundred and twenty-five miles north instead of west as he had intended and being forced by an approaching storm to land in a pasture. As he taxied across this unknown terrain at too high a speed, he crashed into a grass-hidden ditch, nosed almost completely over, and smashed his propeller. When a new propeller had arrived and been placed on the shaft, he took his plane up for a short test flight and then announced his readiness to take up the men who, during his days of waiting, had been cajoled into promising they'd buy rides at five dollars apiece. Not unnaturally, these men now proved reluctant and Lindbergh had to exercise "psychology, diplomacy, and ridicule," as he put it, before the first passenger could be persuaded into the cockpit.

Later that day, after he'd done a brisk business, some white men offered to pay for the ride of one of the Negroes who had been watching, provided Lindbergh would do some "flip-flops" with him. Writing of the episode with obvious amusement a few years later, Lindbergh confessed he had never before done any stunt flying and

was yet imperfectly acquainted with his machine's capabilities. Nevertheless, he readily agreed to the scheme. A Negro was chosen who claimed he would wave a red bandanna over the cockpit's side through the whole of the flight as visible evidence of his lack of fear. The plane, through fifteen minutes of arduous climb, was taken to a height of three thousand feet. And there Lindbergh attempted to loop the loop from level flight, not realizing that he could loop a low-powered Jenny only if he started from a power dive. The plane stood on its tail for a long dangerous moment before it finally heeled over; and on a second attempt, again from level flight, a whipstall was averted only at the last second when Lindbergh kicked the plane over on its side. The red bandanna, as Lindbergh duly noted, failed for some minutes to wave. . . .

In Arkansas he flew over floods. He also made his first night flight (the skies were clear; a full moon shone), and with a passenger who had refused to go up with him during the day—a fact he found amusing. From Arkansas he flew into Texas, then northward through Oklahoma into Kansas. And in the Flint Hills of Kansas he had his second crack-up. His fuel supply running low as he approached the village of Alma, he selected what looked like a smooth hillside for landing and discovered too late that tall bluestem grasses on that hill hid limestone ridges and loose rocks. His left wing was caught by a rock, looping the plane to the left and damaging, though not seriously, the wing's tip. He slept that night in a hammock rigged under a wing. Next day (the plane was still able to fly) he took off for Lincoln where he engaged for some hours in "ground flying" with his old factory and airfield associates. Here he had the closest brush with death he'd had thus far when he took his friend Bud Gurney up with a sandbag attached to a parachute Gurney had made and wished to test. The Jenny's load, with Gurney and Lindbergh plus sandbag and chute, was approximately six hundred pounds, considerably more than it could safely have hoisted even if chute and sandbag had not been attached to a wing in the propeller's slipstream where, of course, they reduced speed and lift. After an exceedingly long take-off run, Lindbergh barely skimmed over or around a railway trestle, some houses, and a low hill before he found himself headed toward a line of trees he could neither top nor dodge, being barely ten feet above the ground and unable to gain an inch of altitude. He reacted as he had done on the Duluth hill when the car brakes gave out: abruptly he cut the motor and landed downwind in a field of small grain over which he

happened at that instant to be passing. The grain slowed his landing sufficiently to halt him short of the fence. . . .

With Gurney, whose confidence in his friend and the Jenny remained apparently unshaken, Lindbergh then barnstormed briefly and unprofitably through eastern Nebraska before taking off for Minnesota where, because he insisted on flying in bad weather, he suffered his third crack-up within the first few weeks of his solo flying experience. A cloudburst covered the airfield at Shakopee where he had intended to land. He flew on toward Savage, intending to wait the storm out, but was himself caught in a heavy rain during which three cylinders of his motor stopped firing. He was forced to land in a swamp; the wheels sank deep into muck, and the plane nosed completely over, cracking propeller and spreader bar and leaving the pilot hanging head downward, suspended in a safety belt which he unfastened only with great difficulty. . . . Again he must wire Americus, Georgia, for a propeller, the second of the two extra ones he had foresightedly purchased with his plane. Again he must warp propeller onto shaft, after having wound strong cord around the spreader bar to hold it together. . . .

That the father of such a son could deem him "uncommonly sensible" (the elder Lindbergh said as much in a letter to his daughter Eva that year) may be taken, in part, as a commentary upon the father's temperament and outlook. It was not, however, inconsistent with the impression the son generally made on other people.

His elders, especially, trusted and liked young Lindbergh. They saw in his direct blue-eyed gaze a personal independence so highly valued it would never be risked by dishonest dealings nor reduced by the asking of favors, and they were pleased by his infectious grin, his polite manners, his charmingly boyish diffidence. They might see, too, upon closer acquaintance, that he practiced those virtues of abstinence (from women, liquor, tobacco, games of chance) most esteemed by a Puritan piety. Yet he could not be called a sissy. Following the most hazardous of professions, he repeatedly tested with reckless courage a flying skill whose quality must be high, else he could not have survived, displaying as he did so that swift accuracy of sense perception, that perfect muscular co-ordination and steady nerve which, by the Puritan view, can derive only from ascetic habits and an aseptic mind.

Thus it is not as surprising as it might at first appear that the elder Lindbergh, despite his disapproval of his son's choice of a career,

should accept a suggestion made by his manager in the race for the U. S. Senate, namely that his son fly him from place to place during the last hectic days of the campaign.

This manager was Walter E. Quigley, lawyer and newspaperman, who had been with the elder Lindbergh through the '18 campaign, had then gone to Nebraska, and had returned to Minneapolis in 1920 as political reporter on the Minneapolis *Journal*. Since this paper had bitterly opposed Lindbergh and the Non-Partisan League, Quigley's position on it could not have been happy, and if he served his typically Republican publisher to earn his bread, he simultaneously served his anti-Republican principles by helping the elder Lindbergh with the writing of *The Economic Pinch*. ("[Lindbergh's] favorite time for this was between five and eight o'clock in the morning," Quigley said ruefully years later, "and I usually appeared a little heavy-eyed.") In the spring of '23 he resigned from the paper in order to become his friend's law partner and help in the senatorial campaign.

At the outset it had been assumed that the executive committee of the Non-Partisan League—now a skeleton political organization, but powerful all the same—would endorse the Lindbergh candidacy, thus acknowledging his earlier services to the league and giving him a major boost toward Farmer-Labor victory in the June 18 primary. The committee's doing so seemed required by every consideration of human justice and gratitude. In practical politics, however, such considerations are but feebly operative, and in the present instance they seem not to have operated at all. One of the most influential committee members said flatly that he didn't want "any man on this ticket who has ever written any God damned book," whereupon the endorsement went to Magnus Johnson, a former lumberjack and present farmer who not only had never written a book but also managed to give a general if false impression that he had never read one.

Lindbergh ran, therefore, as a lone wolf with no organized backing whatever, and it was soon apparent that of the three Farmer-Labor candidates he ran a poor third. Ghosts of the dead issues of '18 rose to haunt him. He had little money for billboards, posters, handouts. His speeches, in which he called for nationalization of the railroads and public utilities and for abolition of the Federal Reserve System (he dragged the "money question" into his every argument), aroused little audience enthusiasm and were either ignored by the newspapers or inaccurately reported. By June it was apparent that his campaign was collapsing into utter futility. Only a dramatic "shot in the arm"

could save it, and Quigley may have hoped that young Lindbergh and his flying machine would provide it.

If so, he was quickly and sadly disillusioned.

The elder Lindbergh, on a bright early June afternoon, was denouncing the prevailing system of finance capital from an outdoor platform in Marshall when he saw a plane in the sky and, pointing to it, said to an agreeably impressed audience, "*There is my son.*" His speech completed, he hurried to the field in which his son had landed. Quigley, who was already there, watched curiously as father and son—two men of the same height, general appearance, and apparent temperament, their difference chiefly such as forty-three years would impose—"clasped hands, briefly but firmly" and, without showing "any sentiment" whatever, set about arranging transportation to Redwood Falls where the evening meeting was to be held. A few minutes later, young Lindbergh took off with Quigley as passenger (the elder Lindbergh proceeded by car); when they arrived over Redwood Falls, they scattered campaign literature upon it.

Next day, father and son flew to Buffalo Lake some twenty miles to the northwest—the first flight the elder Lindbergh had ever made—and from Buffalo Lake, after an hour or so of campaigning, they flew to Glencoe, landing in a pasture a mile west of town.

By the son's account, his father was a flying enthusiast from that day forward, never missing an opportunity to ride in a plane. Others had a different recollection. "I don't like this flying business," the elder Lindbergh reportedly said to Quigley as the latter drove him from the pasture in to Glencoe. He asked Quigley to try what he himself had already tried in vain to do, namely, persuade the son to study law and come into the Lindbergh-Quigley office. (Quigley did try; young Lindbergh listened politely before saying "no" in a tone which made further argument obviously futile.)

And even if his first two air hops *had* generated an enthusiasm for flying in the father, this must have been dampened by his experience with an attempted third hop that same day. Accounts vary as to precisely what happened when young Lindbergh, his father in the front cockpit, tried to take off for a flight to Litchfield, where that evening's meeting was scheduled. Some say the plane on its take-off run struck a ditch concealed by high grass and nosed over, breaking the propeller and damaging a wing but injuring no one. Others say the plane became airborne but abruptly "took a nose dive" from fifty feet up, breaking wing and propeller while injuring neither passenger. An old friend in whose house the elder Lindbergh stayed that night agrees

that the plane "had a fall fifty feet from the ground" but remembers vividly that the elder Lindbergh "had many blows in [sic] his head . . . his glasses was broken and we washed blood from his face." The junior Lindbergh, rather strangely, makes no mention of the episode at all in the two highly circumstantial accounts he later published of his early flying experience. The account published at the time in Glencoe's weekly newspaper, the *McCleod County Republic*, said that "C. A. Lindbergh, Jr., who was piloting the plane, charges that the mechanism was tampered with at Buffalo Lake." Later writers, without citing evidence for it, say flatly that the crash was indeed the result of sabotage (a drag wire was allegedly cut) by, presumably, some zealot who regarded the former congressman as a godless Communist traitor. At any rate, there was a crash. It brought an end to the campaign by plane barely twenty-four hours after that campaign had begun; young Lindbergh stayed in Glencoe with his damaged machine while his father journeyed to Litchfield, and by the time repairs were made, primary election day (June 18) had come.

The day was sad for the elder Lindbergh, though its event was by no means unexpected, and he gave, as usual, no sign of whatever hurt he may have felt. He was overwhelmingly defeated: he received but a fraction of the number of votes cast for the winner. . . .

A few weeks later, in early July, a large political rally was held in Oak Leaf Park in Glencoe. The featured speaker was mustached and bespectacled Magnus Johnson, now nationally known as a bizarre manifestation of farm discontent amidst the waxing "Republican prosperity." Young Lindbergh, sensing the possibility of lucrative business, brought his Jenny to a field adjoining the park and hired some boys to canvass the crowd. He took up many passengers. The roar of his motor, however, made it almost impossible for the speakers to be heard, and as the time approached for the featured address several Johnson supporters came up to the pilot with the request that he refrain from flying while their candidate was on the platform. They even offered to pay for a given number of rides if he would perform what they regarded as an act of courtesy. Lindbergh refused. According to Lynn Haines, a close friend of the elder Lindbergh, the young man "felt that he should make the most of his opportunity of earning some money . . . (and) during the day, so the report goes, he took in \$145." But perhaps it is legitimate for a disinterested observer to doubt that young Lindbergh's motives, on this occasion, were wholly mercenary: he had his own peculiar brand of humor, and Magnus Johnson had inflicted ignominious defeat upon his father. . . .

So he lived from day to day, and sufficient unto each day seemed, for a time, the good or evil thereof. On one of them, a summer's day when soft wind rustled the elm he used to climb and sunlight warmed the pastures he used to roam, he realized a dream he had had from the moment he first thought of flying: he landed his plane on the Little Falls farm, to the astonishment of the neighbors, displaying it pridefully to Martin Engstrom who, however, refused to fly with him and tried to persuade him into "something less dangerous" than a flying career.

The days rolled on. Magnus Johnson won election to the Senate, surprising and mildly disconcerting the national Republican leadership. Calvin Coolidge became President of the United States. A five-power naval disarmament treaty was signed in Washington. Jack Dempsey knocked out Luis Firpo in a heavyweight championship fight in New York. Literary folk talked excitedly of *Jurgen*, recently released from a ban for "obscenity." Americans by the hundred thousand bought their first radio sets, played mahjong, crowded into new vast football stadiums.

And Charles A. Lindbergh, solitary and unknown, moved from here to there by sudden impulses and sheer restlessness, barnstormed across southern Minnesota (where for ten days he was accompanied by his adventurous mother), northern Iowa, and western Wisconsin, barely making expenses some weeks but showing on the whole a modest profit.

Several who knew him in those days later published their impressions of him. Marvin A. Northrop, the airplane manufacturer whose flying field at Robbinsdale, just north of Minneapolis, was often visited by young Lindbergh in the summer and early fall of '23, saw him as a "tall, sunburned, boyish" figure wearing "a leather cap much like a cloth cap, the type very often seen and worn by motorists during that time, Army puttees, and olive drab breeches with a khaki shirt." Northrop especially remembered Lindbergh's appearance as he walked in swift long strides from the end of the streetcar line toward the flying field; "slung over his shoulder would be the duffel bag so popular with pilots where space was scarce and baggage must be flexible." E. Roy Alexander, then on the editorial staff of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, saw him as "a shy, retiring youth with the look of the rustic about him." Wrote Alexander: "His helmet seemed to set too high on his head, his overalls were too short, and his coat barely seemed to reach below the belt line. But beneath his boyish awkwardness was a magnificent frame, carpeted with lean stringy muscles and

driven by a will that knew no fatigue. His eyes were the clear China blue of the Scandinavian and his ruddy cheeks bespoke much life in the outdoors." Both men found him, for all his restless daring, more sober-minded and purposeful than most of his fellow Jenny barnstormers.

In the darkness of night or in hours of lonely waiting beside his plane for chance passengers, he wondered what his future was to be. That it lay in the air, he knew—but what form should it take? What should he do to shape it? And as autumn came on, he was increasingly disturbed by such questions. For even then, amidst the days of his wilderness, as Northrop and Alexander had sensed, he had begun to abhor all vagueness, all imprecision of object or act or plan or utterance. Something deep in his nature, setting him apart from most gypsy fliers, required a disciplined awareness of the world he lived in and a clear strategy for his operations upon it. Profoundly characteristic, therefore, was the fact that, unable to discern as yet a definite pattern for his future, he should impose one upon his immediate past, freezing it into forms which, with the flow of years, would become more and more invested for him with the values of nostalgia and even practicality.

A few days after his arrival in Lincoln, in April of 1922, he had bought a Rand McNally "New Commercial Map of the United States," a large map drawn on the approximate scale of fifty-seven miles equals one inch. He had backed it with heavy linen to preserve it against much handling. On it he traced the lines of his every cross-country flight, having begun with the barnstorming expedition made with E. G. Bahl. Simultaneously he kept a written log, recording in tight small script each take-off and landing time and place, the miles covered by each flight, the weather encountered, the accidents suffered, and, if at all unusual, how the engine had performed. Thus he gave significance to otherwise random, meaningless motion. Thus he made his past recoverable, so that in a later year he might say, pointing to log and map, "There is the story of my life," or even "*There I am*, as I was in the days of my youth."

He may also, during these months of seemingly chaotic activity, have begun to keep an elaborate self-improvement chart whereby, day by day, he graded his performance in moral terms. A few years later he was quoted in a London newspaper as saying to an interviewer: "I came to the conclusion that if I knew the difference between the right way to do something and the wrong way to do it, it was up to me to train myself to do the right thing at all times. So I drew up a

list of character factors. At night I would read off my list of character factors, and those which I had fulfilled satisfactorily during the day I would mark with a red cross; those I had not been called upon to demonstrate that day would get no mark. But those character factors which I had actually violated each day I would mark with a black cross. I began to check myself from day to day and to compare my 'blacks and whites' [sic] from month to month and year to year. I was glad to notice an improvement as I grew older." There were sixty-one "character factors" on his chart, beginning with "Altruism, Ambition, Brevity" and ending with "Tact, Thoroughness, Unselfishness." . . . Perhaps he was dismayed by the "goody-goody" tone of this revelation, as it appeared in a London paper, or perhaps the alleged revelation was the invention of some British journalist bent on guiding hero worship into edifying channels. The story, at any rate, was never publicly repeated by Lindbergh. It has, however, the ring of truth, being not only consistent with other known truths about him but also explanatory of the perfection with which he later played, under a uniquely intense spotlight of publicity, the moral hero's role.

Or was it, by then, a role? A psychological fact seems suggested by all this mapping and logging of activities, this measurement of self against precisely defined standards of conduct—namely, that role playing is self-determination. Few and yet fewer every year, relatively speaking, are the men who consciously choose the character parts they would play in life. Each of these must choose at the outset a part he feels becomes him. But if he maintains it long enough and consistently enough, under a sufficient pressure, the role does indeed become him existentially, the outward gesture having shaped the inner man. . . .

3

By his own account, he was given an immediate goal in life one balmy evening as he waited for passengers beside his Jenny in a southern Minnesota field. A carload of youths drove up, one of whom had recently graduated from the Army Air Service Training Schools and who urged Lindbergh to enlist as an Air Service cadet. "You'll get really first-class training," this young man said. "You won't have to keep flying these low-powered crates. You'll fly really modern planes—De Havillands with 400-horsepower motors." The same advice in almost the same words had been given by Marvin Northrop, himself a former Army cadet who was convinced that "commercial aviation was

still . . . [several years] off" and that any flier who wished to "grow up" with it would do well, in the meantime, to gain the "prestige" and technical proficiency resulting from Army training. That very evening Lindbergh wrote for application blanks, filled them out as soon as they were received, and in due course was authorized to appear in January 1924 before the examining board at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois.

The intervening weeks were crowded with adventures.

In early October he attended the International Air Races at Lambert Field, St. Louis, where he watched with envious excitement as Naval Lieutenant Alford J. Williams set a new world's speed record for airplanes by averaging 243.67 miles per hour over a 125-mile triangular course. Nearly all of Lindbergh's flying acquaintances were there, including Bud Gurney, who asked Lindbergh to take him up in the Jenny for a double-parachute jump. Lindbergh did so, with unhappy consequences. The double chute, strapped to the wing, reduced the plane's lift; it could climb no higher than 1700 feet; and Bud—his descent hurried by turbulent air (planes roared around him) and by the fact that the rope snapped which had bound his two chutes together—landed so heavily on a slippery creek bank beside the field that he broke his left shoulder blade. . . .

To Lindbergh, fascinated by the new powerful planes he saw everywhere about him, widening pathways of opportunity seemed to open in all directions from Lambert. He found, for instance, that the demand for planes was now so great among those newly attracted to aviation that the price of Jennies had steeply risen. He promptly sold his own at a handsome profit to a young Iowan whom, as part of the deal, he taught to fly. He also instructed a man who had bought from Marvin Northrop a Hiss Standard, learning at least as much as his students did, as he himself later said, during the weeks of late autumn. (The best way to learn, he reported, is to teach.) In early December he bought for around \$250 an OX-5 Canuck, which was the Canadian equivalent of a Jenny, obtaining it from a man in Carlinville, Illinois, whose young son had won it on a seventy-five cent raffle ticket.

In January, having barnstormed Illinois during the preceding weeks, he took his entrance examinations at Chanute Field. He passed them and was some weeks later ordered to appear at Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas, on March 15, 1924, for enlistment as a flying cadet.

Again he crowded the intervening weeks with adventure.

At Lambert Field he had met a young automobile dealer named Leon Klink who had also just bought a Canuck. In it, he and Lind-

bergh had made a short flight into the Ozarks and back. Klink now proposed that they fly into the Southwest, away from the bitter winter weather, enabling Klink to combine a vacation with the flying instruction and experience he needed. They could do enough barnstorming to pay their expenses. Accordingly, on a late January day, when the temperature was five below zero, Lindbergh and Klink climbed into the Canuck's open cockpit, where they nearly froze, and took off for Perryville, Missouri, where they stayed several days, visiting with Klink's friends before flying to Kentucky. Thereafter, through February into mid-March they flew across Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas, their lives repeatedly endangered by their plane's low power and severely limited cruising range. When they tried to increase the latter by carrying extra tanks of gasoline, the former forced them to abandon the attempt: the plane just wouldn't carry the extra weight.

Twice the plane was cracked up; on both occasions Lindbergh was alone in it. As he flew over sandhills near the naval air station at Pensacola, testing the plane preparatory to taking up a lady passenger, motor trouble suddenly developed, forcing a crash landing in which the propeller was smashed and the landing gear stripped away. A week of work in a Navy hangar was required to repair the damage. A few days later, in southwestern Texas, he and Klink ran low on gasoline while flying over mountainous country near the headwaters of the Nueces and were forced to land in a pasture so small that the Canuck could not take off from it carrying both of them. Lindbergh, therefore, took the plane alone to the nearby town of Camp Wood, occupying one of the few flat areas in that country, and landed in the town square. Two days later he attempted to take off from one of the town's wide streets, an extremely hazardous enterprise in that it required him to pass under telephone wires and between telephone poles on the take-off run. The Canuck's wingspread was forty-four feet; the poles were forty-six feet apart; and as Lindbergh roared down the street, a rough spot threw him to the right. His wing tip caught the pole there; his plane was flung violently around, and its nose crashed through the wall of a hardware store. (The store's owner refused payment for the damage, saying the advertising was worth more than the cost of repairing the wall.)

Nor was this the end of their wildly dangerous sport. They wired Houston for a new propeller and a can of dope, patched up the plane in a few days, and then headed west, barely skimming the mountains on their way to the Rio Grande. They flew north along the river, re-

fueled at one of the Army emergency fields at Pumpville, Texas, and landed in evening light amidst a cloud of dust between cactus and Spanish dagger near a railroad section house and three dismounted box cars. (This, on the map, was the "town" of Maxon.) They spent the night in the section house and next morning hacked a swath through cactus and sagebrush, clearing what they thought was a runway long enough for their take-off. They were mistaken. Over this high country the air was thin: when the end of the runway was reached on the take-off attempt, the plane had lifted barely four feet into the enfeebled air, not high enough to clear clumps of sagebrush, which began slapping the landing gear and so reducing the speed that a further climb was impossible. Then a Spanish dagger stabbed and knifed its way through the front spar of the lower wing, ripping well into the fabric before breaking off. An abrupt emergency landing was made, with further damage to the fabric.

Klink caught a ride on a passing freight train, going all the way to El Paso before he could obtain the wing fabric and dope needed, while Lindbergh stayed with the plane, sleeping in a nearby ranch house. When Klink returned and the plane had been patched, he surveyed his property with a rueful grin and decided to go on to California by train. Slim, said he, could fly the Canuck back to Brooks Field: they had been grounded for eight days, and March 15 was close upon them.

One of the wheels was without a tire, cactus having punctured and shredded the inner tube beyond repair. Several rents remained in the wing fabric, and most of the new fabric was untreated by dope, nearly all of which had been used to shrink the cord wound around the crating board with which the front spar had been spliced. It was small wonder, therefore, that even with an empty front cockpit and the aid of a brisk headwind, Lindbergh scraped cactus on the take-off. But he did take off, and he did land safely at Brooks some hours later, though by that time the slipstream had torn off great patches of unshrunk fabric, exposing the skeleton of the wing. Mechanics at the field gazed in awe at the tall lanky youth and his scarecrow of a plane, finding it incredible that the machine could fly; they shook their heads in laughing deprecation of a boy crazy enough to prove, in actual practice, that it could. The commanding officer, however, was not amused. He was, in fact, outraged to find this beat-up crate parked on his otherwise spic-and-span field: he sent a corporal to Lindbergh with blunt orders to "get that damn thing out of sight" at once. Lindbergh did so by flying it over to a nearby commercial field, his lop-

sided take-off watched by a small but highly interested crowd. . . .

At any rate, he had got to Brooks on time. Four days later, March 19, 1924, he was formally enlisted as a cadet in the U. S. Army Flying School.

It was the first school he had ever attended which fully engaged him and to which he devoted, willingly, his best efforts. The goal he here pursued was precisely defined. Every means employed was clearly consistent with its stated aim, and the very rigor of the course challenged him.

He began his training in the familiar Jennies, though in these the 90-horsepower OX-5 engines had been replaced by 150-horsepower Hispano-Suizas. He had had some 325 hours of flying time when he landed at Brooks, was permitted to solo his first day there, and never was in any doubt as to his ability to pass flight tests. He went easily through "three-sixties" and "one-eighties." Acrobatics held no inhibiting terrors for him: with zest he performed the prescribed spins, loops, wing overs, Immelmans: nor did later formation and cross-country flights in Voughts.

Cross-country flying, however, was yet many weeks ahead of him when (it was in April, hot as a Minnesota summer's day under the south Texas sun) he received a telegram from Rochester, Minnesota, containing personal news so distressing that he went at once with it to his commanding officer. He requested a special furlough and the furlough, though of severely restricted length, was granted.

* * *

Looking back from this spring of 1924, those who had talked personally with Charles A. Lindbergh the elder during his unhappy campaign of '23 would wonder if he had had, even then, a premonition of death. J. L. Baldus, editor of the *McCleod County Republic* in Glencoe, Minnesota, would vividly recall the afternoon when young Lindbergh in his Jenny brought his father to the town. After the political meeting, where C.A. spoke to a crowd that listened apathetically, Baldus, looking out into the street from his littered desk, saw the tall, slightly bent form of the former congressman approaching. The newspaperman would later confess that he felt, at that moment, a twinge of conscience, for he was supporting the candidacy of one of Lindbergh's Farmer-Labor opponents, Dr. L. A. Fritsche. Perhaps conscience is what drove him into the street to stop C.A., shake his hand, and urgently invite him into the office.

"I have never known a Norseman's pessimism or the stark realism of life to stand out in any person's mind as it did in Lindbergh's that day," Baldus later said. "He . . . knew he was being sacrificed . . . by the people whose battles he had fought. . . . He was facing what he knew to be inevitable defeat. The wonderful part of it is that he still had his faith in human beings. . . . That was a memorable meeting for me and no matter how long I live I shall never forget it. He looked off into space and he began to speak of the civilization of Rome, and wherever ours and Rome's touched, he drew the parallel with unflinching accuracy of knowledge."

C.A. rose at last to take his leave.

"Remember this," he said, at parting. "So long as people keep their ideals the nation is safe regardless of hardships or passing corruption. It is only when people have lost their ideals that a country is doomed. My friend, you editors bear a heavy responsibility in this respect."

But if he spoke thus *sub specie aeternitatis*, as though he realized that for him personally the race was nearly ended, he did not act as if he felt so during the months immediately following his defeat.

He returned to the Minneapolis law office he had opened with Quigley. Having made a study of insurance and concluded that such corporate giants as the Metropolitan and New York Life were draining vast amounts of wealth from the country at large in order to pile it up in a few great cities, he began to lay plans for launching in Minnesota a new insurance project which, he believed, would revolutionize the state's banking system. His intention was, first, to inform the public of the evils of the prevailing system and, second, to "line up," as he put it, a group of insurance companies who would agree to invest all their reserves in the communities from which the money originally came, withholding only such monies as were needed for current operations. Convinced that political and economic democracy are inseparable and that economic autocracy was inherent in the present scheme of things, he issued at his own expense thousands of circulars presenting his views. He was evidently persuasive, too. His stated ends received popular approval to an extent encouraging to him, and there was also practical support of his proposed means by a good many well-to-do and influential farmers.

(Six of these latter were in the office on the day the first blizzard of the fall of '23 struck Minneapolis—and Quigley would never forget how C.A., despite the importance of his visitors and his eagerness to enlist them in his enterprise, interrupted the conference when the snowfall abruptly ceased and swarms of hungry pigeons fluttered out-

side the window, unable to alight on the snow-heaped ledge. C.A. flung open the window, swept the ledge clear, and, excusing himself, went out to a restaurant where he obtained peck sacks filled with bread crusts and moldy breakfast food, spreading these upon the ledge. He then resumed the conference. Later he begged some fifty pounds of sample wheat and corn from the Chamber of Commerce, using it that day and next to feed the birds.)

Indeed, the response to his insurance scheme so heartened him that he listened agreeably to those of his political friends who urged him to enter the race for governor in 1924. He decided to do so. He filed formally in the early spring and set about the organization of his campaign.

But by then there were clear signs (they had begun to appear soon after the new year opened) that something had gone seriously wrong with his health and that his mind was affected. He had never been sensitively attuned to immediate realities. His relative lack of warm friendships, his estrangement from his second wife, his repeated costly ventures into journalism, his futile joust with the Church, his entering the political race of 1920 which was already obviously lost—these suggest a man of great courage and strong will whose designs, wholly motivated from within, were flawed by an insufficient awareness of other people's sensibilities and of the objective facts of situations in which he found himself. By mid-February of 1924, however, this unawareness had grown to such proportions that Quigley was frightened by it. C.A. functioned efficiently enough during his excessively long mornings in the office, which still began at five o'clock. But in the afternoons his talk grew rambling. He became unable to make connections between one perception and another, one idea and another. Sometimes he didn't even know where he was. . . .

He was persuaded by Quigley, with difficulty, to go through a Minneapolis medical clinic, whose doctors confirmed C.A.'s own view that all he suffered from were "the aftereffects of the flu." Thereafter he resisted for weeks Quigley's urging that he go through the Mayo Clinic in Rochester. Finally, in April, he did so. His trouble was quickly diagnosed. He suffered from a cancerous tumor of the brain; his case was hopeless. His children were notified.

Young Lindbergh arrived in Rochester to bid good-by to his dying father just a day or so after his half sister Eva (Mrs. George W. Christie) arrived from Red Lake Falls, where her husband published a weekly newspaper. She took charge, and with her he formed at that time a bond of affection and understanding stronger than had been

before, and one which would remain through the years ahead. A few hours later, his brief furlough drawing to its close, he rode back to Minneapolis with Quigley in the latter's car. "I could see he was deeply moved over his father's condition," said Quigley years afterward, "but outwardly he was stoical."

On May 9, C.A. was moved to a hospital in Crookston, Minnesota, near Red Lake Falls, and there, on May 24, 1924, he died.

He had abhorred the normal American rites of death and had wanted no monument. He had asked instead that his body be cremated and its ashes scattered over his Little Falls farm. A year later his will was fulfilled: his son took the ashes aloft in an airplane and, circling the woods and meadows of Lindholm, spread them upon the wind.

It is significant of the impress C.A. had left on conservative minds, during the era of Coolidge prosperity, that some citizens of Little Falls are said to have plowed up their gardens after they learned his ashes had been thus scattered; burnt flakes of his stubbornly radical brain, his hard bone and muscle, might have fallen on the vegetables, contaminating them. But it is also significant that, as the years passed, his memory was increasingly honored even by those who had strongly opposed him during his life. By 1930, thousands were wondering if he had not been right in his opposition to the war, his struggle against the banking system, his warnings against monopolistic capital.

"One of the most interesting things to me," editor Baldus said in 1931, "is that in every campaign since Lindbergh's death the people talk about him, the things he stood for, and the prophecies he made."

4

There was no disgrace in a flying cadet's being "washed out" of the service and sent home by a "Benzine Board," as Army examining boards were called; but there was undeniably honor in lasting out the course, honor of which any man might be proud. Statistically, the chances of doing so were, at the outset, slight indeed. One hundred and four bright and eager young men, all of them in perfect physical condition, comprised Lindbergh's class in March; thirty-three of them remained when the primary training was completed at Brooks in September. And of these thirty-three, transferred to Kelly Field for their advance training, only eighteen remained to receive their wings in March of 1925. Lindbergh was among them. He had graduated second man in his class at Brooks; he graduated first at Kelly, with

an average of 93 in such ground-school subjects as property accounting, aerodynamics, field service regulations, radio theory, motors, and military law.

His grade record indicates the seriousness with which, for the first time in his life, he studied school assignments, spending hours over his books on weekends and studying, often, until late night. Through ground school he was driven by three motives of apparently equal strength: desire to learn, ambition to succeed, fear of failure. Only the first two operated, however, when he climbed into a plane.

Even when he graduated to Kelly and found himself in De Havillands which "felt" and handled far differently from Jennies, he suffered no loss of confidence in his flying ability. He was aware, however, of new and bristling difficulties. He flew close "figure 8's" around two landmarks a few hundred feet apart; from a height of a thousand feet he landed, without using his motor, within a large white circle; he landed, engineless, over and as close as possible to a line stretched some eight feet above the ground, a maneuver requiring not only a quick reaction time and superb flying skill but also a precise calculation of the point at which the value of skimming the hurdle without knocking it down was outweighed by the danger of a stall which would cause the plane to "pancake" into the ground, certainly damaging it and possibly injuring the pilot. All these tests he passed with seeming ease. There were also, at Kelly, longer and more frequent cross-country flights than there had been at Brooks, including practice landings at strange fields, some of them far too small for safety and crowded with unexpected obstacles. There was much close-formation flying. And there was some stunting, though De Havillands had been proved unsafe for loops and spins and many another stunt maneuver, as well as for high-speed dives, and all these were prohibited by regulations which, every now and then, when he could do so unobserved, Lindbergh broke.

After having obtained experience with every type of combat flying—pursuit, attack, observation, and bombardment—he, like each of his few surviving colleagues, was given his choice of the type in which to specialize, subject to the approval of instructors. He chose pursuit, partly because it combined all kinds of combat flight: formation, dog fighting, ground strafing, observation, even light bombing. Thereafter he worked mostly in an SE-5 Scout. In this he often flew within formations so tight that not ten feet of air separated his wing tips from those of planes to his right and left, even diving vertically for thousands of feet in formations which remained fairly close—an exercise

as thrilling, as satisfying to his craving for danger, as any in which he had ever engaged.

Only twice in that crowded year did he come anywhere near being "washed out." Once in a De Havilland he stunted with another De Havilland, breaking every rule against low flying, unaware until too late that the other plane contained *two* men, one of them an instructor. For days thereafter he expected to be called at any moment before the C.O. and told that his cadet days had ended. Nothing, however, happened. On another occasion he was indeed called out of class and told he was being sent home: he had allegedly landed his SE-5 in a cornfield, damaging the plane without reporting the fact when he returned to Kelly. He managed to prove that he had not done so. The "cornstalks" caught in the landing gear turned out to be stalks of weeds that grew in one corner of Kelly Field—and another cadet confessed that, when taking up the same plane that day, he had felt a slight jar. Apparently the landing gear had been damaged when it struck a stake hidden among the weeds.

But his most memorable experience at Kelly occurred on March 6, 1925, just nine days before he was to graduate. The Army required him to write a full report of it, and the model of lucid narrative prose he produced was printed in a monthly *News Letter*, issued in mimeographed form by the service for circulation among its personnel. A copy of this happened to come to the desk of John Goldstrom, aeronautical editor of the New York *Evening World*, who recognized, as Lindbergh did not, that the episode described was of some significance in the history of aviation. Goldstrom therefore reprinted the Lindbergh account as follows:

"A nine-ship SE-5 formation, commanded by Lieut. Blackburn, was attacking a DH4B, flown by Lieut. Maughan at about a 5,000-foot altitude and several hundred feet above the clouds. I was flying on the left of the top unit, Lieut. McAllister on my right, and Cadet Love leading. When we nosed down on the DH, I attacked from the left and Lieut. [C. D.] McAllister from the right. After Cadet [Philip] Love pulled up, I continued to dive on the DH for a short time before pulling up to the left. I saw no other ship nearby. I passed above the DH and a moment later felt a slight jolt followed by a crash. My head was thrown forward against the cowling and my plane seemed to turn around and hang nearly motionless for an instant. I closed the throttle and saw an SE-5 with Lieut. McAllister in the cockpit, a few feet on my left. He was apparently unhurt and getting ready to jump.

"Our ships were locked together with the fuselages approximately parallel. My right wing was damaged and had folded back slightly, covering the forward right-hand corner of the cockpit. Then the ships started to mill around and the wires began whistling. The right wing commenced vibrating and striking my head at the bottom of each oscillation. I removed the rubber band safetying the belt, unbuckled it, climbed out past the trailing edge of the damaged wing, and with my feet on the cowling on the right side of the cockpit, which was then in a nearly vertical position, I jumped backwards as far from the ship as possible. I had no difficulty in locating the pull-ring and experienced no sensation of falling. The wreckage was falling nearly straight down and for a time I fell in line with its path and only slightly to one side. Fearing the wreckage might fall on me, I did not pull the rip cord until I dropped several hundred feet and into the clouds. During this time I had turned one-half revolution and was falling flat and face downward. The parachute functioned perfectly; almost as soon as I pulled the rip cord the riser jerked on my shoulders, the leg straps tightened, my head went down, and the chute fully opened.

"I saw Lieut. McAllister floating above me and the wrecked ships pass about 100 yards to one side, continuing to spin to the right and leaving a trail of lighter fragments along their path. I watched them until, still locked together, they crashed in the mesquite about 2,000 feet below and burst into flames several seconds after the impact.

"Next I turned my attention to locating a landing place. I was over mesquite and drifting in the general direction of a plowed field which I reached by slipping my 'chute. Shortly before striking the ground, I was drifting backwards, but was able to swing around in the harness just as I landed on the side of a ditch less than 100 feet from the edge of the mesquite. Although the impact of the landing was too great for me to remain standing, I was not injured in any way. The parachute was still held open by the wind and did not collapse until I pulled in one group of shroud lines.

"During my descent I lost my goggles, a vest pocket camera which fitted tightly into my hip pocket, and the rip cord of the parachute."

Thus did Lindbergh join an exclusive if highly informal group known as the "Caterpillar Club." The name derived from the fact that parachutes were made of silk cloth and raw silk is the product of caterpillars; the members were men who had saved their lives in emergency parachute jumps. Lindbergh joined in unprecedented fash-

ion: never before had anyone escaped alive from a collision of airplanes in the air!

The Army had learned from experience that men who survive a crash should, for psychological reasons, be sent up again as soon as possible. Otherwise their fluid sensations in the moment of danger, brooded upon in the absence of more recent impressions of safety in the air, might freeze into a permanent fear which would destroy their love of flying if it did not make further flight impossible. Accordingly, Lindbergh and McAllister were again aloft in SE-5's approximately an hour after their parachute landings. . . .

The episode might be deemed by Lindbergh a thrilling climax to the whole process of service-school education: in the following week, on March 15, 1925, he and his seventeen remaining classmates received their wings, were commissioned second lieutenants, and most of them promptly resigned from active service in order to retain their freedom as members of the Air Service Reserve Corps. That night, the eighteen happy and proud young men celebrated at a dinner in San Antonio; next day they said good-by to Kelly Field; and Lindbergh, with no very definite plans for his future in mind, boarded a train for St. Louis.

FIVE

The Air-Mail Pilot

1

AN ENDING, but not yet a beginning. . . .
He enters now upon a year very like the one preceding his enlistment in the Army, so far as his essential experience is concerned. It will be filled as the earlier year had been with vivid moments loosely related, if at all, by continuous strands of purpose. A meanwhile year. A year of transition and waiting. Appropriate, therefore, seems our view of him entering it on a journey from the Southwest into mid-America—entering, so to speak, through a long moment of suspension between two points of horizontal space and time—his mind distracted and bemused by his sense of in-betweenness. He is neither here nor there, neither one thing nor another. He is, for the moment, unreal.

See him sitting beside the train window, keeping himself to himself and away from all others as he looks out upon the Texas landscape and wishes fervently that he viewed from the air this scene which spreads now, flat and immensely wide, before his eyes. At twenty-three he yet impresses most people as a bashful youngster, so self-effacing he might pass unnoticed were it not for his height. His tallness is accentuated by the fact that his body is not yet filled out; his thin face has the smooth skin of a boy; and his manner is marked, or marred, as he believes, by a blushing diffidence. Only his intensely blue eyes contradict this general impression. They have the slightly narrowed gaze of one who habitually looks toward far horizons and their acuteness of vision, as tests show, is super normal.

In so far as the last year has changed him, it has been on lines already laid out. Tendencies evident before the year began have been further developed. They have also, in some respects, been modified. Along with a vast increase in his flying knowledge and skill, the Army has given him a sense of professional responsibility. There is even (and

this will swiftly grow) a dedication to aviation as Cause. In consequence of this, the wild recklessness which marked so many of his earlier flying experiences, and which almost certainly would have killed him within a few years had it not been checked, will from now on be less evident in his actions. He will still run grave risks; he will still seek the thrills of danger. But from now on the risks will be more carefully calculated and his thrill-seeking propensities will be curbed by sober judgment.

The Army has also hardened in a mold of discipline his ability to concentrate all his attention, his mental and physical energy, on a single thing to the exclusion of all others. One thing at a time. A concomitant of this is a certain inflexibility of mind. He has never been able to shift easily from one project or point of interest to another. Always he has tended to invest so much of himself in whatever task he performs that the leaving of it incomplete, to turn to something else, is painful to him. Sometimes now this pain is acute, as though when he turned away he left a part of his vital self torn and bleeding, caught in the task from which he turned. Often he can't do it, the tearing anguish is so great.

By throwing him into close association with like-minded young men in circumstances which encourage such tendencies, the Army has strengthened a love of practical jokes which, until now, he has but seldom expressed. He himself will later record with evident amusement incidents in barracks life which to many a reader will seem more malicious than humorous. A cadet who left the post might find his belongings heaped up in the middle of the floor or precariously balanced on the barracks roof. A cadet who was fearful of scorpions in his bed and always carefully examined the sheets before crawling between them forgot to look one night when several grasshoppers were placed there. A cadet who slept with his mouth open might have shaving cream or hair grease squirted into it. A dead skunk placed in a pillow case on the bed of a cadet first sergeant forced him and all others in his bay to sleep, for many nights thereafter, out of doors. . . . Having had such training, his taste and talent for this kind of "fun" will grow apace during the months ahead, passing beyond the bounds of sport into what, in the eyes of most observers, will appear a realm of crude, cruel aggression.

He remains in many vital respects alien to the mood and activities of the times. He still makes a fetish of physical fitness and neither smokes nor drinks. He still has no apparent use for girls. He manifests no burning desire to make a lot of money, nor any desire at all

to be widely popular. Few Americans can have been less inclined toward that backslapping familiarity among virtual strangers, as hearty in manner as it is phony in essence, which characterizes the burgeoning "service" clubs. Save in his moments of horseplay with mechanics and fliers, he prefers to keep a distance between himself and others which, if not mutually respectful, is at least respectful of *him*. . . .

Thus, beside the train window now, he is isolated and longs for yet greater isolation. If only he were, at that instant, flying! In a plane there could be no squalling baby across an aisle, no giggling girls in a seat behind him, no loud-talking salesman in a seat ahead. In a plane he might climb the cloud bank towering on a far horizon or skim the plowed fields and greening pastures stretching endlessly beside the tracks. In a plane, alone, he would shake off the unreality which now blurs his soul: he would become truly, clearly himself.

For in his moments of reality he is now, more than ever before, a flier. Whatever it means to be a flier, that is what *he* means as a person; and he means, and wants to mean, little else. He is a type, then—virtually a pure type. And yet, paradoxically, as if by virtue of being so completely a type, he is more than ever an individual. He might be described, perhaps, as having become *uniquely* a type, verging on the archetypical (all other fliers will soon seem imperfect copies of him) while remaining a distinct personality, solitary, hard as a rock in his single-minded integrity.

That he remains remarkably solitary in the world, there can be no doubt. The Army has enlarged his circle of casually friendly acquaintances and given him, evidently for the first time in his life, a sense of belonging, of being a member. Always after, the Air Corps will be for him what a university is to her loyal alumni; it is his alma mater, and with its members he will continue to feel a bond of fellowship such as he feels for few others. But he is fatherless now, increasingly separate from his mother, barren of truly personal intimacies, and homeless (his home, he might say, is in the sky) as he begins new wanderings. If he feels a need of human companionship, he gives no sign of it. On the contrary, solitude continues to seem a prime need of his spirit. He presents himself to our gaze as wholly self-sufficient and self-determined, a strong-willed young man who knows as few men know what he wants to do with his life and is equipped as few men are to do it. His purpose—compact, limited, armed with technical training—is his identity, unfocused as yet on a specific immediate object but certain soon to become so.

He will make his own way. . . .

It is on this point, however, his making of his own way, that the most profound mysteries gather for those who must view him in his historical context. No youth on the train can be more ruggedly independent of spirit than he. None can come closer to realizing that ideal of self-reliant individualism to which Americans continue to pay lip service. He will define his goals and strive to accomplish them alone, almost unaided, exercising a decisive courage and an almost fierce independence. His triumphs, therefore, will be more exclusively *his* than are most men's.

But if this were the whole of his story, would it now be worth the telling?

Actually, his story is to become memorable in terms of that portion of it for which he is *not* responsible, or of which he is no sufficient cause, it being scarcely more the product of what he is and does than an explosion is of one who, inadvertently, strikes a match in a gas-filled room. His story is to become almost as much of the public's mind and character as it is of his own, and for it the public, too, is being prepared. . . .

2

All through the year Lindbergh spent in the Army, the public mind has fed on revelations of graft and corruption among high officials of the Harding administration and the businessmen whom they served. It has fed on news of organized crime on an unprecedented scale: vicious gangs flourish in the shadows of Prohibition as do poisonous mushrooms in a dank and gloomy wood. Most steadily of all, it has fed on newspaper sensations: the Loeb-Leopold murder trial, with Clarence Darrow's brilliant defense; the football exploits of Red Grange of Illinois who, one October Saturday, runs four touchdowns in twelve minutes through a strong Michigan team; the heroism of Gunnar Kasson and his lead dog, Balto, as they bring diphtheria serum by dog sled through a howling blizzard to disease-stricken Nome, Alaska; the slow, agonizing death of Floyd Collins in a Kentucky cave, where he is trapped in a narrow passage by a rock which crushed his foot.

A few weeks after Collins' death, as Frederick Lewis Allen will note in his *Only Yesterday*, a cave-in in a North Carolina mine traps seventy-three men, of whom fifty-three die. It receives no great popu-

lar attention. The fact indicates not only the mood of the times but also the consequences (the mood itself is one) of permitting all agencies of mass communication to become large-scale business enterprises. Long gone are the days when a man of journalistic talent and energy could start out "with a shirt-tail full of type and a hand press" and make himself into a successful editor and publisher. Now large initial outlays of capital are required; the editorial side of large publications is subordinate to the business side; and the economic and political views expressed by newspapermen are, quite generally, not their own but those dictated by the businessmen who own the means of effective communication.¹ Implicit in the news of mine disasters as in the bitter tale of the martyrdom of Sacco and Vanzetti, badly distorted in the popular press, are commentaries on property versus human rights from which the business community, almost instinctively, shies away. Besides, as Frederick Lewis Allen will say, "The dispensers of news . . . [are] learning to turn their spotlights upon one show at a time"; by doing so they can more effectively boost the circulations on which their advertising revenue depends.

Thus an Age of Ballyhoo unlike any the country has seen before is being opened and ballyhoo will be carried to unprecedented heights, or depths, in the immediately following months and years. Popular attention will be riveted on one intrinsically trivial person or episode after another—a golfer, a tennis player, a prize fighter, a movie star, a sordid murder, an old man's lewd adventures with a young mistress—to the virtual exclusion of events and trends out of which a tragic destiny for the whole of the Western world is being inexorably shaped.

Sometimes, of course, the current news sensation will have some slight cultural importance. In Dayton, Tennessee, for instance, the issue of Science versus Religion, which greatly agitates millions of minds, will be dramatized during the coming summer when a young high-school biology teacher named John Scopes is put on trial for teaching the theory of evolution in violation of a law passed by Tennessee's Fundamentalist-dominated legislature. The trial will be con-

¹ Some of the bitterness which working journalists feel at this change can be sensed in the obituary which William Allen White will write of Frank Munsey when that destroyer of living journalism dies, ungrieved by professional colleagues, on December 22, 1925: "Frank Munsey, the great publisher, is dead. Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talent of a meat packer, the morals of a money changer and the manners of an undertaker. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once-noble profession into an eight percent security. May he rest in trust!"

ducted, however, in an atmosphere of circuslike commercialism, and a principal motive for the whole affair will be the desire by some young Dayton businessmen to bring publicity and trade to their sleepy village.

For everywhere in every department of life the businessman and his values have, at least to outward seeming, become dominant. Even the churches now often adopt business methods of "promoting" their "product," complete with new advertising techniques designed to "sell" God and His Son as exponents of the religion of service—for private profit, of course—and hence as the spiritual supporters of such "service" clubs as Rotary and Kiwanis. The most popular "religious" book of the decade is being written that year, not by a minister of the Christian church but by an advertising man named Bruce Barton. His *The Man Nobody Knows*, to become the leading non-fiction best seller in the United States for 1925 and '26, portrays Jesus Christ as "the founder of modern business" ("he proved his right . . . to sit at the head of every directors' table") who was the greatest advertising genius the world has ever seen ("the parable of the Good Samaritan is the greatest advertisement of all time"); a shrewd executive who "moulded . . . a haphazard collection of fishermen and smalltown businessmen, and one tax collector" into "an organization" which conquered the world; a hearty, muscular outdoor type who was "quite the favorite" at Jerusalem dinner tables, being the happy possessor of omnipotent sex appeal. ("Women worshipped him," writes Barton, adding that "since the world began no power has fastened the affection of women upon a man like manliness.")

Do we witness here the dehumanizing consequences of an advancing technology in a society whose economic system has long been outmoded by it—a system which, from its beginnings, has encouraged some of the least admirable of human motives and human beings? Some social philosophers say so. And certainly every new invention applied within this mass-producing, mass-consuming, profit-seeking society seems to mean a further shift of emphasis from the inner to the outer man, sacrificing the former to the latter to such a degree that the individual person becomes, increasingly, a mass statistic, identical with a hundred million others. Irony is here to the extent that every invention, the product of individual minds, diminishes the individual and enlarges the collective as it is taken over by men who concentrate on organized acquisitiveness. A gap is opened between power and intelligence in America. Steadily it widens. And in it grow weeds of "philosophical" cynicism and despair.

They are nourished, these weeds, by the nation's literary intellectuals, some of whom flee America, becoming expatriates on Paris's Left Bank where they write books about the emptiness, the meaninglessness, of everything. Those remaining at home often accept with a certain complacency, a kind of shrug of the spiritual shoulders, their growing alienation from the nation's dominant mood. Every month some seventy-five thousand buy a green-covered magazine called the *American Mercury*, which begins publication in 1924 under the vitriolic editorship of H. L. Mencken, delighting in the diatribes it directs against the most prominent features of American life. Such Mencken terms as "booboisie" and "Bible Belt" become an integral part of the intelligentsia's vocabulary. . . .

Later, some among these same intellectuals, speaking the conscience of society, will admit their responsibility for immense sufferings consequent upon selfishness, heedlessness, willful stupidity. Before the stern bar of history they will confess their sins—theirs and those of their brawling, thieving, sensation-seeking, pleasure-avid fellow Americans. They will seem right in doing so; their guilt, to a backward look, is plain to see. And yet, paradoxically, at the core of it is a kind of innocence. They are as children in a school from which the teacher has departed; or they are as creatures of Eden who eat of the forbidden fruit, enjoying its taste, without having gained as yet a true knowledge of good and evil.

So innocently guilty they are! So guiltily innocent!

Surely it is understandable if, at the heart of their repentance, glows forever a spark of joyous unrepentance, warming the bones of their old age as they look upon a later generation whose sins, though different, will be no less wicked. They may remember then their old defiant toast, made in a thousand speak-easies over a hundred thousand glasses of bootleg gin, "Here's to crime and fornication!" and they may wryly smile and shake their heads and say to themselves or, half accusingly, to a new and strangely joyless youth: "We were awful, sure we were. Really awful. But, damn it all, we were *young!* And we *did* have fun. . . ."

3

Thus the tide of popular consciousness as it flowed toward the moment when Charles A. Lindbergh, or certain aspects of him, would become, overnight, a major element of it. Nor was his own vocational

field immune to that historic process whereby power was divorced from creative individual intelligence. As a matter of fact, this process backgrounded the vague plan he had in mind for his personal future as he journeyed toward St. Louis on March 16, 1925. . . .

The flier motivated primarily by a love of flying, the aeronautical inventor and designer motivated primarily by the joy of creation, were about to be removed from supreme governing power over their profession. Soon they would be subordinate to the businessman whose primary motive was the need and desire to make monetary profits for himself and his stockholders.

The event was heralded and to some degree initiated by the passage through Congress, on February 2, 1925, of HR 7065, better known as the Kelly Bill, having been introduced by Representative Clyde Kelly of Pennsylvania. In 1918 the Post Office Department had inaugurated an air-mail service, co-operating at first with the War Department, which furnished Army planes and personnel, but soon taking all operations into its own hands. In the spring of 1920 a transcontinental service had been completed between New York and San Francisco, with "feeder routes" between Washington and New York, St. Louis and Chicago, and Chicago and Minneapolis. The new administration of 1920, however, had soon called a halt to further expansion of the air mail and had even reduced the service, discontinuing all three of the "feeder routes" at an estimated annual saving of some \$675,000. It began to cast around for means of transferring the entire service from governmental to private hands, since the direct operation of carriers by the Post Office was a departure from American tradition particularly repugnant to a businessman's administration. Railroad men were especially opposed to "government competition" with their lines in carrying the mail, and it was in part as the congressional voice of the railway mail clerks that Representative Kelly introduced his bill. Little did railroad men realize that the small primitive airlines of those days, greatly aided by federal postal subsidies, would eventually grow into giants which, with the privately owned automobile, would destroy their passenger business. Had they done so, they must have objected vehemently to passage of a bill whose aim was "to encourage commercial aviation" and authorizing the Postmaster General to contract with private individuals and firms "for the transportation of air mail by aircraft between such points as he may designate at a rate not to exceed four-fifths of the revenues derived from such air mail, and to further contract for the transportation by aircraft of first-class mail

other than air mail at a rate not to exceed four-fifths of the revenues derived from such first-class mail."

Within two months the Postmaster General had received more than five thousand inquiries from tentative airline operators. The vast majority of these, however, were so undercapitalized as to be deemed irresponsible agents, so far as providing mail service went. A considerable capital outlay was required for the purchase of equipment and for operating the airline during the period, which might be much extended, between the making of the original investment and the realization of the first profits. "That is the reason Big Business eventually crowded out the independent promoter . . ." writes Henry Ladd Smith in his *Airways, The History of Commercial Aviation in the United States*. "This was a sad turn of events in a way. The pioneer operator was a colorful figure—a wartime flier, perhaps, who liked planes and adventure. He risked his life and blazed the trail, but he was not likely to be a very good businessman. Seldom did he have access to abundant capital. He was therefore doomed when aviation required high financial stakes. In his place appeared a new breed: Wall Streeters, who had done most of their flying from swivel chairs; financial promoters, more skillful at spotting capital than in finding landing fields on lonely mountain tops; efficiency experts, intent upon cutting costs rather than reducing the flying time between cities. Something went out of aviation when the businessman stepped in. . . ." The change, however, adds Smith, was "necessary."

Among those bidding for air-mail contracts were two brothers who might be deemed transitional, as types, between the pioneer and the business executive who must ultimately dominate the airlines. William B. and Frank Robertson were wartime fliers who lived in St. Louis. There, in February of 1921, they organized the Robertson Aircraft Corporation with an initial capitalization of only \$15,000, a large part of which was represented by a Curtiss biplane and an extra 90-horsepower OX-5 motor. In the years immediately following the company prospered sufficiently to make feasible a bid for the air-mail feeder line between St. Louis and Chicago—a distance of some two hundred and eighty-five miles. (The transcontinental operation would remain in government hands until August 1927.) By March of 1925 the Robertsons had begun a highly tentative recruitment of flying personnel.

They had met young Lindbergh for the first time at the International Air Races in October 1923, where they flew in the civilian pilots' race (they failed to place; the race was won by Jack Atkinson flying a

Bellanca at 94.28 miles an hour) and were active in other events. They had been favorably impressed by him. They now promised to consider him for a job as pilot if their mail bid succeeded, a job that he badly wanted, as he made clear.

Certainly the hazards of flying the mail were great enough to challenge him. "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." So read the inscription from Herodotus over the façade of the General Post Office Building on Eighth Avenue in New York. And the Post Office Department had insisted upon the most literal translation of these words into action by air-mail pilots, despite inadequacies of equipment. Most commonly, the mail planes were De Havillands. These were called "flaming coffins" by pilots because their fuel tanks, set between engine and cockpit, were likely to explode in crash landings. Moreover, their landing speed was dangerously high; their landing gear was so weak it broke frequently on rough runways; they were so heavy they couldn't climb out of small fields; visibility from their cockpits was poor; and they had, as pilots said, "the gliding angle of a brick." Nor were the ground facilities any more nearly adequate. There were few or no beacons to light the airways by night. Even at the landing fields the lighting was poor if the incoming plane was expected and probably non-existent if the plane was not. There was no radio communication between ground and plane. . . . Of the first forty pilots hired by the Post Office Department, thirty-one were killed during the few years of government operation. . . .

When Lindbergh arrived in St. Louis, he learned that many months might pass before the bids were opened, and that there would be an indeterminate waiting time after that before the actual awards were made. He was in the same kind of situation he had been in while he waited for the time of his enlistment in the Army, and he responded in much the same way.

He took an OX-5 Standard out on a barnstorming trip through Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa that spring. He made some cross-country flights from St. Louis to nearby cities. He stunt-flew with flying circuses. He instructed flying students occasionally and operated, now and then, as test pilot. Again and again, as in his earlier waiting period, he deliberately risked his life, though generally for purposes more easily justified to others than were those of the earlier time.

Posters and newspaper publicity stories, later mounted in a museum exhibit, would remain as souvenirs of his spring and summer. On May

9 and 10 he was in Carterville, Illinois, with an aerial circus headed by Vera May Dunlap. "She will positively stand erect on top of the upper wing of the airplane without any visible means of support whatever while her plane loops the loop . . ." said the advertisements. One of his colleagues was his old friend Bud Gurney, "the fastest wing walker and aerial performer in the world," and another was the "Canadian Ace," Captain Frank T. Dunn, "the only flier who has successfully looped the bridge of a navigable stream." (In actual fact, neither Dunn nor any other flier had ever accomplished this feat.) Lindbergh himself was billed as the U. S. Army lieutenant "who saved his life by jumping from an aerial collision on March 6, 1925, in Kelly Field, Texas." A little over a month later he performed in St. Charles, Missouri, as a member of the Big Four Flying Circus. ("See 'Bud' Lindbergh Stop His Motor 3,000 Feet in the Air Landing With Engine Dead!") In a story in the St. Charles *Cosmos-Monitor* he was then referred to as "Beans" Lindbergh, "better known as the 'Flying Fool'" and was said to have "the reputation of being one of the best all-around stunt fliers in the country, fearing nothing that is possible to be accomplished in the air." He was also described, and accurately, as a pilot who had *twice* saved his life in emergency parachute jumps.

For he had indeed become, between the Illinois and Missouri exhibition dates, a double member of the Caterpillar Club.

Returning to Lambert Field in late May, he had found that an OXX-6 Plywood Special four-passenger plane, designed by an aeronautical engineer named Ben Belle and built beside the field at Belle's expense, was ready for testing. Lindbergh agreed to do the testing. He took the plane up for the first time on one of the last days of May, reporting when he landed that the ship handled well on routine take-off and landing and while in level flight. But on June 2, when he took the machine up for more severe tests, he encountered nearly fatal trouble.

All of the tests had been passed fairly well when he attempted the ultimate ones, the dangerous tailspins. He found he couldn't put the plane into a right spin at all: it refused even to start when he put the controls into a right spinning position. He then attempted a left spin: the ship responded perfectly, coming out promptly when he reversed the controls at the end of a half turn. But when he again put it into a left spin and held the controls over for two complete turns, something went badly wrong. He found that a reversal of the controls had no effect, and "gunning" the motor had none either. He knew that Belle had put all his savings into this machine; he felt an obligation to stay

with it as long as possible; and so he struggled desperately with the controls while the plane spun downward from 2500 feet to two thousand, to one thousand, to five hundred. . . .

From the ground a small crowd watched with increasing horror, some of them begging aloud that Lindbergh bail out. At the last possible second he did so.

He was only a little more than three hundred feet from the ground. He jerked the pull ring at once, praying the chute would open promptly. It did. But while it was doing so, he plunged downward faster than the spinning plane so that, when the risers jerked him upright, he found himself swinging helplessly in the direct path of the machine. The slashing propeller blade roared toward him: he gritted his teeth, braced against mortal agony while trying desperately to slip the chute out of the way. At that instant, the twister risers swung him around. He turned his back on death, and when he had swung back again the plane was past. He never knew how close it had come to him, but he knew it could not have missed him by more than a few feet. . . . He watched it crash into a field.

Immediately he faced a new danger. The wind was strong; it blew him swiftly toward a high-tension electric line, and to avoid this death he tugged at the risers, collapsing part of the chute. Thus he hastened a fall which was already dangerously fast. When he landed in a potato patch he did so very heavily. And even this was not the end. Against the wind his strength was insufficient to collapse his chute. Struggling desperately, he was dragged across the field and across a road before some men rushed up to fling themselves upon the taut canopy.

He got to his feet gingerly. Blood flowed from his mouth and nose. One arm throbbed painfully; he had dislocated a shoulder. . . .

In July he went on active duty with the Army for two weeks at Richards Field, Missouri. In August he went to Nevada, Missouri, where the Missouri National Guard was encamped, to carry passengers in a Curtiss Oriole. And while he was in Nevada, he accepted a proposal to join the Mil-Hi Airways and Flying Circus at Denver, Colorado, being eager for more experience with flight among mountains where air currents (updrafts and downdrafts like giant hands pressing down or lifting up a plane) were as dangerous as they were unpredictable.

The man who had hired him, upon the recommendations of the Robertsons, was a Captain J. Wray Vaughn who wanted, as he had said, "a pilot with plenty of nerve who knows his business." He had never heard of Lindbergh before, and when he went to the Denver

railway station to meet his new employee he saw no one get off the train who seemed likely to be his man. Not until the platform crowd thinned out did he notice "a tall, gangling kid in a misfit blue suit, about three sizes too small for him," wearing a worn cloth cap and carrying a cardboard suitcase and a duffel bag. He and the "kid" were virtually alone on the platform before the latter came up to ask in a hesitating, half-apologetic tone if he were Captain Vaughn.

"I am," said Vaughn.

"I'm Lindbergh."

Vaughn was perhaps openly dismayed. He later confessed that he said to himself, "If this kid is a pilot, I'm a horse." But "the first time I saw him in the air, I knew I was wrong," Vaughn went on. "There was never another like him."

Lindbergh was not only a master of every standard stunt—the "falling leaf," the Immelmann, loops and spins and barrel rolls—he had also a specialty of his own. He climbed thousands of feet into the air, then dove straight downward at terrific speed until even Vaughn was sure he must crash, having passed the last possible point at which a pull-out was possible. Then he did pull out, so near the earth that his wheels sometimes brushed tall grasses. . . .

The plane he flew was one with which he was intimately acquainted: it was the very same Hisso Standard in which he and Lynch had barnstormed into Montana three years before; and in it, for several weeks, he did a little barnstorming and a great deal of exhibition flying at fairs in Colorado, including some night flying with fireworks attached to the wings.

One late afternoon, near Fowler, Colorado, he was caught in a sudden and violent windstorm a few minutes after he had taken off with two passengers who had bought rides. The field from which he had taken off was a small one, an open pasture containing two haystacks and several trees, safe enough in ordinary weather but extremely hazardous for landing in so high a wind. He decided to wait out the storm, his anxiety increasing as his gasoline ran low and the sun went down. By the time the wind had somewhat abated, night had fallen—a pitch-black night—and the gasoline was almost gone. He circled downward, glimpsing at last, and at what he could only hope were the boundaries of the field, the headlights of three cars placed there by Vaughn. The lights were so feeble they barely pricked the blackness; he must land completely blind, against a wind still dangerously high. He did so, perfectly. The passengers, climbing out, were en-

thusiastic about their long ride, but Lindbergh walked away from them, his face a pale blur in the dark, his heart still pounding.

"You can put that down in the book," he said to Vaughn in a shaken voice. "I've never been scared like that before."

A few weeks later, in October, he and a companion entered an "On to New York" competition being held in connection with the International Air Races, which were in New York that year. They flew out to San Francisco, through numerous nearly fatal hazards (once the carburetor caught fire; once they flew dangerously low through mountain passes until enough fuel was consumed to enable them to climb over the huge ridges), taking off from there for a series of cross-country hops toward New York. Two blown valves, immediately before and after Rawlins, Wyoming, so delayed them, however, that they decided to abandon the competition. They flew instead to Lincoln, overhauled the engine, and then barnstormed their way into St. Louis, where they arrived on the last of the month.

He spent the winter on Lambert Field, testing planes and instructing students for the Robertsons. "When I think of the planes we flew, of the difficulties we all had in making a living in aviation," he wrote a dozen years later to Frank Robertson, just a month before Robertson died at the age of forty-two, "it seems to me that men and aircraft were more closely connected then than now; that the character of men, in those days, was almost a structural part of the aircraft, and that the strength in one combined with the weakness in the other to make flying possible. . . . And how could anyone fail to remember the solo flights of some of our students in old OX-5 Standards? I can still clearly see the expression on your face as you stood watching the men." He enlisted in the 110th Observation Squadron of the 35th Division, Missouri National Guard, became the unit's engineering officer, was promoted to first lieutenant (a few months later he became a captain), and gave (overcoming his shyness) lectures once a week to World War fliers who wanted to "keep up" on the latest in aerodynamics, parachutes, and other subjects studied at Brooks and Kelly. He took full advantage of the opportunity to perform, with Army planes, maneuvers too dangerous for performance with civilian aircraft not his own; one afternoon, as he later proudly recorded, he took an Army Jenny up to 14,000 feet, far above its normal ceiling, and plunged it downward in fifty consecutive power spins.

When at last, early in 1926, the Robertson Corporation was awarded the mail contract for which they bid (they won CAM-2), he was promptly hired as pilot.

Major Robertson later explained that, when Lindbergh first came to Lambert, he had watched the young man for a month or more, "in the air and on the ground—how he handled both himself and his plane and how he got along with the other pilots." Lindbergh "showed so much, both as pilot and as a man, that I made him chief pilot for the mail flight," Robertson went on, "and told him he could make his own selection of the [two] pilots to share the run with him. Not only did he do this, but he selected the nine landing fields between the two cities which the government afterward leased and are still [1927] maintained by it, well lighted and thoroughly equipped."

He chose as his co-pilots two fellow Army service school graduates, Philip R. (Red) Love and Thomas P. (Nellie) Nelson. Both were highly skilled, intrepid fliers. Love had been a member of the formation at Kelly in which Lindbergh and McAllister collided in mid-air, and had since engaged in the hazardous enterprise of "cotton-dusting" (spreading powdered insecticide from a plane) in the South. When he arrived at Lambert, he was still recovering from injuries he'd suffered in the crash of a cotton-dusting plane.

On April 15, 1926, equipped with fourteen Liberty De Havillands and two Curtiss Orioles, the Robertsons began their air-mail operation. Lindbergh made the inaugural flight southward from Chicago, taking off at 5:50 A.M. That afternoon, shortly before taking off on the northward flight, he scribbled a note to his uncle John (John C. Lodge) in Detroit: "I am very short of time. . . . This will be mailed on the initial flight . . . between St. Louis and Chicago which I am to make today at 4:00 P.M., arriving in Chicago at 7:00 P.M., via Peoria, Ill., and Springfield, Ill. Everything here indicates a heavy load from St. Louis and Springfield. . . ."

4

During the summer months, with their long days and short nights, the air-mail operation offered relatively few hazards to a pilot of Lindbergh's skill and experience. Between mid-April and mid-October, connections with the transcontinental flights were made on more than ninety-eight per cent of the trips. But when autumn came with sleet and snow and early darkness (night fell only a few minutes after the St. Louis take-off as winter came on), troubles were born in clusters. The route at first was not lighted; the emergency fields were generally small and often rough; and equipment failures, because of the cold,

became more frequent. These hazards were compounded by weather reports so unreliable that pilots were virtually forced to ignore them, taking off if local conditions permitted and going as far as they could; if impossible flying weather closed down, they landed, or tried to, and entrained the mail.

Even before the season of really dangerous weather had fully arrived, Lindbergh had his first serious trouble. On September 16, 1926, having taken off from the Peoria field shortly after six o'clock in the evening, he flew into night, and with the night came an unexpected ground fog rolling over the country northeast of the Illinois River. At Maywood, which was Chicago's air-mail field, the fog reached from the ground nine hundred feet into the air, and though the ground crew sent searchlights upward and burned two barrels of gasoline he was unable to glimpse any sign of the field's precise location. For more than half an hour he circled the Maywood area, hoping for a break in the fog, then turned back in the hope of finding clear ground south of the Illinois. But at 8:20 (his official report noted the time precisely) his engine stopped and he had to cut in the reserve fuel tank: he had only twenty minutes of flying time left. He was surprised that he should run out of fuel so soon; later he learned that a mechanic had removed the 110-gallon tank which the plane normally carried in order to repair a leak, replacing it temporarily with an 85-gallon tank and without telling anyone about it. But there was now nothing to do except jump for it. He dropped down to ride the top of the fog and released a parachute flare: it was quickly and completely swallowed up in the mist. He would have to jump blind. With what he thought was the last of his gasoline, he climbed to five thousand feet before the engine sputtered and died. He jumped. He waited until he had fallen a hundred feet or so before pulling the rip cord. ("This time I saved the rip cord," said his official report.) And as he played a flashlight down upon the fog bank, swinging gently in the harness, he was astonished to hear again the motor of his abandoned plane. Believing all the gasoline to be gone, he had neglected to cut the switches, and as the plane's nose came down some last cupfuls of gasoline had evidently drained into the motor. He now floated downward at the same level and at about the same speed as the roaring, circling plane, and he watched it anxiously as it headed toward him, his hands on the risers preparatory to slipping the chute violently if necessary. But the plane was three hundred yards away when it passed him, tracing a wide circle away from which he moved, by manipulating his chute as rapidly as he could—and though

the plane spiraled past him five times before he and it disappeared in the fog it never again came as close to him as it had on its first pass.

He landed unhurt in a cornfield and, with the help of excited local people, found the plane with some difficulty in another cornfield two miles away. The mail was undamaged; he entrained it at Ottawa, Illinois. . . . Next day the Associated Press carried a brief story of the episode in which the pilot's initials were given as "C.L."

In mid-November he was forced to make another emergency leap, his fourth within twenty months, under circumstances similar to those of his third. (He was then the only man in America who had four times saved his life by parachuting from disabled planes.) Again he was on the northbound flight into darkness when, twenty-five miles beyond Springfield, he encountered fog. This time, however, he flew under a ceiling of four hundred feet for several minutes before the fog dropped down so low he could not get under it. It was impossible to land at Peoria; Springfield was by then blotted out; and he lacked the fuel for a return to St. Louis, so he flew on toward Chicago, hoping for a break in the clouds through which he might drop a magnesium flare to light his way to a landing. He found a break at last, but when he released the flare its chute caught on the tail assembly and was torn off; the flare dropped like a rock. He turned back from the Chicago area toward open country, when only ten minutes of gasoline remained in the main tank, and began to climb. By the time the reserve tank went dry, at 8:20, his altimeter registered 14,000 feet and he was still apparently thousands of feet below the top of the clouds. He took precautions, this time, before jumping: he cut the switches; he pulled the plane up into a stall; and when he started to climb out of the plane's right side and saw the right wing drop, he immediately returned to the controls to put the plane in level flight. He wanted no more of this playing tag in pitch blackness with a spiraling plane. The altimeter registered 13,000 feet when he jumped.

"The last I saw or heard of the D.H. was as it disappeared into the clouds just after my 'chute opened," he wrote in his official report. "I placed the rip cord in my pocket and took out my flashlight. It was snowing and very cold. For the first minute or so the parachute descended very smoothly, then commenced an excessive oscillation which continued for about five minutes and which I was unable to check. . . . The first indication that I was near the ground was a gradual darkening of the space below. The snow had turned to rain and, although my 'chute was thoroughly soaked, its oscillation had greatly increased. I directed the beam from the 500-foot spotlight downward,

but the ground appeared so suddenly that I landed directly on top of a barbed wire fence without seeing it.

"The fence helped to break my fall and the barbs did not penetrate my heavy flying suit. The 'chute was blown over the fence and was held open for some time by the gusts of wind before collapsing. I rolled it up into its pack and started toward the nearest light. Soon I came to a road, which I followed about a mile to the town of Covell, Illinois, where I telephoned a report to St. Louis and endeavored to obtain some news of where the ship had landed. The only information that I could obtain was from one of a group of farmers in the general store, a Mr. Thompson, who stated that his neighbor had heard the plane crash, but could only guess at its general direction."

When an hour's search through the black night failed to find the plane, he went on to Chicago, having arranged for a guard to be placed over the mail when the plane was located. Next morning he found that the tubular fuselage of the wrecked plane had held its general shape and that none of the mail, though a part of it was oil soaked, had been destroyed. "I delivered the mail to Maywood by plane, to be dispatched on the next ship out." (The *New York Times*, in its brief story of the crash, spelled his name "Lindberg.")

Now and then, despite what would appear to be a sufficiently crowded mail-flying schedule, he undertook miscellaneous flying chores for the Robertsons or, as a free lance, for himself. In the summer of 1926, for instance, a motor boat regatta was held on the Mississippi at St. Louis, and the man in charge of it asked Major Robertson to suggest a pilot who could fly a land plane in a race with a hydroplane, as part of the regatta program, and also do some stunt flying for the crowd. Robertson suggested Lindbergh, whose stunts proved breathtaking indeed. He won his race with the hydroplane by a wide margin. He looped and rolled and spun his plane through every maneuver he could think of. He swooped so low over the river that his wheels feathered the water, and again and again he flew under both the Eads and Free bridges. As his last act of the show, he climbed several thousand feet and then dove downward, taut wires screaming, toward a motor cruiser anchored in the middle of the Mississippi. It was the *Hawk*, owned by one Ed Serrano, and on its deck in a summer suit stood a guest named S. G. Hoffman who watched with intense interest, then anxiety, then terror as the plane roared straight toward him. He dove into the river just as Lindbergh pulled the nose up to skim the cruiser by a few feet. . . .

When the great hurricane of 1926 struck the Florida coast in mid-

September, word of the appalling disaster reached the office of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* late at night, after the fast train south had left the city. Lindbergh was roused in the early morning hours to fly the paper's correspondent to Memphis, where the train might be overtaken. He took off a little before four o'clock and, as his correspondent-passenger later wrote, displayed "his uncanny sense of direction by bringing his plane out of the darkness directly over Memphis by sunrise." He then, after a hurried but typically huge breakfast, flew back to St. Louis, arriving before noon. In the late afternoon he flew his regular mail run to Chicago.

In October of that year, a man named Herbert B. Ehler, financial counselor of St. John's Hospital in Long Island City, chartered a plane from the Robertsons for a flight from St. Louis to Cincinnati, where he had an urgent business appointment. Lindbergh was its pilot. "The flight . . . was, in a great measure, uneventful," Ehler said later, "but as we neared the landing field Lindbergh zoomed the plane to three thousand feet, and then, trusting implicitly in his 'bus,' dove straight downward. The drop continued until we were within five hundred feet of the airport. Then in some way . . . he straightened out, rose like a bird, hovered a moment, and then came to earth, making what I am told was a perfect landing."

Ehler apparently did not resent what seems to have been a piece of practical jokery on Lindbergh's part. "Lindbergh and I went to my hotel, where we had breakfast together," said he. "He impressed me as a youngster intensely interested in aviation and little else."

5

He made a similar impression on others during this period, most of them flying colleagues whose knowing eyes could see that he had developed, through his single-minded concentration, a phenomenal flying skill. "He's one of the outstanding fliers in the whole Army Air Service," said Lieutenant B. H. Littlefield, a fellow member of the National Guard. "He's the best pilot I ever saw and a meticulously accurate flier," said his commanding officer in the Guard, Major C. Ray Wassall, who spoke too of Lindbergh's "uncanny instinct" for "piloting a plane to its destination despite wind, storm and rain." A mechanic said, "He sets 'em down at night like you would a toy, without any field lights at all." Major Robertson, whose pride in his protégé grew apace, would later deny with some heat that "luck" was a

major element in Lindbergh's flying successes. "He succeeds because he has good judgment," said Robertson. ". . . He knows how, and he flies just naturally. And how he loved to fly! The worse the weather, the better he seemed to like it."

O. E. Scott, manager of Lambert Field, in whose house Lindbergh and Bud Gurney roomed for several months, was impressed not only by Lindbergh's flying skill but also by his Spartan qualities—his apparent insensitivity to physical discomfort, or even pain. Particularly impressive was Lindbergh's indifference to cold. His winter wardrobe consisted of heavy boots and Army breeches, a leather vest and heavy shirt; he owned no overcoat at all. Once, in bitter January weather, Scott and Lindbergh were flying back toward St. Louis from Ohio when their gasoline supply ran low and they were forced to land, as dusk fell, in an Illinois field. They spent the night in a farmhouse, sleeping on a couch which opened out to make a double bed. Though wide enough for the two of them, the bed was too short for Lindbergh by a couple of inches. "Well, one end will have to stick out from the bed," said he, calmly, "and I guess it'll be my feet." Whereupon he put a chair at the end of the couch and rested his feet upon it, sleeping soundly through a night on which the thermometer sank to near zero. On another occasion, on a long flight with Lindbergh, Scott suffered so acutely from sub-zero temperatures, the icy wind shrieking past the open cockpit, that he signaled Lindbergh, in desperation, to land. Lindbergh did so, but he couldn't understand why Scott was so cold. "I was perfectly comfortable myself," said he.

His health and physique were remarkable, his physical energy seemingly inexhaustible. He was all bone and muscle and, no matter what his strains and exposures, never caught a cold nor suffered any other illness. Save once. He ate one evening in a St. Louis restaurant and, coming back to his room, was soon doubled over with, evidently, ptomaine poisoning. So great was his anguish that, for all his stoicism, he writhed upon his bed, and his fellow roomers wanted to get a doctor for him or at least some medicine. He shook his head stubbornly. "I'll wear it out, boys," he said through clenched teeth. He did so at last, but until he did his colleagues were genuinely worried about him.

They well knew that if tainted food were placed before him, his dose of poison would be dangerously large, for his abilities as trencherman were at least as impressive to them as his abilities as flier. After some eight months of rooming in Scott's house, he moved into a two-story white frame house owned by Clyde Brayton, where his roommate

was Phil Love. Nearby was "Louie's Place," a fieldside diner owned and operated by one Louis Dehatre who, profiting week after week from Lindbergh's prodigious appetite, never ceased to be amazed by it. In the mornings, on his way from room to diner, Lindbergh, passing the field's tall flagpole, shinned up it, performed dangerous stunts at its top, then slid down and proceeded to Louie's where he breakfasted on from four to a half dozen eggs, a heap of fried potatoes, and a pork chop or small steak. (He still abstained from coffee.) His noon and evening meals were proportionately huge; between them he snacked, now and then, on hot dogs, hamburgers, candy bars. He was boyishly proud of his gustatory feats, grinning delightedly when a fellow pilot described them, in awesome tones, to some newcomer.

He was also proud of his practical jokes, which became more numerous and elaborate during these months. He spent hours trapping frogs or toads to place in other pilots' beds. He became expert at disjointing a bed in such a way that it would not collapse at once when sat or lain upon but would do so just as its occupant was falling asleep. When he and Phil Love roomed together in the Congress Hotel in Chicago, just before the inauguration of the air-mail route, he not only disjointed Love's bed but also doused him with ice water as he emerged from a warm shower. Discovering that one of the Lambert Field mechanics had a deathly fear of bulls, he hired a large and gentle cow from a neighboring farm, led it up to within a few feet of a plane under which the mechanic lay at work on the landing gear, and cried out in scared tones: "Hey, look out for the wild bull!", then laughed uproariously as the terrified mechanic squirmed out from under the wheels and ran pell-mell for cover. One hot day during the 1926 summer encampment of the Missouri National Guard, finding a lieutenant napping in an opened tent, he rolled down and staked to the ground all the sides and the front flap and watched gleefully as the sleeper awoke in a black and airless oven, yelled loudly for help, and finally rushed with such desperate force against the flaps that the tent was torn down.

But the most notorious and cruel of all such enterprises had Bud Gurney as its victim. It was during the summer when Gurney and Lindbergh roomed together in Scott's house. Gurney, it was said, "liked nothing better than to be waited on," and Lindbergh soon found that, though both he and his roommate consumed great quantities of ice water from a pitcher kept in their room, he was doing most of the fetching of it. One hot night Gurney, returning to the room with a great thirst (by one account he had stuffed himself with

chocolate-covered cherries), did not bother to pour a glass from the pitcher but instead lifted the pitcher itself to his lips and took two huge gulps from it before he could stop, spluttering, spewing the third mouthful out upon the floor. "What Bud went through immediately after that, and what he said, will never be forgotten by him or his fellow pilots," said Major Robertson later. Gurney, as a matter of fact, was quite desperately ill for a time. Lindbergh had filled the pitcher with kerosene!

Love, as befitted his name (the alleged significance of his name was pointed out to him *ad nauseum*), had no such aversion to female society as Lindbergh continued to manifest, but he found his social life hampered to a degree by his roommate when he and Lindbergh were rooming together. To carry on a telephone conversation with a girl was virtually impossible whenever Lindbergh was around. He sang, shouted, whistled, stamped his feet—he banged things, dropped things, rattled things, screeched things—until Love, in despair, unable to hear the girl, hung up.

6

Meanwhile, the stream of popular consciousness, and of events in which Lindbergh seemed to take slight interest, was flowing swiftly toward the moment when its nature would be more decisive than his own in the shaping of his destiny. . . .

For instance, there would be some significance for Lindbergh personally in the fact that the President of the United States, then at the very apex of his prestige, had as close friend a former Amherst classmate (class of '95) who was now a senior partner in the banking house of J. P. Morgan and Company. Dwight Morrow had strongly favored Calvin Coolidge for the presidential nomination in 1920. "Moreover, I think he is going to be nominated and elected," he had written in the late spring of that year to his fellow Morgan partner, Thomas Lamont. "The people that are for him are for him intensely, and they are for him because of a fundamental belief in his character. In looking ahead in the next four or eight years I think what America needs more than anything else is a man who will in himself be a demonstration of character. I think Coolidge comes more nearly being that man than any other man of either party." These hopes, disappointed by the convention which chose Harding, had been fully realized by 1926, and all who cared to might now see what Dwight

Morrow had meant by "character." It seemed a strangely negative quality; it consisted, apparently, of a rigid abstinence from all obvious vices, all "needless" speech, all imagination, and nearly all positive action.

For it was of the essence of Calvin Coolidge as President that he should do, so far as possible, precisely nothing, and be greatly praised for it by a business community which shared his belief that government at its best is a necessary evil (save in so far as it directly serves business interests) and can, for the most part, be dispensed with altogether. In private life, the President sometimes displayed a humor curiously like Lindbergh's. He liked to play practical jokes on the Secret Service men who must guard his life, jokes they found highly unfunny; he once pressed all the bells in his room simultaneously, then hid himself, savoring to the full his servants' anxious confusion.

His well-publicized friendship with Morrow led to expectations that the latter would eventually become a member of the Cabinet. It was widely assumed that a preparation for this event had been Coolidge's appointment of Morrow, in the fall of 1925, to a nine-man board set up to report on the best means "of developing and applying aircraft in national defense." Sensational charges against his superior officers had been made by Colonel Billy Mitchell, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, who had just failed of reappointment. These had led to great popular interest in the question of air defenses, and Morrow's association with the aircraft inquiry might serve both to focus public attention upon him and to remove from him the onus of Wall Street. He was promptly elected chairman of the committee whose operations for some eight weeks thereafter were among the few current news items which held young Lindbergh's close attention. The inquiry, however, had led thus far to no government post for Dwight Morrow. Quietly he returned to 23 Wall Street and to his home at Englewood, New Jersey, while the country over which his friend presided continued through 1926 and 1927 what would seem, to the sober eyes of later years, a mad career.

In Los Angeles, Aimee Semple McPherson, evangelist of the "Four-Square Gospel," met official skepticism but garnered immensely profitable publicity for her Angelus Temple enterprise when she claimed that she had been kidnaped from a swimming beach. In the Charlestown, Massachusetts prison, Sacco and Vanzetti awaited execution for the crime of being "foreigners" and "radicals," while in Paris the U. S. Ambassador to France, Myron T. Herrick, was anonymously threatened with death if the executions were carried out. In Chicago,

gangster Al Capone consolidated his power, ordering with impunity the assassination of an assistant state's attorney, reducing the police department to impotence, forming an unholy alliance with ruling politicians. In Florida, the real-estate boom, having begun to collapse, was shattered into utter ruin by the hurricane of September 1926. On Wall Street, speculation continued to mount, boosting stock prices slowly but steadily above levels justified by corporation-earnings reports. In Philadelphia, Gene Tunney outpointed Jack Dempsey for the heavyweight championship of the world in a fight before 120,000 people who paid nearly \$2,000,000 to see it. And everywhere, or so it seemed, the popular consciousness was wholly committed to the Age of Ballyhoo, being fed on one "sensation" after another: the funeral of movie "sheik" Rudolph Valentino; the Hall-Mills murder trial; the suit for separation brought by youthful "Peaches" against elderly "Daddy" Browning; the murder of an art editor named Albert Snyder by his wife and her lover, a corset salesman named Judd Gray. . . .

Such "juicy items" did not interest Slim Lindbergh. There was, however, one strand of ballyhoo lacing through the whole of the age in which his interest became great indeed. It was the continuing story of the Orteig Prize and of the men competing for it. He read it with increasing fascination as it unfolded from the spring through the summer into the fall of 1926 until, in November, he himself became a part of it, though at first obscurely.

SIX

The Birth of the "Spirit of St. Louis"

1

THE story had begun, some ten years before, in the mind of a short, balding, mustached Frenchman named Raymond Orteig, who managed the Brevoort and Lafayette hotels in New York City. It was a mind peculiarly Gallic in its mingling of shrewd logic with temperamental romanticism; Orteig operated his business with hardheaded common sense while his emotional life was ruled by a passionate patriotism having, as one aspect, a commitment to personal heroism.

To such commitments, the war then being fought in Europe was not kind. The fact was more clearly revealed to Orteig, perhaps, than to most who lived in America during those years, for he was in constant communication with friends and relatives in his native land. He was no doubt dismayed by unvarnished reports which came to him from the trenches; he was no doubt appalled by casualty lists on which appeared the names, one after another, of men he loved. Of what account was the individual *qua* individual, he might ask himself, in a war whose outcome so obviously depended upon sheer weight of numbers and matériel? What opportunity was there for a decisive personal courage on battlefields dominated by shells and machine guns, battlefields where men died, not with individual dignity, but *en masse*, like cattle in a blood-soaked slaughter pen? How, indeed, could a man even retain his personal integrity, his individual human quality, when he was forced to huddle with his fellows like an animal day after day in muddy holes and ditches, drawing into his nostrils with every breath the stench of rotting human bodies?

Only in the air was a war being fought to which a romantic might aspire. Brave young men placed themselves, with gay defiance, between the very wings of death and soared upon them into a clean sweet sky far above the sordid horrors of Verdun, the Aisne, the

Somme. In such skies they met and killed their enemies, or were themselves killed, in duels which measured their personal courage and their skill as pilots. To them and their battles adhered many of the emotions and some of the forms of ancient chivalry. Guynemer, Ball, Richthofen, Mannock, McCudden, Lufbery, all great aces, all killed; Fonck, Nungesser, Udet, Bishop, Rickenbacker, all great aces who, miraculously, survived—these became knightly heroes, not unlike Galahad and Roland and Lancelot, to Orteig's mind as to the minds of millions of others. Particularly were his emotions stirred by the young men of the Escadrille Lafayette, Americans flying in the French air force, whose brave deeds, fully exploited by the masters of Allied propaganda, were as so many bonds of ardent affection between France and the United States.

Nor did Orteig's personal acquaintance with combat fliers disillusion him. Many of them stayed in the hotels he managed, during the war; always he made a point of meeting and talking with them; and always they seemed to him quite as glamorous in the flesh as they had been in legend. He was impressed by their dedication to flying and by their evident feeling of a community of spirit with their opposite numbers in the German air force. Was there developing here a basis for a new and peaceful world community? Would not such wars as the one then raging become impossible when continents were linked by swiftly flying planes? That they *would* be so linked was an article of faith with these enthusiastic young airmen. Aviation, they assured Orteig, had an unlimited future; transoceanic flights might be made very soon, if only they were properly encouraged.

Orteig, listening with fascinated attention, was easily persuaded. He resolved that he himself would encourage such flights, and in such a way as to bind his native land more closely to the United States. Within a few months after the war ended, he announced his plan through the Aero Club of America, a club he had joined after attending its banquet honoring Captain Eddie Rickenbacker when the American ace returned from France. He would award a prize of \$25,000 "to the first aviator who shall cross the Atlantic in a land or water aircraft (heavier than air) from Paris or the shores of France to New York, or from New York to Paris or the shores of France, without stop." He stipulated that the flight be made within five years after the offer was announced.

But when the five years were up, the prize remained unwon. There had not even been an attempt to win it, though it had stirred much interest among aviators. The reasons were obvious: such a flight in

the early 1920s seemed utterly impossible, and to fail in the attempt would be almost certainly to die.

True, there was the Alcock-Brown flight of 1919 from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to a forced landing in a peat bog near Clifden, Ireland—but this flight had covered only 1960 miles whereas the distance between New York and Paris was 3600 miles. Nothing approaching the latter distance had been flown nonstop before Orteig's stipulated five years were up. Nor was Captain Alcock's account of his experience likely to stimulate any eagerness to imitate him. He and Brown had had, he said, "a terrible journey" and "the wonder is that we are here at all." They had rarely glimpsed the moon or stars. The fog had been so dense that, at times, they had been forced to fly within three hundred feet of the sea. "For four hours our machine was covered by a sheet of ice, caused by frozen sleet," he went on. "At another time the fog was so dense that the speed indicator did not work and for a few minutes it was very alarming. We looped the loop, I do believe, and did a very steep spiral. We did some very comic stunts, for I had no sense of horizon. An hour and a half before we saw land we had no certain idea where we were." When they looked over the side of the cockpit, as they were often forced to do, "the sleet chewed bits out of our faces." (Six months later, Alcock was dead—killed in a plane crash in Normandy.)

By 1926, however, when Orteig renewed his prize offer for another five years (he had by this time returned to Paris to live), airplane motors and design had been sufficiently improved to make nonstop flights of 3600 miles seem possible, if only barely so. There was, of course, no margin for error; under the best of circumstances, any such attempt must be a gambling proposition in which the odds were overwhelmingly against success.

And it was precisely this element of fatal risk which caused a fair portion of the energies of ballyhoo to be focused, in the summer of 1926, upon a man who proposed to make the attempt in September. He was Captain René Fonck, whose name had become fabulous during the war. A dapper little compatriot of Orteig's, he had been at once the smallest, the youngest, and the most effective over the long run of all the great French aces. His bravery was beyond question, but it had been joined to physical reflexes so swiftly accurate and a judgment so unerring as to constitute a veritable genius for survival. On a front where the average combat pilot's life span was barely three weeks, Fonck had lived and fought almost constantly for two years; he had shot down seventy-five German planes without being so much

as scratched himself (reportedly only one enemy bullet ever struck his plane); and both his enemies and his comrades had come to regard him with awe as a precise technician of air warfare, phenomenally skilled, perfectly self-possessed, coldly calculating. He seemed the type best suited to the hazardous enterprise he now undertook. A wild impetuosity was foreign to his temperament; he could be counted upon to handle the project as a logical problem and thus, so everyone thought, minimize every risk.

This impression of him was encouraged by the businesslike manner in which he made his preparations. The plane he was to fly was a silver biplane, huge by the standards of those days, with a luxuriously appointed cabin. Powered by three 9-cylinder French-built engines, it had been especially designed for the New York-Paris flight by Igor Sikorsky, the famous aeronautical engineer. It was to carry a crew of four. Fonck selected with utmost care his three companions: Lieutenant Lawrence W. Curtin, USN, navigator and co-pilot; Jacob Islamoff, a native Russian, mechanic; Charles Clavier, radio operator. With equal care he tested his plane in repeated flights with increasing loads of gasoline. His calm confidence of success, persuasive in itself, was sustained by factual evidence of the plane's cruising range, which was theoretically well in excess of the distance Fonck proposed to cover, and it began to seem wholly justified when, in September, two Frenchmen, Major Pierre Weiss and Lieutenant Challé, flew a plane nonstop from Paris to Ben de Rabbas, Persia—a distance of 5200 kilometers (3229 mi.), almost as great as that between Paris and New York. . . . By this time, Fonck's preparations were completed. He awaited only favorable weather reports, and on the evening of September 20, 1926, he received them.

As the eastern sky paled with approaching dawn next morning, several hundred people were gathered at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, around the Sikorsky plane. Fonck—short, chunky, erect, dapper as ever in leather puttees—seemed imperturbable as he supervised the last preparations for his departure. He spoke casually of plans for celebrating the arrival in Paris. There was, nevertheless, extreme tension among those in the crowd who understood the dangers of the next few minutes. Even Fonck betrayed a little of it when a bearded man came up to him with a white pasteboard box containing croissants, presented with the compliments of Monsieur Orteig. Fonck lifted the box in one hand to test its weight before placing it, with a rueful smile, aboard the overloaded machine. As for Sikorsky, who was

among the watchers, he was unable to conceal his anxiety as Fonck and the crew climbed into the plane's cabin.

After the three motors had been again tested, in successive roars of power, blocks were removed from before the plane's wheels. Then, with a running shove from mechanics and others, the plane began to move. The motors roared wide open, but the plane, weighted with 2380 gallons of gasoline, failed to gather speed at the rate Fonck had planned for. Within seconds it was apparent to even the least informed watcher that things were going very wrong. When the plane jolted across ruts of two roads crossing the field, it began to shed parts in terrifying fashion. Wheels broke off from the auxiliary landing gear and from beneath the tail, bouncing high into the air. The tail dropped down to drag a cloud of dust into the gray dawn. There was now no chance for the plane to achieve the eighty-mile-an-hour speed necessary to lift it into the air.

"Why doesn't he cut the motors?" screamed one of the watchers, himself a flier.

But the plane roared on, as if Fonck were unable to stop it. At the end of the runway was a steep twenty-foot drop to the bottom of a gully. While the crowd watched in fascinated horror, the plane plunged over the gully rim and disappeared. A few seconds later, flames leaped fifty feet into the air and a towering column of black smoke arose. Fonck and his navigator, almost unhurt, had scrambled out of the plane just before the gasoline exploded. They watched in a heartsick daze as their two companions were burned to death. . . .

That evening the story of the Fonck disaster was spread across the front pages of newspapers all over the country. The tragedy was obviously no deterrent to other fliers who, in the following weeks, were reported to be planning, from both sides of the Atlantic, attempts upon the Orteig Prize next spring. It was not even a deterrent to Fonck and Sikorsky: the former promptly announced that he would try again, and the latter said he would design and build a new plane for Fonck to use. As for the general public, its interest in the New York-Paris project was heightened by a fatal crash which demonstrated so convincingly the risks involved in it. This interest was further heightened when it became apparent that, next spring, there would be a race between several famous fliers, each of whom aspired to be the first to accomplish what Fonck had tried and failed to do. The hazards were great: newspapers would expatiate upon them all winter long. But the rewards were great, too: he who won the race would

gain glory and profit in amounts which, if as yet indeterminate, were certain to be substantial.

2

None among the millions who read of Fonck's disaster did so with a more avid interest than Lindbergh. His third emergency parachute jump had been made just five days before the Fonck disaster. With this experience fresh in his memory and with the prospect of night flying in winter immediately before him, he was not likely to be particularly impressed by the hazards of the New York-to-Paris flight, no matter how fulsomely the newspapers spoke of these. To fly the Atlantic, if one had the proper plane, could hardly be more dangerous, he told himself, than flying across Illinois on a stormy winter's night. He was confirmed in this belief when, less than two months later, he was forced to make his fourth emergency leap.

But even before that time the transatlantic flight had become, by his own account, an obsession with him. One night shortly after the Fonck crash, as he winged his way toward Chicago, a rare sense of freedom and power came to him in his machine high above the Illinois prairies. He felt that he might fly on and on, endlessly, beyond Chicago to Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, yes and beyond New York over the ocean to Europe. He felt that he might climb so high that he sat in solitary stillness above the spinning world, letting New York come to him. Then London. Then Paris. Paris!

Thus was he reminded of René Fonck who, setting out to fly farther than any man had flown before, failed even to get off the ground, and he asked himself why this had happened. The Frenchman was certainly one of the greatest pilots in the world; he had had the very latest and finest equipment. Was his failure just bad luck? Or had he proved, tragically, that no airplane could lift the load it must lift if it were to fly 3600 miles without refueling? Fonck himself didn't think so, obviously—and Lindbergh, in his exalted mood, certainly didn't. There was, after all, the example of the Paris-to-Persia flight which had covered well over 3000 miles. What Fonck had done, Lindbergh decided, was to provide an object lesson which should be pondered by all concerned with aviation's future.

He fell to pondering it as the black earth slipped by far below. He arrived at certain conclusions:

Since the limiting factor on long-distance flying was the load of

gasoline a plane could lift, any plane which set out to break the distance record must be stripped of every ounce of excess weight. Luxuries, even comforts, must be sacrificed to the need for gasoline. (Fonck's Sikorsky, with its full crew, its equipment, and its gasoline had weighed more than 28,000 pounds. A great many of these pounds were added by the luxurious appointments of the cabin, by long- and short-wave radio sets, by hot dinners to be served in celebration of a successful crossing.)

Even "safety" devices, in so far as they increased the load and were themselves likely to go wrong, should be sacrificed to the need for gasoline. (If Fonck's Sikorsky had not had auxiliary landing gears, they could not have come loose and slowed down his take-off run.)

For the same reason, a single-engined plane might actually be the safest kind. (Fonck's Sikorsky had had three motors—but didn't this multiply by three the chances of an engine failure? Of course the theory was that if one motor gave out, the other two would keep the plane in flight. But could they? If the failure occurred far out at sea, could a heavily loaded plane make it to dry land, even if the gasoline which would have been needed for the dead motor were dumped? Lindbergh doubted it. He figured that a trimotored ship carrying the overload of gasoline needed for a 3600-mile flight wouldn't be able to fly on two motors until two thirds of the total distance had been covered and more than two thirds of the gasoline consumed.)

Again for the same reason, the size of the plane's crew should be severely limited. (Fonck's Sikorsky had carried four men. Surely four men weren't needed to fly a plane across the Atlantic! Cut the crew to two men, and you could carry between three hundred and four hundred more pounds of gasoline. Cut it to one, and you could carry between five hundred and six hundred more pounds. . . .)

Cut the crew to one! A single lonely man, then, in a single-engined plane!

The very audacity of the idea made it fascinating to Lindbergh.

Again and again he reviewed the logical steps he had followed, and again and again he reached the same conclusion. So far as the purely mechanical factors were concerned, a single-engined single-man flight probably had the best chance for success.

But what of the human factor? Was it physically possible for a man to fly, with no relief, all the way from New York to Paris? Even with a relatively fast plane, a flight of that distance would require around forty hours. The flier would have to stay awake for practically two

full days and nights. Could he do it? Wouldn't he be liable to dangerous, probably fatal lapses of consciousness?

That was the great risk, of course. You shifted some of the strain from the machine to the man if you followed the logic he had been using, and the question then became whether or not the man could bear this added strain.

"I think he could," said Lindbergh to himself. "Why, I've stayed awake and worked through forty-hour stretches myself. Yes, it could be done. I could do it."

I could do it! The thought blazed brilliantly in his mind. *I could make the flight!* Then: *Well, why don't I?*

He began excitedly to review his qualifications for such a venture. They seemed to him both sound and numerous. He was now a highly skilled and experienced flier. He knew motors and plane construction inside out. He knew a little of navigation and could easily learn more. He was in superb physical condition. His nerve, repeatedly tested to the utmost, had never failed him; indeed, it seemed to thrill to a higher pitch in direct proportion to the danger he faced, sharpening his every sensation and mental process.

All he needed was the proper plane.

Now, if he could have a Bellanca powered with a Wright Whirlwind engine. . . . But that would cost money, at least \$10,000, and his total savings amounted to only \$2000. Of course, if he did win through to Paris, there would be the Orteig Prize money; it would pay all expenses with thousands to spare, and he would still have the plane. . . . All the same, he would have to have solid financial backing at the outset. He would have to form an organization.

And this was the only part of the enterprise that appalled him—this of obtaining organized backing. He looked so young, so immature! He was no good at "selling" himself to people; he had a profound inward resistance to doing so. He loathed asking anyone for anything, loathed depending on other people.

Nevertheless, by the time he reached Maywood with its flashing beacon and headed his plane into the wind for a landing, he was convinced that he not only *could* make the flight, he *must* make it. To fly alone across the sea and into the night, to wing his way beneath fading stars into a red dawn, to face death in utter solitude hour after hour with proud defiance—all this cried out to something so deep in his nature he probably could not have said what it was. He only knew that the appeal was irresistible. . . .

Thus abruptly, the New York-Paris flight became the central pur-

pose of Lindbergh's life. No other single proposal had ever so completely absorbed him, dominating all his daytime thoughts and even shaping his dreams as he slept. It was as if every element of his past experience, every strand of his family tradition and personal character, led to this single project, whose success or failure would give to them their final significance. Success would justify all the risks, even the foolish ones, that he had run; failure would at least measure to the outermost limit his capacity to live. For if death came to him through this enterprise it would come, not while he lay in dull stupor on some sickly bed but at the high tide of his vigorous youth and at the highest pitch of his feeling. He would *know* his death as he faced it—know it intensely—and through that very process would know, and with the same intensity, his life. Here, then, was the ultimate Either/Or toward which he had always, if not always consciously, aimed: he would die, defying death with every atom of his being, or he would live, aware of the meaning and value of life as only those can be who, for a long time and deliberately, have held themselves at the point of losing it.

But how to proceed? In his first flood of excitement he considered and rejected many ideas for initiating the project. Several weeks passed before he precisely defined the "problem" and applied to it the same kind of logic he had used on Fonck's experience during that pivotal night flight to Chicago.

Obviously the first step, without which none other could be taken, was to obtain financial backing. If he went directly to the Wright Corporation, as a solitary unknown, and asked them if he might use their Wright-powered Bellanca for the flight, he would almost certainly be rebuffed. Wright might be persuaded that a successful crossing would be more than worth its cost to them: it would be the best kind of advertising for the Whirlwind and might give a big boost to aviation in general. But the company's officers would shake their heads at his presumption in proposing that he, whom they had never heard of and who appeared to be scarcely out of his teens, should make the flight alone. If they considered backing such an attempt at all, it would be with the understanding that they choose their own crew, and these fliers would undoubtedly be men already famous. No, his best bet was to obtain backing in St. Louis, among men who already knew something about him and respected his professional competence.

There seemed to him many reasons why St. Louis businessmen should be interested in his proposal. The city's location was such as

to make it potentially a great aviation center. If the potential were to be realized, three things were necessary: (1) St. Louis's waning interest in aviation must be revived; (2) the city must be advertised abroad as an aviation center; and (3) nonstop flights over long distances must be proved practicable. All three aims would be served by the project he proposed, provided the project were carefully planned to serve them. For instance, he might make his a St. Louis-New York-Paris flight, taking off from Lambert Field and flying nonstop to New York, then flying from New York to Paris. He might name his plane after the city. Certainly he and his backers could arrange to have professional public relations people handle the publicity in such a way as to serve the city's aviation interests. In return for the advertising his success would give their products, companies might be persuaded to furnish free of charge his gasoline and oil, much of his plane's special equipment, perhaps even the plane itself or at least a portion of its cost.

One day he outlined on a pad of paper a "plan of action," listing in general categories the equipment he would need; the co-operation he must secure from manufacturers, the Weather Bureau, the State Department, newspapers and steamship lines; the maps and special navigation information he would require; and the advantages which would be gained by his success. Under the heading, "Results," he listed just two possibilities, with no gradations between them: "1. Successful completion, winning \$25,000 prize to cover expense. 2. Complete failure." As he studied this list, he shaped in his mind a "sales talk" which might be effective with the men he tentatively planned to approach.

The first of these might have been considered the "toughest prospect" on the Lindbergh list. Earl Thompson, one of St. Louis's civic leaders, was actively interested in flying; he had recently purchased a Laird plane in whose operation Lindbergh had given him a little instruction; and he had developed a liking for Lindbergh personally. But he was an insurance executive whose conservative disposition was encouraged by the nature of his business, and he was disturbed by what seemed to him the excessive risks young Lindbergh proposed to run. Sitting with Lindbergh one October evening in the luxurious Thompson home at No. 1 Hortense Place, the older man readily conceded the values his city would gain from a successful Paris flight; he seemed willing to help back such an attempt. When the interview ended, however, he remained unconvinced by the younger man's argument that a single-engined plane would actually be safer than a

multiengined one; he continued to press for consideration of some such craft as the trimotored Fokker in which Commander Richard E. Byrd had flown over the North Pole the preceding May and in which, according to rumor, he planned to fly the Atlantic next spring. To Lindbergh's objection that such a plane would cost at least \$30,000, Thompson may well have replied with a shrug: \$30,000 for a flight which succeeded was an infinitely better buy than \$10,000, plus a man's life, for a flight which failed.

Some days later, a Fokker salesman visited the St. Louis field preparatory, or so it was said, to establishing a Fokker agency there. Lindbergh seized the opportunity to talk to him. Afterward he walked alone for miles along the dirt roads beyond the suburban village of Anglum, where he lived, thinking over what the Fokker man had said and fighting down the discouragement which arose from it. The sharp-eyed, coldly courteous salesman had obviously and quickly written Lindbergh off as a lightweight, making him feel like a foolish kid butting into men's business. A trimotor Fokker for the Atlantic flight would have to be of special design and would cost around \$90,000; moreover, Fokker's reputation would be riding on the plane, and the company would therefore insist upon a decisive voice in the selection of operating personnel. As for building a single-engined plane for the flight, the salesman categorically dismissed the possibility of Fokker's doing so; the notion, obviously, was harebrained, in the salesman's view. . . .

But by the time Lindbergh had walked back to the field and climbed into the cockpit for his evening flight to Chicago, he was more firmly convinced than ever that his proposal was feasible. The two men he had talked to were "prejudiced"; their ideas of "safety" were outmoded by the latest engine designs. The new Wright J-5 (the Whirlwind) was averaging 9000 hours to a failure, a statistic which rendered negligible, compared to the factors of weather and take-off load, the danger of motor trouble over the Atlantic. Extra safety, therefore, could not be bought with extra engines, each of which must be fueled. And underlying all such arguments was a basic one: a multiengined plane would require a crew and he wanted to make the flight alone. Indeed this was, for him, a vital necessity. Again, riding high above the Illinois prairies, he made his plans, shaped his "sales talk." If he could persuade other businessmen to join him in an organization, he was sure that Earl Thompson would do so.

In the months that followed he demonstrated abilities he had not known he possessed. He found that he *could* "sell" an idea, and "him-

self" too. He could do so by force of argument and, more importantly, by force of character, enlisting the full confidence of busy, powerful men. His first success was with highly respected Major A. B. Lambert, after whom the St. Louis airfield was named, an aviation pioneer who, listening to the young man's argument and even more intently to the *man* himself, promptly volunteered \$1000, "provided you get the right fellows" to go along. J. D. Wooster Lambert became a backer. So did Earl Thompson and Major Bill Robertson and his brother Frank, despite their shortage of capital. (The air-mail operation was losing money.) But the most crucial support came from Harry H. Knight, a broker who was president of the St. Louis Flying Club, and from Harold M. Bixby of the State National Bank, who was president of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce. They became the key financial figures in an organization which ultimately included, in addition to the above, Harry F. Knight, father of Harry H., and E. Lansing Ray of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. (The editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, approached by Lindbergh and Major Robertson, had rejected the idea of a one-engined one-man flight with a cold finality which Lindbergh still resented thirty years later.) Including his own \$2000, which was the most contributed by any one individual, Lindbergh was now backed by \$15,000 and had the promise of a little more than that from Knight and Bixby, if more proved absolutely necessary. Moreover, he was sustained by the solid moral support of his nine colleagues, who gave him a wholly free hand in the procurement of a plane and the myriad details of flight planning and who, in his moments of near despair, maintained and expressed an unshakable confidence in him.

He had abundant need for such support by the time his organization was firm. It was now midwinter. Fonck was presumably well along with his arrangements for another try with the Sikorsky. Commander Byrd, according to news reports, was also well along with preparations for an attempt not yet officially announced. So was Lieutenant Commander Noel Davis whose huge trimotor Huff-Daland was reportedly being rushed to completion. Nor were Americans the only ones who were trying for the Orteig Prize. In England, France, Italy, fliers were reportedly getting ready to make the attempt from the European side. Nearly all of these, Americans and Europeans alike, were famous men; Lindbergh was unknown. Most of them had virtually unlimited financial backing; Lindbergh might slightly exceed the \$15,000 already pledged, but only slightly. Most of the others had their planes nearly ready; Lindbergh, as yet, had not been able to obtain a plane at all.

From the first, his desire had centered upon a Bellanca powered by a Wright J-5. There was, however, only one such plane in existence as yet. Designed by Giuseppe Bellanca and built by the Wright Corporation solely to demonstrate under the best conditions the new Wright engine, it was still owned by Wright but was up for sale, along with the Bellanca manufacturing rights, since Wright had no intention of going into the aircraft-production business. It was in the hope of buying this plane that Lindbergh, one November day, boarded a train for New York, having arranged for Phil Love to fill in for him on the mail route. (Lindbergh was probably better clothed, as he made this journey, than he had ever been in his life before: he had sought advice from a well-dressed National Guard acquaintance on what to buy, being himself wholly unversed in such matters, and had then reluctantly spent what seemed to him the outrageous sum of \$100 for suit, overcoat, and accessories in which to make a "good impression.") His mission failed. Bellanca himself was favorably impressed with the young man and obviously willing to sell to him, but the Wright officials had a different view. After Lindbergh had returned to St. Louis, he heard nothing whatever from Wright until he had wired them twice, whereupon he was informed that the corporation did not "desire at this time to have the Wright Bellanca used for transatlantic flight."

A few weeks later, after the Wright Bellanca had been sold to the Columbia Aircraft Corporation, Lindbergh received a wire from its designer, urging him to come to New York to negotiate the purchase of the plane. He did so, meeting and promptly disliking Charles Levine, the corporation's president, who offered to sell for \$15,000 and not a penny less. Lindbergh went back to St. Louis, conferred with his partners, then rushed again to New York, bearing a check for \$15,000 made out to him personally, with which to close the deal. Not until the check lay on Levine's desk in the Woolworth Building, awaiting endorsement, did Levine blandly inform his prospective buyer that "of course" the Columbia Aircraft Corporation reserved the right to select the plane's crew. . . . Pale with fury, Lindbergh broke off negotiations.

Meanwhile, he had been in contact with two other companies. One of these, the Travel Air Company, had curtly refused to sell him a plane for the purpose he had in mind. The other, a small and almost unknown firm called Ryan Airlines, was eager for his business—so eager, in fact, as to arouse doubts of its ability to do the job.

The Ryan company was located in San Diego, and perhaps it was this fact which caused Lindbergh, during his dreary train ride back

from New York, to consider abandoning the Atlantic flight and substituting for it a flight across the Pacific. He would have plenty of time in which to prepare for the latter, obtaining just the right plane and testing it thoroughly, for no one else, so far as he knew, was contemplating a Pacific flight. He suggested this to Bixby and Harry Knight when again he sat with them in the latter's office. They disapproved. They had not lost faith in him, they said, nor in the Paris project. They "would stick," as the elder Lindbergh might have put it, and with their firm support young Lindbergh now entered seriously into negotiations with Ryan. He had been informed by wire that the company would contract to deliver within sixty days a plane capable of the flight at a cost of only \$6000 plus the price of engine and instruments. If the engine were a Wright Whirlwind, as Lindbergh had specified, the plane would have a cruising speed of one hundred miles an hour and a weight, under full load, of only twenty pounds for each horsepower delivered. These statistics were almost *too* impressive. When Lindbergh left St. Louis for San Diego in late February, he was by no means convinced that Ryan could actually do what its wires had promised.

Nor did his first sight of the Ryan factory remove his doubts. It reinforced them. He saw a dilapidated old building which seemed to drowse half deserted in bright sunlight, not far from the water front. There was no roar of motors, no large bustle and clatter of working men. The general effect was almost as languorous as the gentle wind which whispered through the palm trees. Only the odor of fabric dope lent credence to a sign proclaiming the home of Ryan Airlines, and even this came strange to the nostrils, being mingled incongruously with the smell of dead fish from the canneries nearby. As he later confessed, Lindbergh felt half ashamed of himself for riding up to the factory in a taxi: it was as if he made a rude gesture of ostentation before the men with whom he must deal.

But within minutes after he had entered the dusty, paper-strewn plant office and had met Donald Hall, Ryan's chief engineer and designer, and B. Franklin Mahoney, the company's president, his doubts began to fade. Mahoney was a heavily built young man only a year older than Lindbergh, with a smiling, open, rugged countenance that inspired confidence. Clear eyed and intelligent, he obviously possessed a driving physical energy. Hall was less impressive physically; he was much shorter and very slender, with a long thin face out of which his eyes burned from deep sockets, almost feverishly. But his professional brilliance, intensely focused on his job, was at once apparent. He, too,

was young, only a few years older than Lindbergh. The favorable impression these two made was bolstered by that gained from Lindbergh's meeting with other company officers: William Hawley Bowlus, a big tousle-haired young man who was factory manager; and A. J. Edwards, short and stocky and several years older than his colleagues, who was sales manager. The company obviously struggled at the outermost edge of survival. Mahoney had just acquired full ownership of it; he confessed he had no financial reserves; and only three fuselages, Lindbergh noticed, were under construction on the plant floor. But this slender hold on existence, far from being a liability in the present situation, might prove a tremendous asset. Ryan's young men would have almost as much at stake in the Paris project, and almost as much to gain from it, as Lindbergh himself. They could therefore be counted upon to devote every ounce of their strength, mental and physical, to the task at hand. . . .

During interviews with Hall and Mahoney it was decided that the Ryan model, known as the M-2, could be redesigned to give a range of 4000 miles and that the plane could be delivered within two months for \$10,580. This price included the Wright J-5 engine but did not include instruments; the latter, Mahoney promised, would be installed at cost. When Lindbergh asked if the company would formally guarantee delivery of a plane with sufficient range to make the flight, Mahoney replied with a reluctant negative. At the quoted price, Ryan would make no profit from this deal and in the present state of its finances it could not afford to take a loss. "The risks are just too high in a flight like this," said he frankly.

But by that time Lindbergh had decided. He wired Harry Knight, recommending that the deal with Ryan be closed. Next day, February 25, 1927, he received from Knight the flight organization's approval. . . .

3

There followed two months of intense labor for everyone in the Ryan company, and especially for Donald Hall. His was the controlling intelligence, his the initiating enterprise among those on the company's staff, and he averaged more than twelve hours of concentrated work per day during the whole of the construction period. On one occasion he worked at his drafting table for thirty-six hours without a break, arousing protests from Lindbergh who feared that this key

man might collapse before the work only he could do was completed. Lindbergh shared the office where Hall worked. He pored for hours over maps, plotting his flight route precisely along the Great Circle—so-called because it appears as a semicircle between New York and Paris on flat maps shaped by the Mercator projection, though it is seen on a globe to be the shortest route between the two cities. He made close and possibly fatal decisions concerning the equipment he would carry, ruthlessly excluding every superfluous ounce and often sacrificing his own safety and comfort, in case he were forced down at sea, to the imperative need for the maximum of fuel and range in case he were not. For instance, he would not carry a radio or a sextant—he'd navigate altogether by dead reckoning—and it was with reluctance that he decided to carry a rubber raft weighing ten pounds and a device by a man named Armbrust, which would condense into drinking water the moisture from one's breath. He made arrangements for lubricating oil and gasoline and for the purchase and installation of instruments. And simultaneously he was in constant consultation with Hall, making the final decision on every open question of design.

He it was who insisted that his plane's main fuel tank should be placed in front rather than behind the pilot's seat. This meant that his forward vision would be blocked unless some kind of virtually weightless periscope could be improvised, but it also meant that he would have a better chance of survival in case of a crash: he'd not be crushed between engine and explosive gasoline tank. Moreover, as Hall quickly discovered, the center of gravity of the total fuel load, including that of supplementary tanks in the wings, would be very close to the airplane's center of gravity, thus increasing longitudinal stability during the critical early stages of the flight. It was also Lindbergh who decided against enlarging the standard M-2 tail surfaces in order to increase lateral stability (doing so would lengthen the construction time) and against installing gauges on his fuel tanks (they seldom worked properly, in his experience, and they would add extra pounds).

At one point he seriously discussed with Hall the design of a landing gear which could be dropped while the plane was in flight. Thus load would be lightened, wind resistance reduced, and, in consequence, range increased. Hall didn't like the idea. Neither did Lindbergh after they'd discussed it. For one thing, the device for releasing the gear would add several pounds to his already critical take-off load. More important was the risk he would run after the gear was dropped. He could bellyland without excessive damage to the plane, and with-

out much risk to himself, at or near the end of his flight: his plane by then would have consumed the gasoline overload. But suppose he were forced down after he'd dropped the gear but before he had used much fuel? He would crash land heavily loaded, in that case, and probably die in the total wreckage of his plane. On the other hand—and it was this which kept the notion alive for some time in his mind—the extra range he would gain once he was past the point of no return just might provide precisely the margin of success. . . . Perhaps the ultimate decision on this point was made not by Lindbergh but by his backers in St. Louis who, having heard a rumor of it, wired him in late March their emphatic disapproval.

Thus did Lindbergh insure that his experience and knowledge and carefully calculated desire were built into the machine he would fly. Thus did he make this machine, uniquely conceived, more completely his in all respects than any other he had known. Yet he could note, with pride rather than jealousy, that his plane also belonged to Donald Hall and Mahoney and Hawley Bowlus, all of whom had given and risked much to bring it into being and all of whom looked upon it with a parental affection. And it belonged to every skilled worker who, through hours of overtime, had welded together the carbon steel tubes of the fuselage; had carpentered the spruce spars of the wing; had cut and fitted and sewed tightly together the plane's thin skin of cotton fabric; had doped this fabric with cellulose acetate; had installed the power plant soon after its arrival one memorable day from the Wright plant in Paterson, New Jersey; and had warped the eight-foot nine-inch Duralumin propeller onto its shaft. Each of these men had signed his name to the front wing spar before the fabric covering was applied, and someone among them had traced upon the propeller shaft at its forward end a symbol which for hundreds of years had rolled its cheerful way around the world as a good luck charm and was now only beginning to be known, in one country, as a symbol of hate and terror. (A newspaper reporter would see it in New York some two weeks later when the spinner in front of the propeller was removed. "That swastika," he would write, "will turn over a lot of times on the 3600-mile flight!")

Lindbergh shared an apartment in San Diego with A. J. Edwards, who was profoundly impressed by his powers of concentration and the meticulous care with which he considered and solved every problem that might conceivably arise as his project advanced. He carried a notebook in which he listed the obstacles to his success, those thought of by himself and those suggested by others, then devised

schemes for avoiding or overcoming these; not until a definite scheme had been worked out and steps taken to put it into effect did he scratch the listed obstacle from the book. He was, thought Edwards, "the most perfect man I have ever known," possessed of "no bad habits unless perhaps his mania for practical jokes." (These last continued at San Diego, to the discomfiture if not the anger of many a hurrying mechanic, and it seemed appropriate that their perpetrator should also display there what one observer termed "an almost childish appetite for candy and sweets.") "He was clean-cut and straightforward at all times," Edwards concluded, "a model which the rising generation well could follow."

On a day in the last week of April, the Ryan personnel were in holiday mood as they joined to remove from the factory their completed but as yet unassembled handiwork. They rolled the fuselage out from the ground floor. With difficulty they angled the forty-six-foot wing (its span was ten feet greater than that of the standard M-2) out the double doors of the plant's loft. A photograph of the latter operation, snapped by Donald Hall, showed Lindbergh standing—a gangling and self-conscious figure in a dark suit—atop a Santa Fe freight car from which a truck crane of the R. E. Hazard Contracting Company lifted a wing bearing the license number, N-X-211, which had been assigned to this "international" and "experimental" plane by the newly organized Aeronautics Branch of the U. S. Department of Commerce. Wing and fuselage were taken to a hangar on the Ryan airfield at Dutch Flats, on the outskirts of San Diego. There they were joined together; there additional instruments were installed; and there, just sixty days after his initial interview with Hall and Mahoney and Bowlus, Lindbergh inspected with shrewd but loving eyes his completed plane.

Standing nine feet eight inches high, with an over-all length of twenty-seven feet eight inches, the plane weighed, empty, some 2150 pounds. It was designed to weigh, fully loaded, 5180 pounds, including the one hundred seventy pounds assigned to Lindbergh's hard lean body, but in actual fact it would exceed this weight by one hundred thirty-five pounds: every one of the five fuel tanks—in the main fuselage fronting the cockpit, in the nose, and the three in the wing—had come out oversize; they would hold, altogether, some twenty-five more than the designed capacity of four hundred twenty-five gallons. The air-cooled nine-cylinder engine, designed to deliver 220-horsepower at sea level, had been "superinspected" in the Wright plant and fitted with a special magazine for continuous greasing of

the rocker-arm bearings during the long flight. On the oval-shaped instrument panel were the bare minimum of dials and needles: a speed and drift indicator, a turn and bank indicator, the tachometer and oil-pressure gauge, temperature gauges, an altimeter, a magnetic compass, and a newly invented earth inductor compass. The latter, so-called because its readings were indicated by the electric current generated by a coil revolving in the earth's magnetic field, was reputedly much more stable and accurate in flight than any earlier compass had been.

His was a trim graceful craft, despite its oversized wing, and its pilot at once endowed it with a unique "soul." This justified the name which had been casually bestowed upon it weeks before it was actually conceived. That name was now painted in black letters on the metal hood: *Spirit of St. Louis*.

On the morning of April 28, Lindbergh climbed into the wicker seat of his plane's enclosed cockpit. In response to his "Contact!" Ryan's chief mechanic pulled down the propeller. The motor caught, roared louder and louder as the throttle was pulled wide open; the instruments registering engine performance functioned as they were supposed to do. Then, throttling down the motor, Lindbergh signaled for the chocks to be pulled from before the wheels. The *Spirit of St. Louis* took off on its maiden flight.

Its initial performance delighted its pilot, as it did Donald Hall. Lightly loaded, the plane leaped eagerly into the air in just six and one eighths seconds, after a run of only one hundred sixty-five feet; and in the air the motor and instruments continued to function perfectly. The response to controls on turns was a trifle sluggish, and there was an instability which required, for straight level flight, the constant attention of the pilot, who must continuously vary the pressures exerted on stick and rudder. But this was part of the price consciously paid for increased lift and range.

There were several minor adjustments to be made, of course, and Lindbergh noted these on his data sheet as he flew back toward Dutch Flats. . . . Suddenly a Curtiss Hawk from the naval base nearby dove down beside him. In playful mood he engaged it in mock combat, spiraling, zooming, diving, getting the "feel" of the *Spirit of St. Louis* and, as he did so, inadvertently providing material for a newspaper story to the effect that he and the Hawk had "nearly collided" during his homeward flight. Angrily, feeling that a reflection had been cast upon his flying skill, he read this story next day: "One plane dipped

and the other zoomed, and they missed one another by a narrow margin."

The inaccuracy of this and other news reports of his activities in San Diego began to irritate him, and his attitude toward reporters underwent a change. In St. Louis, reporters covering Lambert Field had found him co-operative and even boyishly eager to talk about his experiences on the mail run. One of these reporters, as a matter of fact, had been a member of the crucial conference in Major Robertson's office when the decision was made to enlist, if possible, the support of Harry Knight. But in San Diego, despite his continuing realization that wide publicity for his flight was essential to the purposes of his backers, he began to resent as personally insulting every inaccurate report of him, however flattering in intention. In addition to pestering him with questions and then misquoting his answers, newsmen were careless with lighted cigarettes around gasoline tins and—especially the photographers—had a penchant for getting in the way of take-offs and landings. Their very presence distracted his attention from the data sheet on whose accuracy his very life might depend. Altogether they were alien creatures of distorted vision and faulty hearing from whom he determined to hide, in self-defense, the further tests he must make of his plane.

Accordingly it was arranged that the load tests be conducted not at Dutch Flats but secretly on the parade ground of old and abandoned Camp Kearney, eleven miles north of San Diego. This ground was a mesa a little less than five hundred feet above sea level and appeared perfectly flat, though in fact it sloped slightly toward the sea; in this direction of the prevailing west wind it ran for 12,000 feet. Its only disadvantage was that its surface was covered with loose rocks; the largest of these could be removed from the runway but the surface would remain rough. The speed tests were to be conducted over a three-kilometer course laid out by the Army in San Diego Bay off Coronado Strand. Here, on the morning of May 4, he made three clocked runs, carrying twenty-five gallons of gasoline and five gallons of oil, achieving an average speed of one hundred twenty-nine miles per hour. That afternoon, working hurriedly, he ran his final load tests into head winds varying from zero to seven miles per hour, precisely measuring the distance, time, and speed required to lift the plane into the air. The final test was with a load of three hundred and one gallons (the plane's gross weight was then 4200 pounds) into zero wind; it required a run of 1023 feet.

Lindbergh had hoped to run one more test, with a three hundred

fifty-gallon load, and Hall had hoped for this, too, but the tires took cruel punishment from the loose rocks with every load increase, particularly when the plane landed (it was highly improbable, after all, that Lindbergh would ever have to land with a load approaching even three hundred gallons), and the wheel bearings were smoking a little when the last test had ended. Mahoney opposed the making of another attempt, and Lindbergh, calculating the risks, reluctantly agreed with him. Probably enough test data was available, anyway, for accurate extrapolations. Certainly all the data thus far indicated that the *Spirit of St. Louis's* actual performance exceeded its theoretically designed performance by a gratifying margin. At full load (450 gallons), weighing 5250 pounds, the plane should become airborne after a run of approximately 2500 feet in still air; it should have, with this load, at sea level, a maximum air speed of 119.5 miles per hour, and a minimum of seventy-two miles per hour. It should be able to fly, thereafter, at economic speeds, for 4210 miles nonstop; it should reach Paris, with no tail-wind assistance, in something over forty hours.

Elated by the test results and by the way his ship had handled, Lindbergh wired his partners in St. Louis that he would be ready within forty-eight hours to take off from San Diego for a nonstop flight to St. Louis. His plan was to leave at four o'clock in the afternoon, fly through the night over mountains and deserts and high plains, and meet the dawn in eastern Kansas. Several advisers had strongly opposed his making a night flight over the Rocky Mountains, something which had never before been done, but Lindbergh had what seemed to him compelling reasons for doing so: he'd never flown before through a whole night; he'd gain needed experience with dead-reckoning navigation, since check points on the ground would be invisible; and, above all, he'd provide convincing evidence that his proposed transatlantic flight was not a suicidal "stunt" but, instead, was a feasible project worthy of his backers' support.

But he did not take off within the planned forty-eight hours. A storm blanketed the Rocky Mountains and the Southwest for two days after he and his plane were ready to go. Impatiently, he waited.

SEVEN

The Race

1

TIME was of the essence. . . .

On February 28, 1927, the National Aeronautic Association in Washington announced receipt of a formal entry to the competition for the Orteig Prize from a "St. Louis mail pilot" named "C. A. Lindbergh"; his was the second formal entry received, said a brief wire-service dispatch to the nation's newspapers, the first being that of Lieutenant Commander Noel Davis. Several other entries were expected momentarily. Two days later, on March 2, front-page stories in the nation's press announced that Rodman Wanamaker of New York was backing with \$100,000 Commander Richard E. Byrd's Paris flight, that a three-way race was shaping up between Byrd, Davis, and René Fonck, and that there were a number of "dark horses" in the race, including Charles A. Lindbergh "who plans to make the flight alone." On March 12 the closeness of the "race" was emphasized by the announcement that Lieutenant Commander Davis's flight was also being backed to the amount of \$100,000: the American Legion was paying for the trimotored Keystone Pathfinder biplane (the Huff-Daland Company had changed its name to Keystone) which Davis would fly.

Fourteen days later, a dispatch from Paris announced that Captain Charles Nungesser would attempt the flight from Paris to New York in early summer. The news aroused great excitement. Nungesser was France's great national hero, a legend in his own time. Fantastically brave, phenomenally skilled as combat pilot, he had shot down forty-seven German planes and two balloons during the war, by official count. He had been mentioned fifteen times in dispatches, had been awarded his country's highest decorations for valor, and bore upon his body the scars of seventeen wounds. His navigator would be Captain François Coli, also a great war hero and winner of France's most

coveted medals. He had been wounded five times and had lost an eye, had been mentioned nine times in dispatches, and was brilliantly commanding a group of air squadrons with France's Sixth Army at the Armistice. The plane these two would fly was a biplane. It would be powered by a single engine. But this engine, according to the news story, was far more powerful than that which Lindbergh was to use. A French-built Levasseur, it was rated at 450-horsepower and, under favorable conditions, could generate, it was said, as much as 525-horsepower.

On April 9, under a gray sky, Lieutenant Commander Davis ran his first tests with his Keystone Pathfinder. He was reported to be "enthusiastic" about his plane's performance. At full throttle it had flown more than one hundred twenty miles an hour. "Just how much more I do not wish to say now," Davis was quoted as saying, "but it flies faster with 1000 pounds useful load than we had supposed it would fly light." Commander Byrd and his associates were reportedly "stunned" by this news, and Lindbergh was certainly discouraged by it. None of them had supposed the Keystone to be anywhere near completion this early in the spring. All of them had assumed that their only serious rival now was the Bellanca which Lindbergh had tried vainly to buy and which its owner, Charles Levine, was readying for a transatlantic attempt. Just who would fly the Bellanca had not yet been determined, according to Levine, in whose hands lay the final decision. Probably it would be Clarence Chamberlin and Bert Acosta who, according to news dispatches, were about to take the plane up for an attempt upon the world's flight endurance record—a feat that had been suggested to Bellanca by Lindbergh himself last November.

On April 10, Davis with his co-pilot, Lieutenant Stanton H. Wooster, who was to make the Atlantic crossing with him, flew the *American Legion* from Bristol, Pennsylvania, to Washington, D.C., a distance of one hundred sixty miles over which the biplane functioned, it was said, "beautifully." Next day the two flew to Langley Field, Virginia, where their plane was to be put through its final tests preparatory to returning to New York for the Paris take-off.

Three days later, the Bellanca, flown by Chamberlin and Acosta, landed after having set the new world's record for flight endurance at which they aimed; their plane had been in the air for fifty-one hours, eleven minutes, and twenty-five seconds. Giuseppe Bellanca was jubilant. On the morning of April 15, while mechanics were removing the engine which had set the new record and installing a new Wright

Whirlwind, the plane's designer was quoted as saying, "In three days we should be ready to start." He reckoned, however, without due consideration of Levine's peculiar temperament. On April 16, newspapers carried Levine's announcement that "either Acosta or Chamberlin, or perhaps both," would pilot the plane. He himself was "not convinced of the necessity of having a trained navigator aboard the plane," as had been originally planned, since both Acosta and Chamberlin had "some knowledge of navigation."

Lindbergh, reading the latter story in a San Diego paper, may have felt slightly encouraged. Apparently no plans for the Bellanca's flight could become firm so long as final decisions were made by Charles Levine. Erratic, imperious, possessed of a genius for irritating people, Levine might yet keep all the Bellanca's flight plans in the air while the plane itself stayed on the ground. Lindbergh could at least hope so. At that point, however, he could not blink the fact that his own chances of being the first to get away for Paris were exceedingly slim. All his major competitors remained, to outward seeming, far ahead of him. Only by a series of accidents so unlikely as to seem impossible could it be prevented that someone among them would win the race.

In such circumstances, however, every man is perforce a fatalist or a defeatist. Either he gives up or he addresses himself wholly to factors he can control, entrusting to fate the ultimate success or failure of his enterprise. And in the present case, fate intervened with astonishing swiftness.

Late in the afternoon of Saturday, April 16, the *America*, Commander Byrd's huge trimotored Fokker, was poised at one end of the runway at Teterboro Airport near Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. Into its large cabin climbed Byrd; his chief pilot for the Atlantic crossing, Floyd Bennett; the alternate pilot and radio operator, Lieutenant George O. Noville; and Anthony H. J. Fokker, designer of the plane. The plane then took off on its first test flight, lifting easily into the air and performing well as it soared high above the New Jersey landscape. Tony Fokker was at the controls when the *America* slanted down to land. Abruptly, as the wheels touched earth shortly before six o'clock, something went wrong; there was a splintering crash as the huge plane turned over, smashing the center engine and propeller and severely damaging the cockpit. Byrd's left wrist was broken. Floyd Bennett suffered a broken right leg and a dislocated right shoulder. Noville received internal injuries and lay unconscious for half an hour after the crash. Both he and Bennett suffered severely from shock. Only Fokker remained unhurt. At the Hackensack General Hospital,

to which the injured men were taken, it was said by physicians that Bennett would not be able to fly again "for at least three months" and that several weeks would pass before Byrd was again able to use his left wrist.

On that same day, Lieutenant Commander Davis, with Lieutenant Wooster, flew his plane from Langley Field to Mitchell Field, Long Island, covering the more than three hundred miles in three and one quarter hours. At Mitchell the *American Legion* was officially christened and might be expected, so people said, to take off for Paris at any moment. But would it? Lindbergh, reading with close attention the news dispatches, might well be puzzled by the statement Davis made to reporters shortly after his arrival on Long Island. Davis had "reiterated . . . that he would not attempt to take off unless he had tested his plane long enough to know exactly what it would do." Evidently, then, those glowing reports which had been made of the Keystone Pathfinder's performance were not strictly accurate. The "final" tests at Langley were, apparently, not final at all. Something about the plane must be causing Davis concern. . . .

Ten days later, in the aftermath of tragedy, it was revealed what this "something" was. When delivered to Davis at the Bristol, Pennsylvania, factory, the *American Legion* was found to weigh 1150 pounds more than its design had called for. By this unforeseen half ton every calculation was thrown awry, and Davis felt required to run many more tests than he had originally planned to run.

Early in the morning of April 26, at Langley Field, he and Wooster climbed into the cockpit of their plane for what they planned to be their final load test before going to New York for the Paris take-off. The *American Legion* carried 9000 pounds of gasoline, bringing its over-all weight to 17,000 pounds, some 2000 more than its motors had ever lifted before, and as the take-off run began, the plane moved sluggishly (whereas it had always moved briskly before) down the mile-long runway. Slowly it gathered speed, lifting at last into the air. But not high enough! There were trees at the end of the runway, cleared easily in earlier flights, and the plane dipped slightly to the right to avoid them. Abruptly it lost altitude, glided into a marsh, crashed into a mudbank, and turned over. Trapped in a cockpit which was filled with gas fumes before being flooded by water, Davis and Wooster died. . . .

There remained, among Lindbergh's closest competitors, the Belanca in the United States and Nungesser's plane in Paris, though Byrd's preparations were said to be again proceeding apace. The chief

obstacle to the Bellanca's early departure, or so Lindbergh might conclude from news dispatches, continued to be the peculiarities of Charles Levine. For instance, on April 19, Levine announced that Lloyd W. Bertaud was to be the navigator and co-pilot on the Bellanca's flight. "The other man in the plane," said the news release, "will be either Acosta or Chamberlin. The final choice will not be made until the last possible moment before the take-off. . . . Both pilots will appear upon the field in flying togs. Their names will be written separately on slips of paper. One slip will be drawn. The name on it will decide the flier." Thus, in unique and obviously self-defeating action, Levine expressed his unique and obviously erroneous view of human nature. Lindbergh might be grateful for this, but he could hardly be surprised when, in following days, the principal news concerning the Bellanca was released not by Levine but by the plane's designer, Giuseppe Bellanca himself. These releases indicated that Bellanca, Chamberlin, and Bertaud approached their flight problem in much the same spirit and sought solutions in much the same terms as Lindbergh did. They were concerned to remove from their plane every superfluous ounce. They were testing carefully every instrument they were to employ. They would not take off, no matter what their competitors might do, until they had full assurance of success. And they said no more about choosing Bertaud's companion by lot. Instead, the news stories said flatly that the pilots would be Bertaud and Chamberlin. Bert Acosta, it soon appeared, was negotiating with Byrd and was ultimately chosen by him as chief pilot of the Fokker, replacing the injured Floyd Bennett.

Meanwhile, from Paris came news that Nungesser and Coli were rushing their preparations for the take-off. Lindbergh may have taken some slight encouragement, so far as his own success was concerned, from a report that a hangar fire on May 3 had damaged the *White Bird*, the biplane which Nungesser would fly, and that in any case the take-off was not expected until May 14, which would be the first night of a full moon. On May 6, however, came news that Nungesser and Coli were ready, that they awaited only favorable weather, and that they planned (it was a measure of their reckless daring) to drop their landing gear as soon as they reached the ocean, thus reducing wind resistance and adding perhaps fifteen miles an hour to their speed. They planned to land in New York harbor, in which their plane would float while they were picked up by a boat.

Came the dawn of Sunday, May 8. Pale gray and rose light was just beginning to wash across the airfield at Le Bourget as Madame Coli

kissed her husband good-by, smiling bravely, and then, in sudden tears, watched him and Nungesser climb into the *White Bird*. She was one of many thousands who watched. A great throng had kept an all-night vigil at Le Bourget and now looked on in tense stillness as the *White Bird*, its motor roaring wide open for a moment or two, trembled with leashed power. Certainly this power was great—but was it great enough? Fully loaded, the *White Bird* weighed only slightly less than 11,000 pounds; its tanks held 6140 pounds of gasoline and one hundred seventy-six pounds of oil; and as it began its take-off run, gathering speed slowly, many among the watchers doubted if even the concentrated strength of four hundred and fifty horses was sufficient to lift and hold five and a half tons in the air. Their doubts seemed abundantly justified for one agonizing moment during the run. Hundreds of yards had passed beneath the *White Bird's* bulging tires when Nungesser first tried to lift his plane into the air. The wheels came up just a few feet, then came down heavily and continued to run over another hundred, two hundred, three hundred yards before, fully 1000 yards from the starting point, the plane again lifted. This time it remained airborne; when it disappeared from the crowd at Le Bourget, it rode some three hundred feet in the air.

Five hours later it was reportedly sighted on the coast of Ireland, roaring out to sea against a stiff head wind. Next morning it was said to have been sighted by ships off the coast of Newfoundland. The news set off great celebrations in France; thousands of bottles of champagne were downed in toasts to the heroes; through the Paris streets wound impromptu parades. But as the time for the plane's arrival in New York came and passed, as the hours marched well beyond the forty in which the *White Bird's* fuel supply would be totally consumed, the Newfoundland report, rechecked by the *New York Times*, was discovered to have been false. Actually the plane, after leaving Ireland, was never seen again. Somewhere over the gray storm-tossed Atlantic, where the weather had steadily worsened since the take-off, Nungesser and Coli perished. . . .

In less than nine months, the Paris-New York project had claimed the lives of six brave men: two when Fonck crashed, two when Davis crashed, two more when the Frenchmen were lost. The project had seriously injured three other men: Bennett, Noville, Byrd. It had totally destroyed two planes costing an estimated \$220,000 and had severely damaged a third whose cost was variously estimated between \$50,000 and \$100,000. Counting these costs, sober-minded men might

well wonder if a continuation of the race could be justified on any rational grounds.

Was it good sport? France's aviation expert, General Duval, denied that it was. "Every sport takes into account the possibility and risk of accident," wrote he, in *Le Figaro*. "But [a sport in which] . . . the death of brave men is the almost inevitable consequence of failure is . . . barbarian. . . . [It] takes us back to the days of the gladiators." Was it justified as a "scientific experiment?" Absolutely not, said General Duval. Speaking of Nungesser and Coli, he wrote: "Everything was sacrificed to the necessity of carrying a maximum of fuel. So, even if they had succeeded, we should have learned nothing. We knew the motor could, with luck, make the trip. But why should the lives of two men be risked in that adventure? If they had succeeded, if anyone succeeds this year, there cannot be any consequence to their success. The crossing can be made once, perhaps twice, but not as a regular service until there is an enormously greater development of aviation. A single successful trip will only encourage illusion." Was it justified by improved relations between France and the United States, as envisioned by Orteig? On the contrary, these relations were injured by the loss of Nungesser and Coli, and so seriously for the moment that the U. S. Ambassador to France, Myron T. Herrick, sought to delay the start of the Bellanca which, according to the press, was now poised completely ready for the attempt. He warned on the afternoon of May 10 that "the take-off of a transatlantic flight from the United States at this time, when the fate of the French aviators is still in doubt, might be misunderstood and misinterpreted."

For in Paris, it appeared, anti-American feeling, exacerbated by the long war-loan dispute and by the impending Sacco-Vanzetti executions, ran high. The New York-Paris flight had been regarded by Frenchmen from the outset as a race between their country and the U.S. "France has done it!" they had shouted, when the mistaken announcement was made that the *White Bird* was across the ocean. "We have beaten the Yankees!" And in the gloom that succeeded jubilation, wild and bitter rumors swept the Paris streets. The U. S. Weather Bureau, it was said, had refused to provide Nungesser and Coli with the weather information they needed; the Bureau had even, according to one rumor, issued deliberately misleading information to the Frenchmen; and American news services were angrily condemned for being at best careless and at worst deliberately inaccurate in their reports of the flight. . . .

But though sober-minded men might deplore the costs and con-

sequences of transatlantic flights, the popular interest in them, nurtured by every art of ballyhoo, grew greater with each fatal crash. Obviously the flight was hazardous in the extreme. Perhaps it was even impossible. And there was the stuff of myth and legend in the fact that lonely men, pitting themselves against turbulent immensities, flew into darkness and were swallowed up by darkness, leaving not a trace of their passage. Did a similar fate await Chamberlin and Bertaud? Or Byrd and his crew? Or that relatively unknown young man out on the West Coast who, fantastically, proposed to make the flight utterly alone?

2

On May 9 the low-pressure area, which for days had blanketed with storm the Southwest of the United States, began to drift eastward. By midday of May 10, the weather was clear from San Diego almost across the continent. And at 3:55 P.M., Pacific Coast Time, the wheels of the *Spirit of St. Louis*, with Lindbergh at the controls, lifted from the airfield at San Diego. The nonstop flight to St. Louis had begun.

For the first half hour the *Spirit of St. Louis* was convoyed by two Army observation planes and by a Ryan monoplane piloted by "Red" Harrigan of the Ryan organization and carrying Don Hall, Hawley Bowlus, and A. J. Edwards. Then the convoying planes turned back. Lindbergh flew on alone over the coastal range, over the desert and the Salton Sea, across the Colorado River into Arizona, and over Arizona's deserts and mountains into the night.

Shortly after sunset the motor suddenly began to miss and the plane to lose altitude above a country so rough that he could not land on it without crashing. For twenty long minutes he circled, slowly but steadily spiraling downward, while he struggled with the throttle and fuel mixture control until, at last, the coughing ceased and he could again, if slowly, climb high enough to clear the mountains east of him. Again he pointed his plane's nose toward St. Louis. He decided that the trouble had been due to the cold, for the air had been bitter above 8000 feet, and that in New York he would install an air heater for the carburetor; the air above the North Atlantic would be much colder than the night air above the Arizona desert.

Thereafter, his flight was uneventful. For a time he flew in the light of a moon which, in several days, would be full. Shortly after midnight, Pacific Coast Time, the moon went down, and he flew through dark-

ness, steering altogether by his compass, until he met the dawn of May 11 in eastern Kansas. He found himself to be fifty miles south of the course he had set—not bad, considering the fact that there had been a strong tail wind all night long, but not good enough to suit him. He hoped to do better over the Atlantic. He would be helped then by the new liquid compass which was to be installed in New York; the one now in his cockpit had excessive deviation (some thirty degrees) from the magnetic north. He would be helped, too, by a functioning earth inductor compass; the one in his cockpit was not now working, due to a bearing failure. But if the tail wind had been a liability, in that it had caused him to drift off course at the rate of five miles an hour, it had been an even greater asset in that it had vastly boosted his forward speed. He was nearly three hours ahead of schedule when, at 8:20 A.M., Central Standard Time, the *Spirit of St. Louis* touched ground at Lambert Field.

He had flown 1550 miles in fourteen hours and twenty-five minutes. This was farther than any pilot, alone in a plane, had ever flown nonstop before, and faster than anyone at all had ever traveled from the West Coast.

To reporters who crowded around him, he talked freely of his flight and of his plans for the immediate future. He had taken off from San Diego with his fuel tanks only half full, and he had a considerable supply of gasoline left, indicating that his plane's range was well in excess of the 3610 miles which separated Paris from New York on the Great Circle route. He had decided not to wait to attend the dinner in his honor scheduled for the following night, since he and his partners were agreed that it was imperative for him to be in New York, ready to take off for Paris at the earliest possible moment. He was informed of Ambassador Herrick's cabled warning to the State Department, and that the Bellanca group planned to ignore it. He nodded, but made no comment. "I am very sorry that Nungesser and Coli seem to have failed in their brave attempt to cross the Atlantic in the wrong direction," he was quoted as saying. "I hope they will be picked up. But their experience, whatever it proves to be, will not affect my plans."

To Harry Knight, he delivered letters of formal greeting from the mayor of San Diego to the mayor of St. Louis, and from the Chamber of Commerce of San Diego to the Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis, accepting in return presentations (originally intended for the banquet) of a gold ring with flying insignia, a small horseshoe, and a rabbit's foot. He breakfasted at "Louie's" on two huge slices of ham,

four eggs, and a half dozen slices of bread. He posed for a picture with Major Albert Lambert and two representatives of the Vacuum Oil Company, whose lubricating oil, Mobiloil "B," he used in his plane, and, later he posed with a can of this oil, its label plainly showing, held by him above the cowling of the *Spirit of St. Louis*. That night, after a busy day of preparations, he slept in his old boarding-house, declining the invitation to stay in the luxurious country home of Harry Knight. He wanted, he explained, to remain near his plane.

He was up at five o'clock next morning, May 12. He breakfasted again at "Louie's" on a sirloin steak garnished with four eggs. And at 8:13 A.M., Central Standard Time, he took off for New York. Through most of his day he flew in clear weather. There were low clouds, however, over the Alleghenies, hiding the mountaintops, and he had to fly beneath them, roaring through mountain passes at heights too low for safety, until clouds and mountains were behind him. He landed at Curtiss Field, Long Island, at 5:33 P.M., New York Daylight Saving Time. His elapsed flying time from San Diego to New York, totaling twenty-one hours and twenty minutes, had clipped five hours and thirty minutes from the old transcontinental record set in 1923 by two Army pilots.

His arrival brought to an almost unbearable pitch the excitement which had prevailed all day among the thousands gathered at Curtiss, and at Roosevelt Field, which was immediately adjacent to it. Behind the closed doors of its hangar, before which a guard was posted, mechanics worked feverishly on the Bellanca, scheduled to take off at two o'clock next morning. And while Clarence Chamberlin was greeting Lindbergh, the two grinning at one another rather sheepishly before clicking cameras and scribbling reporters, the mighty pulsing roar of three Wright Whirlwinds came out of the sky; Commander Byrd's huge *America*, with a wingspread of seventy-three feet, circled overhead, having been flown from the factory at Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. Gracefully it slanted down to land on the special mile-long runway which had been built for it on Roosevelt Field. Thus, within a few minutes, the number of transatlantic planes poised on Long Island fields was increased from one to three. The resultant mounting tension was evident in the deluge of questions reporters poured on Lindbergh and in the eager pressure of the surrounding crowd.

"May the best man win!" shouted someone in that crowd at one point.

Lindbergh grinned down at Chamberlin. "I guess that goes both ways," he said.

"You bet it does," said Chamberlin.

"Do you plan to take off for Paris right away?" asked a reporter.

Lindbergh replied "simply" (later the adverb applied to such answering would be "sharply"): "No, I don't feel like starting a thirty-five or thirty-six-hour hop right away."

"What food are you going to take?"

"A couple of sandwiches and some water, I think."

"No coffee?"

"I won't need any," he said.

He broke away at last, aided in this by two "public relations counsels," Richard Blythe and Harry A. Bruno, assigned to him by the Wright Corporation. He met with the small group of men who were to prepare his plane for the ultimate flight: Edward J. Mulligan and Kenneth J. Boedecker, servicemen of the Wright Corporation; Lieutenant L. B. Umlauf, aviation engineer of Vacuum Oil, who was assigned to be Lindbergh's lubrication engineer; Brice Goldsborough, vice-president of the Pioneer Instrument Company, who would have charge of installing and checking the navigating instruments; and a few others. They were highly trained and experienced men who had regarded with skepticism Lindbergh's enterprise and now looked rather skeptically upon his gangling figure and boyish countenance. Within a few minutes he had won them completely. Modestly respectful of their abilities ("Each of you is an expert in his line," he said), he gave each a free hand within each special competency, but he did so in such a way as to make it clear that he, for all his dependence upon their individual talents, was in command of their collective effort. "I want each of you to take charge of your part of the ship and, as quickly as possible, put it in perfect condition," he said. "Not until you tell me the ship is ready will I consider leaving." (Afterward, Mulligan said excitedly to J. T. Hartson, the Wright sales manager, "I tell you, Joe, this boy's going to make it! He *is*!") Having seen his plane safely lodged in a hangar, he was driven with Hartson, Blythe, and Bruno to the Garden City Hotel, which was also the headquarters of the Bellanca group, and checked in there, with Blythe as his roommate.

That evening he, Lloyd Bertaud, and Clarence Chamberlin stood together for a brief time on the hotel's porch, talking casually about the Paris flight and speculating as to what had happened to Nungesser and Coli. Around them clustered a group of bankers; the latter were

to attend a meeting in the hotel but, in the words of the *New York Times*, "finance was forgotten" as the "financiers listened with evident wonder at . . . [the fliers'] quiet and unassuming courage." Afterward, Lindbergh was driven out to Curtiss Field where, in his closed hangar, he worked on his plane's engine.

Meanwhile, a series of reports from the Weather Bureau revealed that the clear weather which had prevailed all the way across the Atlantic earlier that day was being blotted out by storms blowing down from Greenland. Nine ocean liners reported gloomy skies and high seas far out in the ocean, and one reported fog so thick that the ship had been forced greatly to reduce its speed. Would the storm spread farther over the Atlantic, or would it retreat to the Arctic? The Weather Bureau couldn't say. The only certainty was that, under the conditions now prevailing, a flight attempt would be foolhardy. To the low-pressure area slanting down off the Grand Banks must now be added one coming down from the north and much farther out in the Atlantic. If the two lows met, as seemed likely, a widespread storm with strong winds, falling temperatures, and heavy precipitation would ensue. Ice would certainly form on the wings of any plane flying there. . . . At 11:00 that night, Bertaud met with Chamberlin, Bellanca, and Levine in the Garden City Hotel, where Bertaud received the latest weather report. It was decided to postpone the departure of the Bellanca (now christened the *Columbia*) for another twenty-four hours.

But when the twenty-four hours had passed, the weather, far from improving, had worsened, and it remained about as bad as it could be for transatlantic-flight purposes during the days that followed. Within two days it had destroyed the advantages of preparation which the Bellanca had had over Lindbergh; within three or four it appeared to have enabled Byrd to catch up. Byrd's left wrist had still been in splints when the *America* arrived at Roosevelt, but these were soon removed and on Saturday, May 15, he went up in his plane, with Bert Acosta at the controls, for the first time since his crack-up.

Thus, as a new week opened, it could no longer be said that any of the planes had a definite head start in the race. Instead loomed the possibility that, as soon as the weather permitted, all three planes might take off simultaneously, adding to the excitement of man and machine versus natural hazards the excitement of man versus man in a direct competition of skill, courage, endurance.

And as the days of enforced waiting passed, there could be no doubt as to which among the competitors was the popular favorite.

Of all the aviators, Charles Lindbergh (dubbed "Lucky" and the "Flying Fool," to his annoyance) attracted the largest and most interested crowds whenever he appeared at the airfield or on the streets of Garden City or New York.

In part, this was due to the character of his rivals. Commander Byrd was a brave man, as well as a highly skilled aerial navigator; he had proved this during the North Pole flight. He was an honorable gentleman, dedicated to the principles of fair play; he proved this by granting to Chamberlin and Lindbergh the use of the runway built at considerable expense for his exclusive use on Roosevelt Field, and by sharing with them the reports he received from a private weather expert whom he had hired. But Commander Byrd was also a prudent man and an executive type whose operation was so richly financed and so efficiently administered as to be deprived of glamour. He himself liked to insist that he was engaged in a scientific expedition, not a "mere" adventure, and certainly the spirit of adventure seemed relatively absent from a camp where between thirty and forty mechanics, linemen, telegraph operators, and other skilled workers were constantly at work; where a kitchen, mess hall, and sleeping quarters were provided; where Byrd himself had a well-appointed private office on whose tables, in neat arrangement, lay charts, compasses, sextants, and other expensive instruments; where platforms and telegraph keys had been set up for the use of reporters, a special section being reserved for each of New York's newspapers; and where a special telephone switchboard with direct lines into the city had been established. When dust began to blow in front of the hangar, a workman promptly damped it down with a hose. . . .

Far different, but in ways even more frustrating to the popular instinct for hero worship, was the story of the Bellanca camp. To Bertaud and Chamberlin, the onset of foul weather had been more damaging than it had been to the other fliers. Their nerves had been keyed up to the ultimate pitch on the day Lindbergh arrived; certain glory had then been, it seemed, only hours away; and in the gloomy aftermath of this, their nerves were frayed. A long-smoldering quarrel between them and Levine burst into flame. By its lurid light was revealed the fact that the two fliers had signed, allegedly without reading it carefully, a contract with Levine giving the latter half of the prize money for a successful flight and also control of the two fliers' services for a year after the flight was completed. Bertaud, consulting a lawyer, was told that these terms were outrageous. He thereupon demanded, through his lawyer, that the contract be rescinded and a new one

signed to exclude such terms and include the carrying of insurance by Levine for the protection of the fliers' wives. Levine was said to have orally agreed. When the new contract was drawn up, however, Levine refused to sign. Bertaud's lawyer promptly charged Levine with deliberately attempting to delay the flight until a rival had made the crossing successfully; Levine could then withdraw his plane, whose monetary value had been vastly increased by the publicity it had received, publicity earned largely by the efforts of Bertaud and Chamberlin. Bertaud himself, shuddering away from the impression of him being made on the public mind, issued a statement in which he denied that his motives were sordidly mercenary. There wasn't enough money in the world to pay a man for such a flight, said he, and he would not accept one penny of the prize money; neither would his wife accept a penny of insurance from any policy whose premiums were paid by Levine. He did want to make certain, however, that Levine received no share of a prize won at the risk of other men's lives. He even offered to buy the *Columbia* at a price set by independent appraisers (moneyed people now offered to back him) and to sell it back to Levine for this same price when the flight was completed. Angrily, Levine refused, emerging from acrimonious conference to hint broadly that Bertaud was about to be discharged from the *Columbia* organization. Levine was now sorry, he said, that he had not sold the plane to Lindbergh; he wished he might accompany Lindbergh when the latter took off for Paris in the *Spirit of St. Louis*. (Told of this at an informal dinner given for him and Chamberlin by Frank A. Tichenor, publisher of the *Aero Digest*, on Monday evening, May 17, Lindbergh said with a grin that he would "try to figure out a place to put Levine.")

But Lindbergh could not have shone as he did in contrast to such rivals had there not been, in his personal character and in his uncomplicatedly solitary operation, a shining quality. Reporters caught reflections of it (highly inaccurate ones, thought Lindbergh) in the very instant that the *Spirit of St. Louis* came to a halt after its transcontinental flight to Curtiss Field. "A window [of the plane] opened and the smiling face of a man who seemed little more than a boy appeared," wrote a reporter for the *New York Times*. "His pink cheeks, dancing eyes, and merry grin seemed to say: 'Hello, folks. Here I am and all ready to go.'" Next day it was said that Lindbergh had "won the hearts of New Yorkers by his bashful smile, his indomitable pluck, and his impetuous flight here from the Pacific."

Implied was a popular delight not wholly devoid of malice: this unheralded youngster, alone, with a bare minimum of apparatus, was

challenging and just *might* triumph over the normally overwhelming power of money, large organization, and a carefully planned self-promoting publicity. Implied, too, was a felt poignancy not wholly devoid of morbidity: this shining youth moved in an aura that mingled glory with impending death, for he continued to seem the least likely to succeed in an enterprise where his failure would almost certainly be fatal to him. "‘Lucky’ he may be," commented the *New York Times*, "and those who know flying believe he will have to be to make the long flight alone. . . ."

Clad in Army breeches and heavy woolen socks, his shirt collar opened, he worked through a long day on his plane's engine, carefully inspecting the wiring and going over every instrument with Brice Goldsborough. In front of the open door of his hangar was stretched a rope, and two policemen were posted there to keep back a crowd of thousands. In the crowd, said a newspaper account, were "many girls" who "simply adore" the young pilot despite if not partially because of the fact that he "seems girl-shy." Again and again he was interrupted by requests that he pose for news photographers, a rude and shoving breed who greatly augmented in New York the dislike he had conceived for them in San Diego. He posed with Chamberlin and Byrd; he posed with René Fonck; he posed with B. F. Mahoney; he posed by himself, tinkering with the motor, and still the photographers wanted more, pushing their cameras unexpectedly within a few inches of his face, even lying flat on the ground in order to shoot up at him as he walked. When he went over to Roosevelt Field to examine with great care the runway he was to use on his take-off, a crowd followed him. When the hangar door, closed for the night, was briefly opened to permit a small truck to enter, the crowd made such a rush to get inside that police had difficulty holding it back. At midnight the roof of a shed which had been used as a paint shop collapsed under the weight of people who had clambered onto it in the hope of glimpsing the *Spirit of St. Louis* in its hangar. None who fell was injured, but a motorist who started his car suddenly, to escape being struck by falling debris, knocked down and slightly injured a man.

At the Cass Technical High School in Detroit and at her modest frame home set far back from the street at 178 Ashland in that city, Mrs. Evangeline Land Lindbergh was badgered by newspaper reporters and curiosity seekers. They telephoned her; they came in person to interview her; and with them she flatly refused to discuss her son's activities. "I don't want to worry Charlie," she was quoted as saying. She herself grew worried, however, as the hazards of the im-

pending flight were impressed upon her. Did she fully realize the risks her son proposed to run? Did she know that many pilots, older and more experienced than he, had died in the attempt he was about to make? Tabloid reporters struck deep into her heart with such questions, hoping to provoke a response which would make a "good story." She made no such response. But she did come to feel that she simply must visit her son before he took off—not to attempt to dissuade him but just to see him once more, talk with him, make certain he was doing what he really wanted to do, and to bid him good luck and good-by.

Accordingly, having wired to warn her son she was coming (he was dismayed: this jungle roved by mad tigers of journalism was the last place he wanted his mother to be), she arrived at the Garden City railroad station on the morning of Saturday, May 14. She was met there by Lindbergh, who drove her to Curtiss Field, showed her his plane, and posed with her for the inevitable and insatiable photographers. They lunched together in a quiet restaurant in Hempstead and were then driven back to the station where, again, reporters and photographers crowded around them.

"Was your son a good boy?" a reporter asked.

"Just look at him," she replied.

"You had no trouble raising him?"

"He raised himself. I never had to worry about him."

"Kiss him, so we can get a good-by picture," a photographer demanded with that tasteless arrogance Lindbergh was beginning to loathe and which his mother now rebuked.

"No," she said, adding with a slight smile, "I wouldn't mind if we were used to that, but we come of an undemonstrative Nordic race."

When the train came in, she gave her son a pat on the back and climbed aboard at a moment when his attention was diverted by a child who demanded his autograph. She smiled and waved at him through the window as the train pulled out. "She might have been bidding him good-by on one of his mail flights," said a newspaper account, "so lacking in demonstrativeness was her parting." The lack was explained by a "deep bond between mother and son, one of perfect confidence and affection which does not need expression." Nevertheless, it seemed strange to many who directly observed it, and caused comment.

Thus, as regards both Lindbergh's personal desire and the purposes of his project, the point of diminishing returns from popular interest in him was passed within two days after his landing at Curtiss. The

two public relations men assigned to him perforce functioned less as promoters of his fame than as buffers between him and overzealous newsmen, advertising representatives, celebrity hunters, and all kinds of people who had ideas or things they wished to sell him. Nor was publicity of a kind personally embarrassing to him all that he, as celebrity, suffered from: he became the focus of an immediate crowd attention which hovered constantly on the verge of mob action, interfering with the work he had to do and the concentration he must achieve if he were to survive.

Whenever he passed within arm's reach of the crowd around his hangar, eager fingers reached out to touch him "for luck." Was he not "Lucky" Lindbergh? When he sat with a few friends one evening in his hotel room, whose door he had forgotten to lock, two news photographers burst in, bent on snapping him in his pajamas; they had to be shoved bodily into the hall. When he made a hurried trip to New York to consult with Dr. James H. Kimball of the Weather Bureau, clad in the much-publicized outfit he wore at Curtiss, he was surrounded by a throng so large as to hinder his physical movements along the street. (Thereafter, he wore street clothes when he went into the city, but was still easily and inconveniently recognized.) Most serious of all was an incident which occurred when he took the *Spirit of St. Louis* up for its first test hop at Curtiss on the morning of May 14. As he came in on his landing, some press photographers got in his way and he had to swerve so suddenly to avoid hitting them that the plane's tail skid was broken. He noted with disgust that most newspapers, though they spoke fulsomely of the accident, failed to mention its cause. . . . Only behind the locked door of his hotel room, having ordered the downstairs switchboard operator to put through no telephone calls to him, could he have as much as five minutes of the solitude which was so necessary to his well-being.

Nevertheless, he managed to get his work done. By the evening of Monday, May 16, the carburetor air heater had been installed; the earth inductor compass had been put into working order; a new liquid compass had replaced the defective one; the Whirlwind motor had been thoroughly checked; every instrument had been tested; and his special gasoline and lubricating oil were ready for the plane's tanks. He had wanted to obtain a dump valve so that he could empty his gasoline in case a crash impended, thus avoiding death by fire, but he found none available whose dependability was sufficient to justify the delay which its installation would require. He had agreed to sell the story of his flight to the *New York Times*, which would furnish a

writer to "ghost" a first draft for him and would syndicate it nationally. He had visited at Oyster Bay with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who had given him letters of introduction to several European friends. He had met many fabulous figures of aviation: Fokker, Al Williams, Chance Vought, Grover Loening, and Harry Guggenheim, head of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aviation, at once establishing friendly relations with the latter and his wife.

He was ready to go. Only the weather delayed him.

And as it continued to do so, he resisted with stubbornness and some success the tendency of sensational newspapers to portray him as a "flying fool" whose success, if he gained it, would be due wholly to "luck." To aviation reporters for the *World*, the *Post*, and the *Times*, whom he came to respect and like, he made statements indicating that he had calculated every risk. He was taking no tremendous chance by relying wholly on dead-reckoning navigation, he said, for he would be flying over land and would therefore have map checks for the first fourteen and last six or seven hours of his flight. Moreover, the worst compass variations would occur while he was over land, between New York and Newfoundland; over the ocean the maximum variation was four degrees, which would throw him off course only one hundred miles or so by the time he reached France. As for his decision to fly alone, he had supported it by sound reasoning, and surely recent events should have convinced people of its wisdom. Who knew but what Nungesser would still be alive, the hero of the hour, if instead of a navigator he had carried one hundred and eighty pounds more of gasoline? Who knew but what Davis would still be alive if his plane had been lightened by the equivalent of his companion's weight? And one had only to glance at the hangar where the Bellanca was housed (though Lindbergh did not say so aloud) to be reminded of the hazards of group enterprise as compared with his own smooth-running solitary effort. . . .

For as the week wore on, the troubles in the Bellanca camp grew worse. Levine announced that he had offered to sell the *Columbia* to Bertaud for \$25,000 (he would not agree to sell at a price set by an "independent appraisal," having spent, he said, some \$75,000 in preparations for the flight). The offer had been refused. Hence, the *Columbia* was no longer for sale to anyone but would make the Paris flight with Chamberlin and some as yet undesignated companion. Bertaud was discharged from the *Columbia* organization. He promptly retaliated by obtaining a court order restraining Levine and the Columbia Aircraft Corporation from permitting the flight unless

Bertaud were a member of the crew, whereupon a conference was held, with Frank Tichenor of the *Aero Digest* in the role of peace-maker, from which Bertaud, Bellanca, and Tichenor all emerged with the conviction that the quarrel was settled, that Levine had agreed to the terms of the new contract, that Bertaud was restored to the crew. Within two hours after the conference had broken up, however, Levine issued a statement saying that, despite Bertaud's attempts "to get back in my good graces," he would "fight the injunction"; he still expected that "the flight will be made with some other pilot than Bertaud as soon as the weather permits." There was then no longer the possibility of a reconciliation between Bertaud and Levine.

On Thursday, May 19, the injunction grounding the *Columbia* remained in force.

3

That day, rain fell in New York; fog blanketed the shores of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia; and in the Atlantic, off the shores of France, a new storm seemed to be developing. Never had the weather outlook been more discouraging to would-be transatlantic fliers; many more days might pass before a take-off became feasible. The only brightness Lindbergh could see amidst the gloom of the immediate future was that shed by the plans Dick Blythe and Harry Bruno had made for the day and evening.

By this time, Blythe had been fully initiated into the peculiarities of Lindbergh's personality and been accepted by the flier as friend. The process had not been, for Blythe, wholly comfortable. When he and Bruno rode to the hotel with Hartson and Lindbergh on the afternoon of the latter's arrival at Curtiss, Lindbergh said not a word to either of them. Instead he asked Hartson abruptly, "Who are these two men?" As though the two could not be trusted to speak for themselves. He made no response whatever to Hartson's explanation of their positions, nor did he speak when Blythe, at the hotel desk, suggested they share a room with twin beds. He merely nodded. And all that night and next day and the following night he continued to ignore his companion, who was perforce a constant one. Not until five o'clock in the morning of their second full day together did Lindbergh recognize his roommate's existence, doing so then in typical fashion. He jerked the bedclothes off Blythe's bare body over which he dumped a pitcher of cracked ice. He laughed delightedly at Blythe's

shocked awakening, exclaiming, "That's what you get for sleeping without pajamas!" A few mornings later, Blythe awoke to find Lindbergh poised above him with lathered shaving brush and razor, determined to shave off half of Blythe's small mustache, a project whose defeat required of Blythe a stern physical struggle during which his nose was filled with shaving cream. Thus the friendship had been confirmed.

The activities planned by Blythe for this rainy day included an inspection of the Wright plant in Paterson, visits with Wright officers, a dinner with newspapermen in New York, and a theater party: they were to go to the Ziegfeld, enter through the stage door, and view backstage, protected from the crowd, the year's great musical comedy hit, *Rio Rita*. In the morning, in his roadster, Blythe drove Lindbergh to Paterson, accompanied by Kenneth Lane, chief airplane engineer of Wright; Mahoney of Ryan; and Lieutenant George Stumpf of Lindbergh's National Guard unit. (The latter had been sent to New York by Harry Knight when it became apparent that the take-off would be delayed, with orders to "keep Slim's mind from single-tracking" during the waiting period.) They had a cheerful day, despite the weather, climaxing the afternoon by driving the roadster up into the yard of Lane's house, where it became mired down and was extricated only after considerable physical exertion. When they returned to New York, it was still raining.

But though the mood of the theater was upon them as they drove east along Forty-second Street early that evening, though pavements gleamed with rain and a drift of haze hid the tops of skyscrapers, Lindbergh and his party did not wholly reject the possibility of early flight. They decided to make one last check with Kimball of the Weather Bureau before giving themselves up to the night's entertainment. The car pulled to the curb before an office building. Blythe called from a phone booth in that building's lobby. And when he returned he bore news that drove all thought of theater attendance from Lindbergh's mind.

The low-pressure area that had been hovering over Newfoundland was retreating, pushed out by a high of huge proportions which brought clear weather with it. The storm that had earlier seemed to be spreading off France was, instead, contracting to ever-smaller local proportions. There was still an undetermined amount of bad weather between New York and Europe and no one could tell for certain what change the next few hours might bring, but the general outlook seemed favorable.

The Lindbergh party drove to Queensboro Plaza where, in a restaurant over a quick dinner, the decision was made and plans were laid for a take-off in the early morning if improvement in the weather continued. Even so, Lindbergh feared he had lost crucial time to his competitors, he having been away from Curtiss all day and out of touch with weather news. His competitors must have received hours ago the information new to him. He took charge. He gave orders so quickly, so firmly, that those who received them lost all sense of his boyishness. There must be a final, thorough inspection of the plane by Mulligan and Boedecker; Blythe and Mahoney must arrange for police to control the crowds which must certainly gather when it became known that take-off was imminent; an official of the National Aeronautic Association must be found to install the barograph without which the flight record would not be officially accepted; gasoline and lubricating oil, the former strained through a 200-mesh wire screen to eliminate any clogging impurities, must be put in; and arrangements must be made for moving the plane from Curtiss to Roosevelt.

The latter two items presented problems. The total design capacity of the plane's five gasoline tanks had been 425 gallons; their actual capacity, since the tanks had all come out oversized, was a little over 450 gallons. Should he now fill them to their design capacity or to their actual capacity? The extra twenty-five gallons would increase his flight range by from 175 to 250 miles, but it would add 153 pounds to his take-off overload, already dangerously high. Was the increase in the safety factor at the end of the flight worth the reduction of it at the beginning? Lindbergh decided that it was. He also decided that approximately half of the fuel load should be put in at Curtiss, the remainder at Roosevelt, and that he would move the plane by flying it from one field to the other. To taxi the plane over was made impossible by the fact that, though adjacent, the two fields were separated by a steep little hill.

"And how about your own fuel, Slim?" asked Blythe. "Might as well take care of that here, too."

Lindbergh agreed, whereupon Blythe bought five sandwiches, two of ham, two of beef, one of hard-boiled eggs, all wrapped in waxed paper.

They hastened to Curtiss Field. There they discovered, to their astonished relief, that neither Byrd nor Chamberlin seemed to be preparing for a take-off. It was said that the former still had more tests to run, and the latter was still grounded by the court injunction.

Shortly before midnight, Lindbergh went to his hotel in Garden City, accompanied by George Stumpf, who was posted outside the door to protect him against disturbance as he slept. He was to be called at 2:15 A.M.

* * *

It was raining again. Tensely he listened to a steady swish and patter of rain, and saw rain, too, when he turned to look through the open window. Silver arrows plunged straight down through lamplight to shatter on glistening sidewalks. The sight and sound fused in his mind. They became, inevitably, a silver whispering of death and the terror of dying, background despite himself of all the thoughts crowding his wakeful brain, for he could not blink the fact that soon now—oh, very soon—he himself might lie dead on the rain-soaked earth, his body crushed in his plane's wreckage. The chances of it increased with every moment of his wakefulness, every moment that reduced, however slightly, his efficiency. Yet he couldn't relax! Every time he began to doze his mind said: "Good! Now I'm going to sleep!" Whereupon he came wide awake again.

There arose in him a kind of despair. He lay alone in darkness, hearing rain, and his defenses against fear, kept high and strong in his daylight mind, were weakened and lowered. Images of death broke through. So did other fearful images so blurred he could not define them.

Almost, it was as though he were a child again.

He remembered how, as a child, he had been terribly afraid of the dark. It was, he now told himself, simply a fear of the unknown. Night and death were fearful because they hid things from the eyes of the body, the eyes of the mind—things which might be kind and good if one actually met them. To the pioneer, the explorer, the discoverer, this fear of the unknown was a challenge; it was something to be defied and overcome when it could not be ignored.

Time passed, sleeplessly. . . .

Turning again upon his bed, he looked out the hotel window. The clouds seemed lower and darker than ever.

He looked again at his watch. Its hands now crept toward two o'clock. In half an hour Stumpf would come in to tell him it was time to get up.

But why should he wait 'til then? There was no slightest chance that he would doze for even a minute now.

He arose. Swiftly he bathed and shaved and dressed. He was surprised by the fresh clear-eyed image of his face in the mirror and by the strength and confidence which flowed through his veins. It was as though he had just awakened from a long sleep.

He went down into the hotel lobby where newspaper reporters crowded around him. He brushed past them to greet two friends. He drove with them to the airfield through watery streets under watery skies, a world dissolving, or so it seemed, in mist and rain. Around the hangar at Curtiss a rain-drenched crowd still waited, five hundred or so of the thousands who had gathered before midnight, and the headlights of cars, blurred by rain, gleamed in great puddles of water.

"Is anybody else getting ready to start?" Lindbergh asked as he stepped out of the car.

Apparently not, was the reply.

Lane spoke to him. "You won't have to fly it over to Roosevelt, Slim. Too dangerous in this weather, with the lighting as poor as it is. I found a mechanic who knows a roundabout way that's smooth enough so we can tow it over behind a truck. He's even furnishing the truck!" He gestured toward a Ford truck, standing by.

Lindbergh nodded approval.

He stood quietly for the moment and became aware of the hundreds of staring eyes which watched his every move, out there in the mist-gleaming dark. He was half-inclined to resent them. They weren't really looking at *him*, those people. They were looking at a performer who, by risking his life and maybe losing it, would give them another "thrill." Worse than that, they seemed to believe, most of them, that he was doing all this merely to win their applause! He turned away from them. He turned toward the briskly efficient mechanics who spoke his language, who understood him, and who awaited now his orders.

"All right," he said, "take her to Roosevelt."

The mechanics jumped to obey.

The plane's tail skid was tied to the back end of the truck. A tarpaulin was wrapped around the engine. And then, flanked by motorcycle police who kept the crowds back, a sad-looking procession began to make its way across sodden fields under dripping skies. The *Spirit of St. Louis*, so graceful in the air, lurched awkwardly as it was drawn tail end forward over the rough ground. Lindbergh winced as he watched from the open door of the hangar.

Was it possible that this clumsy, heavy thing, its wheels sinking into the mud, could actually fly?

It took a long time to move the plane across Curtiss Field, around the gulch in the field's center, and over a little hill separating Curtiss from Roosevelt. When the procession had reached a deeply rutted road and pieces of wood had been found to bridge the water-filled holes, the rain had ceased. The ground-hugging mists were streaming away. Here and there the low clouds parted to let a faint light shine through.

Slowly the plane was dragged across the road. As it moved, the men beside it noticed that masses of blue violets nestled in wet grass by the roadside. The petals were barely visible, as though they were being actually shaped, delicately, out of the dawn's early light.

EIGHT

The Flight

1

THE plane, unfastened from the truck, was poised at the western end of the long Roosevelt runway when Lindbergh, who had not accompanied it on its slow and awkward journey, rode up in a closed car. The runway had been designed to take advantage of the prevailing winds across Long Island, from the west in the daytime, from the east at night, and Lindbergh had decided to take off from the western end on the assumption that he would be away before dawn, while the night wind still blew. It did still blow, gently, when he dismounted from the car. Quickly he walked over to the machine and around it, looking closely at wheels and tail skid and propeller.

As he did so, the crowd, steadily growing larger, watched him intently. They remarked how boyish he looked in his knee-length golf stockings, the Army breeches, the tight woolen sweater. He seemed shy, too, like a boy. The public gaze seemed to embarrass him as Byrd, Chamberlin, Acosta, Noville, Raymond Orteig, Jr., and others came over to wish him good luck and to pose with him for the news photographers. As soon as he could, he retreated to the car and sat there, alone for much of the time, while sealed drums of gasoline were opened and red five-gallon cans, filled from these drums, were passed up to Lane who, standing with one foot on the plane's nose and the other on the leading edge of the wing, poured gasoline through the wire mesh into the main tank.

The work proceeded slowly, carefully. Lindbergh became agonizingly conscious of the passage of time, looking often at his watch. He had planned to be away long before this, so that he might land in Paris before darkness fell on the night of May 21; now, having survived all the other hazards of his trip, he must face the final danger of a night landing on a strange field. But it was not this which most disturbed him. It was around his contemplation of the journey's start

that questions, anxieties, increasingly clustered as the period of enforced waiting grew longer and longer. They were now useless questions, he told himself, and worse than useless in that they ate at the roots of his confidence. But he could not banish them from his mind. He must answer them over and over again in his mind—or try to.

Had he made a mistake when he ordered the tanks to be completely filled? Soon now the last red can would be passed up to Lane. Then the *Spirit of St. Louis* would hold 145 gallons more than it had ever lifted before. When he himself entered the cockpit, the plane's gross weight would exceed 5200 pounds—more than had ever been lifted by a Wright Whirlwind or any other rated 200-horsepower engine! True, his engine, tuned up as it was, could deliver considerably more than 200-horsepower; at an outside maximum it should deliver some 237-horsepower to a propeller which would then roar through 1950 revolutions per minute. But was this enough, in today's special circumstances?

Looking at his plane's bulging tires, he could not but wish that tests for the full load had been successfully completed. On the other hand, the reasons against making the ultimate tests still seemed sound. There was a point beyond which load tests increased instead of reduced the over-all danger. Take the case of Davis and Wooster, for instance: had they not made their final test, had they taken off with their top load from this field instead of Langley, they might have made it. They might have won the race for Paris. Or they might have completed the Langley test only to crash when they attempted the take-off here at Roosevelt. Always the full load was an overload; always the attempt to lift it was extremely dangerous. To run that risk once was enough, which meant it should be run as Lindbergh was now to run it, when the actual flight attempt was made.

Meanwhile, the New York *Times* phoned to the field every few minutes detailed weather information collected by radio, telephone, and telegraph. Chatham, Massachusetts, reported clear weather at 4:00 A.M., with practically no wind, and the same general conditions prevailed along the coast of Massachusetts, New Hampshire's brief shore line, and the long coast of Maine. At Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, the weather was clear, with light northwest winds. At North Sydney, Nova Scotia, the same weather prevailed, with light westerly winds. Clear weather was reported, too, at St. John's, Newfoundland, where the temperature was forty degrees and there was a twenty-mile-an-hour wind from the west. Stretching out into the Atlantic, toward Ireland, was a high-pressure area which was push-

ing aside fog and rain. The gods of weather seemed to favor this flight. . . .

And now the last red can was being passed up to Lane. The wheels had received their final greasing. In a few minutes the tanks would be sealed. Lindbergh sat for just a moment longer in the car, swiftly reviewing again in his mind the factors which would determine his triumph or his defeat. There were two factors he hadn't counted on. One was his sleeplessness during the night now ended. He felt perfectly well and strong at the moment, but how would he feel after hours of flying, when he was alone over the Atlantic? He put this question aside, however, in order to concentrate on the urgent immediate one, that of his take-off down a soft, rain-soaked runway. He certainly hadn't counted on that! Extrapolation of the San Diego test data indicated that, with 450 gallons, he should become airborne after a run of 2500 feet, but this assumed a run over hard ground. Might not the present soggy earth so slow him as to prevent his becoming airborne at all?

He got out of the car. He walked over to the runway and stooped down to examine. Yes, it was soft. Too soft? He shook his head slightly as he turned back to look at the tires. It was impossible now to decide. He'd have to do so after the take-off run had begun and before he'd passed the point, marked by a white cloth on a stick, beyond which he could not halt without crashing. It would be a close decision. (A few yards behind him was the slope down which Fonck's Sikorsky had plunged last September. There was still a blackened area at the slope's foot; in the center of it was thrust a bent propeller to mark the spot where two men had died.) Of course, the extrapolation had not only assumed hard ground but also zero wind whereas he would have a head wind. That would help.

He glanced up at a wind sock above a hangar. Abruptly, he tensed.

It was now past seven o'clock, and the wind had shifted! Instead of flowing out of the east, it came out of the west at about five miles an hour (he judged the speed expertly). He'd have to take off not into the wind but with a five-mile-an-hour tail wind! This further narrowed his already paper-thin margin of safety. Did it wipe out the safety factor altogether? Should he order the plane moved to the east end?

Again he looked at the wind sock which hung limp, barely lifted by the breeze. It wasn't really a wind. Not yet. If it rose, he'd have to move the plane, but to do so now probably would increase rather than reduce the risk. It would take a long time, now that the plane was fully loaded, and he was already terribly late in his departure.

Besides, the wind might shift again at any moment. And there were more obstacles to clear at this end of the field than at the other: first hangars, then blocks of houses. At the other end were telephone wires—he'd kept seeing those wires while he lay abed!—but beyond them lay open country: a low hill fringed by trees, a golf course with people on it who watched for him, waited for him. . . .

With decision, he turned back to the car. The gasoline tanks were now sealed; Mulligan and Boedecker were warming up the engine. Swiftly, Lindbergh donned his flying suit over his other clothes, put on helmet and goggles. And as he did so he felt that he was now irrevocably committed to the sky, that he was no longer a part of the earth on which the crowd now stood tensely watching him. All those people watching him! Yet he had never felt more utterly alone. . . . He walked to the *Spirit of St. Louis* and climbed into the cockpit. . . .

Mulligan, who'd been testing the motor at full throttle, spoke to him.

"She's forty revolutions low. It's the muggy weather. You've got to expect that."

But there was anxiety in the mechanic's voice and apprehension in his eyes. They were echoed in Lindbergh's mind, adding one last burden. *This, too!* he thought as he settled back in the wicker seat. His eyes glanced over the instrument panel and the two canteens of water which hung beside him, his fingers touched lightly the paper sack with the sandwiches which lay on the seat, and his mind said bitterly: *As if I didn't have enough*— But he stopped that at once. He must be utterly, coldly calm.

He signaled the ground crew. The propeller was turned; the motor coughed, then caught.

He opened the throttle wider, wider, until the ultimate of roaring power was reached, his gaze fixed anxiously on the round dial of the tachometer. The needle quivered, steadied. Mulligan was right: the propeller was making forty fewer turnings per minute than it had made when he last tested the engine. This wasn't much, of course; he was being denied only a little over two per cent of the power he should have had, but it reduced by another tiny fraction the margin of safety on which he had counted.

He closed the throttle, let the engine idle, and leaned back for a moment, adding up the hazards one last time in his mind. A slow wet runway. A heavier load than the *Spirit of St. Louis* had ever lifted before. An engine delivering slightly less power than it should. A tail wind instead of a head wind. A brain whose judgments might soon

become blurred with fatigue. . . . He turned when Frank Tichenor came up to speak to him.

"Are you taking only five sandwiches?" Tichenor asked, curiously.

The question seemed, at that moment, absurdly trivial. It opened wider the gulf between Lindbergh and those who stood safely upon the earth and were certain they'd still be alive ten minutes from now, five minutes from now. But Lindbergh answered, grinning crookedly.

"Yes, five," he said. "That's enough. If I get to Paris I won't need any more. If I don't—well, I won't need any more either." He did have with him Army emergency rations in case he were forced down at sea and managed to stay afloat on the rubber raft he carried. . . .

Tichenor stepped back. Lindbergh beckoned to Mulligan.

"What do you think?" he asked.

Mulligan hesitated, then said: "Rev her up again. We'll listen once more."

Lindbergh opened the throttle. Mulligan and Boedecker leaned close to the motor, listening with ears trained to detect and interpret the slightest variation of motor noise, while the deadly propeller sliced air only inches away from them. Then they backed away, looking at one another and nodding slightly. Lindbergh again closed the throttle.

"She sound okay?"

Mulligan cleared his throat, swallowed. Weighing his words carefully, he said in a flat tone: "The engine's doing as well as you can expect in this weather."

Lindbergh looked at him intently for a second. Then he looked down the long runway, seeing the pools of water standing on it and how narrow it looked, narrower than ever before, and how high the telephone wires looked at the runway's end, higher than ever before, and he said, matter-of-factly: "Well, then, I might as well go."

As if he were driving over to town. . . .

"So long," he called to Blythe. He smiled and waved, as the blocks were pulled from in front of the wheels.

Leaning forward, he once again opened the throttle wide. He grasped the stick. Slowly, sluggishly the plane moved forward, pushed by men who were lined up along each wing.

Reporters took note of the precise time. It was 7:52 A.M.

Slowly, with agonizing slowness, the plane gathered speed. The men beside the wings were running now. Then some of them fell behind. Then the last of them fell behind. Still Lindbergh held the tail down (with all the gas in it, the *Spirit of St. Louis* was slightly nose heavy; he didn't want to risk nosing over before the speed was up), roaring

toward a curtain of mist which blurred the far horizon, roaring faster, faster toward the point of no return.

Now, *now* the tail was up.

But how sluggish and heavy the plane felt as the white cloth on its stick rushed nearer, nearer! He gave that cloth a fleeting glance. Should he cut the motor, or go on? He couldn't be sure, but it seemed to him that the odds were slightly in his favor as the cloth flashed by and he committed himself, forever, to this attempt.

The plane lurched as it hit a rough spot, lurched again, and then was thrown by a bump into the air. He pulled back slightly on the stick, then let it come forward again; the plane came down, as if it would cling stubbornly to the muddy earth, but he could feel its lightness now. He eased the stick back, gently, gently. . . .

And to those who watched, breathless, on the ground, it seemed that he *willed* his plane into the air, lifting it with a terrific spiritual effort. He was only a few feet off the ground when he passed a group of men near the runway's end. (Mahoney was among them, having driven down in Tony Fokker's car with fire extinguishers in dreadful anticipation of a crash.) They said later that his face was white and strained, that he leaned forward tensely, that his gaze was fastened on the tachometer.

He was airborne now, but he could sense that he was barely so. He was so delicately balanced upon the propeller's blast that the slightest jerk or swerve would bring him down again. He must *feel* his flight carefully; he must shape his feeling into a precise calculation. He must climb just enough to clear obstacles. To climb too fast, or try to, would be to stall.

Ah! He'd cleared a tractor beyond the runway by a scant ten feet. He was over the gully into which he might have crashed.

Now for the telephone wires. They were flashing toward him. Was his climb fast enough? He eased the stick back, very gently, and the muscles of his abdomen grew stiff with his effort to lift, lift the plane.

Now! The wires were under him, behind him! He'd cleared them by twenty feet!

He pushed the stick forward a little, letting the plane dip to gather speed before he pulled back again, lifting the nose. He was climbing again as he turned the plane slightly to the right (he could feel, as the right wing dipped, that he was balanced at the last pin point of safety; dip a few inches and he'd begin to slip down the air as Noel Davis had done) in order to fly over the lowest point in the tree line. Another tense moment, and the job was done!

The trees were behind him. White faces stared up at him from the rolling golf course. Then they were behind him, too.

He leaned back for a moment, letting his breath out in a long aching sigh while the plane continued its slow steady climb into the mist-wreathed sky. When a ray of sunlight broke through the clouds above him, he grinned to himself exultantly. He was on his way. He was alone.

No, he wasn't! His smile froze.

For the first time he noticed that a plane was flying not far from him and at the same height. Then he saw another plane. Photographers were leaning from the cockpit, pointing cameras at him. The sight stirred in him a sudden powerful gust of anger.

Couldn't they leave him alone, even now? Must they spoil even this shining moment?

He turned his face away, letting the stick come forward, leveling out his flight. The tachometer recorded 1825 rpm. He throttled down to 1775 rpm, then to 1750. With this terrific load, imposing the necessity of a high angle of attack upon his wing with a consequently high wind resistance, he could still fly over one hundred miles an hour at 1750 rpm! Later, when the load was reduced, he would cut his air speed to around ninety miles an hour, for fuel economy. By then, too, his angle of attack would be diminished, making for less drag and more miles per gallon of gasoline. He felt a glow of pride in the *Spirit of St. Louis*. So far as the fuel factor was concerned, he could make Paris now for sure!

There came another tense moment when the plane passed over the Long Island shore. Almost always there was rough air where land and sea met, and for an instant, as the *Spirit of St. Louis* rocked and bumped, he feared the air might become turbulent. With the load he was carrying, turbulent air could break his wing. . . .

But it didn't happen. Suddenly the air was as smooth as glass.

He leaned back again and looked around him. The gray skies were empty; the newspaper planes had turned back.

At long last, he was truly alone.

2

Abruptly, across America, it was as if a hundred million minds had become one mind dominated by one emotion—and that almost a religious one. It focused on a single lonely boy (psychologists would

find it significant that this man of twenty-five was everywhere referred to as a "boy") in a kind of passionate hope and yearning, as if Lindbergh, all alone, faced death for all of *them*, the hundred million, and by winning through would save them from a strongly felt if vaguely defined damnation.

Would he do it? *Could* he?

Experts were consulted and quoted by newspapermen. Commander Byrd thought Lindbergh would "probably get there," that he had "a three-to-one chance" once he got his overloaded plane into the air. Clarence Chamberlin merely "hoped" that he would, after commenting feelingly on the perilous take-off. "My heart was in my throat," Chamberlin said. "It seemed impossible for [the plane] to get into the air. It was a splendid start. . . . It took guts." Tony Fokker believed it "probable" that Lindbergh would land somewhere on the mainland of Europe but unlikely that he would reach Paris since his navigation equipment was manifestly inadequate. "It was an extremely dangerous take-off," Fokker added. "If Lindbergh's plane had carried fifty pounds more, it would never have left the ground." Bert Acosta was frankly pessimistic. "I think he is taking a long chance," said he. "You must remember he is alone and has only one motor."

In London, the flight was generally pronounced foolhardy by people interviewed in the street, though several believed it might "with luck" succeed. Lloyd's, which would issue odds on almost any risky enterprise, refused to quote prices on Lindbergh's chances. "The underwriters believe the risk is too great," said a news dispatch. Government circles in London termed the venture "suicidal" and many noted aviation authorities both in England and on the continent, it was said, were convinced this lonely youth was doomed by his own folly. Once over the North Atlantic, he and his plane would probably never be seen again, for any one of a hundred doubtful things could, by going wrong, destroy him.

In Paris, in the Bois de Boulogne, war aces and commercial fliers from several countries were interviewed at the headquarters of the International League of Aviators. They were "almost unanimous" in the expressed conviction that Lindbergh was taking a "crazy" chance, though most of them modified the harshness of this judgment by adding that it was a "fine" attempt. Clifford B. Harmon, president of the League, expressed the prevailing view when he said: "I do not think that a man can stay awake thirty-six hours by himself with nothing but the sea, sky and air as an environment and a motor roaring away monotonously. If he could only get five minutes' sleep, two minutes',

or any short cat nap now and then, it wouldn't be so bad. But Lindbergh can't afford to risk forty winks. The flight is a desperate thing. But brave!"

In Detroit, Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh's day began with a telegram from Dick Blythe. "Charles took off at 7:51 A.M. today," the telegram said. "He will be in Paris next." A few minutes later had come a call from her uncle, John C. Lodge, now president of the council and acting mayor of Detroit. He was sure Charles would "make it," he said. "Ever since he was eight years old, that boy has been a leader and a doer," Lodge told newspapermen. "I have no fear for him." Mrs. Lindbergh then met her chemistry classes as usual in Cass Technical High School, having left word at her home and with school authorities that she was not to be disturbed.

Along the early path of her son's flight, people climbed into trees and onto rooftops; they gathered into crowds in the streets to catch a glimpse of his plane. All over the country people huddled before radio loudspeakers and before newspaper bulletin boards to hear or read the latest "flash bulletins," and on ten thousand streets, in a million stores and offices and factories, Lindbergh and his chances were the principal, almost the sole topic of conversation. Atlases were opened and wall maps tacked up in myriad rooms, whereupon to trace the flier's reported locations.

Because he flew his overloaded plane very low over New England, his progress across Connecticut and Rhode Island and eastern Massachusetts was very closely tracked. At 9:05 Eastern Standard Time he was over the village of East Greenwich, on Narragansett Bay in Rhode Island; at 9:15 he was over Middleboro, Massachusetts; and at 9:40 he was over Halifax, Massachusetts. Here, according to reports, he flew barely one hundred feet above the ground, appearing to brush the treetops; moreover, his plane was "wobbling," his engine "missing." This caused great anxiety all across the land since there was no further report of him for more than two hours thereafter, he having left the Massachusetts shore a few miles north of Plymouth and headed northeastward across open sea toward Nova Scotia. The popular anxiety was somewhat relieved, however, by men knowledgeable in the field of aviation who explained to reporters that a Wright Whirlwind, being a radial engine, often sounded to those on the ground as though some of its nine cylinders were missing when in fact it was functioning perfectly. They added as proof positive that Lindbergh's motor was hitting on all cylinders the fact that he remained

in flight beyond Halifax. With his overload he'd have been forced down "at once" had a single cylinder begun to miss.

Meanwhile, Lindbergh, as the news bulletins said, faced the first test of his skill as navigator over water, though he had flown over land at night with "amazing accuracy" on his hop from San Diego to St. Louis. He passed the test with honors. At 11:45 Eastern Standard Time he was over Tusket, Nova Scotia (he'd hit the coast within six miles of the point he'd aimed for), flying low, it was said, and "very fast." At 3:05 Eastern Standard Time he was over Mulgrave, on the narrow strait separating Nova Scotia from Cape Breton Island; he had flown around some storms by then and was, said the reports, so high that his plane, bearing its now famous "N-X-211" on the wing, could be identified only through powerful binoculars. Forty minutes later he passed over Main à Dieu on the coast of Cape Breton Island (he was "very low" again) and again headed out to sea, a shorter sea hop this time, northeast toward Newfoundland. Over the French islands of Saint Pierre and Miquelon he flew, then over and along the mountainous cliffs of the Burin Peninsula. Enormous swamps, scattered farms, villages, forests, mountains passed beneath his wings. Newfoundland. The New Found Land. And afternoon faded toward evening. . . .

In the late afternoon Mrs. Lindbergh hurried from her last class to her home, through the streets of Detroit. At noon she had lunched as usual in a Woodward Avenue restaurant, giving no sign of apprehension, but now she awaited eagerly the latest bulletins of her son's flight, phoned to her by the Detroit *Free-Press* as soon as they were received. Reluctantly, under great pressure, she made a statement to reporters: "Tomorrow, Saturday, a holiday for me, will be either the happiest day of my whole life, or the saddest. Saturday afternoon at three o'clock I shall begin looking for word from Paris—not before that. . . . Perhaps I shall not worry, however, if the hours of Saturday afternoon drag along until evening—but I know I shall receive word that my boy has successfully covered the long journey. . . . It will be a happy message."

And her son, at about that time, approaching the capital of Newfoundland, made the only deliberate deviation he would make during the whole of his flight from the great curved line he'd drawn on his Mercator chart in San Diego. He detoured slightly to the north in order to pass over the town of St. John's, getting a last sure "fix" upon the American continent before heading eastward. When above the town, he dove down to within a hundred feet or so of the buildings,

the wharves, the ships in the harbor, heading straight for the gap between two ranges of low mountains through which the harbor was joined to the wild, gray immensities of the Atlantic. He knifed through the gap, backed, it was said, by a tail wind "approaching gale force" (it would "help him along his way") and swiftly disappeared.

Thus, shortly after eight o'clock in New York (the city was on Daylight Saving Time), he flew beyond the sight and sound of men, alone into the night over a desolate waste of waters. . . .

In New York's Yankee Stadium that Friday night, forty thousand people were gathered to see a prize fight between a heavyweight named Sharkey and a heavyweight named Maloney. Before the fight, Joe Humphreys, the fight announcer, called upon the great crowd to rise for a moment in silent prayer for Lindbergh. The throng stood up in a single motion, as if it were a single body. A great hush settled down upon it; silence seemed to descend from the star-spangled skies onto ranks of bared, bowed heads.

In one of New York's great hotels that Friday night, the American Iron and Steel Institute held its annual banquet. They were to hear Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the board of U. S. Steel, eulogize President Calvin Coolidge (businessmen should "keep away" from the President so long as he "is doing the right thing") while calling for both "perfect competition" and "perfect co-operation" in economic affairs (" . . . there is no contradiction . . . in those words . . ."), but before they did so the toastmaster pointed to an American flag upon the table before him. "I am proud to live under that flag," he said, in tones throbbing with emotion. "I am thinking of a young American boy who left this morning for Paris with a sandwich in his pocket. May God deliver him there safely." This provoked a prolonged storm of applause.

On several of New York's radio stations that Friday night was broadcast a song composed and sung by a trio known as the Bonnie Laddies. It would be reprinted in next morning's papers, with the Bonnie Laddies' proud permission:

"Captain Lindbergh, we're with you.
Won't you, please, come smiling through?
Keep her going, give her the steam.
You'll soon reach the land of your dream.

It took the boy from the west to do it.
He sure has shown us the way.
He will be showered with kisses.
He is the boy of the day."

And those same papers, and hundreds of others all over America, would also carry a brief column by the famous "cowboy humorist," Will Rogers, writing from Concord, New Hampshire. "No attempt at jokes today," the column began. "A slim, tall, bashful, smiling American boy is somewhere over the middle of the Atlantic ocean, where no lone human being has ever ventured before. . . ."

But perhaps the nation's sense of awe and mystery as it contemplated the hero's adventure, unfolding now amidst the silence of the unknown, was best conveyed by the great newspaper artist, Daniel R. Fitzpatrick, in a drawing he made for Friday evening's *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Somber in conception and execution, the drawing was very simple. The lower fourth of it was a wide, empty sea, the rest an immense and gloomy sky, threatful of storm. And in the center of that sky, poised in a defiance at once magnificent and pathetic, was a tiny plane.

3

Beyond the mountain guardians of St. John's harbor, Lindbergh eased the stick back and climbed slowly, with a minimum loss of forward speed, into the evening sky. By now the overload on his plane was mostly gone; he'd used a third of his fuel, some 150 gallons, and the *Spirit of St. Louis* was nearly 920 pounds lighter than it had been when it narrowly cleared those wires at the edge of Roosevelt Field. He could maneuver easily now and make well over one hundred miles an hour, with the wind behind him, while throttling down to 1600 rpm and leaning out his gasoline mixture until the engine's smooth roar grew slightly roughened.

Behind him (he turned in his seat to take a farewell look), Newfoundland's mountains, blackly silhouetted against the western sky, seemed to be sinking slowly, steadily into the sea. Below him, that sea, already black with the coming of night, was streaked with gray threads moving from west to east, as though unraveled from a spool where the wind brushed the waters. Ahead of him the dark air was mottled with white where, here and there, floated islands of fog. Then, all at once, it seemed to him that the sky mirrored the sea (or did the sea mirror the sky?), for he saw that there were white islands floating below him, too, in the water.

Icebergs!

At first he saw only a few craggy islands of ice. Then there were

many of them; the sea was dotted with them as far as he could look in every direction. And as the icebergs multiplied, so did the fog islands ahead of him. He saw, with a faint but rising apprehension, that the wisps of fog were flowing together, forming banks; soon they formed a solid layer which masked the sea as he climbed. Slowly and steadily he climbed, but the fog rose with him. After a while there was not only a floor of cloud beneath him, there was also a pillar of cloud beside him, and another ahead of him, then another beside and another ahead—great towering masses of cloud. Still he climbed.

Night rose out of the east to cover him. Stars twinkled in the blackest sky he'd ever seen.

He came at last to a wall of cloud so high he could not top it, so wide he could not detour around it without serious loss of time and gas (and who could know but what where'd be another wall to the left or right?). He tightened his safety belt. He pushed forward on the stick, lowering slightly the plane's nose. He plunged straight into the black turbulence of the cloud, feeling the bump and jar of angry air buffeting his plane, flying wholly by instruments in pitch darkness two miles above the sea.

His gaze flicked from altimeter to turn and bank indicator and then to the dial indicating air speed. He turned his flashlight upon the cylinder where rode, delicately balanced, the compass and level, for the radium figures on this instrument glowed too faintly for him to read them without the flash's beam. He counted heavily, now, upon all his instruments; he had to repress his body's instincts when these were contradicted by what he read upon the glowing dials.

He became aware of the cold; he buttoned up his flying suit. When you got above ten thousand feet in that latitude, and especially at night, you could expect the air to grow icy cold.

Ice!

Quickly he jerked his glove off and, through the cockpit window, thrust his bare hand out into the screaming wind stream. Quickly he drew his hand back; slivers and pellets of ice had stung his flesh. He switched on his flashlight and sent its beam glancing along a wing strut and along the lower leading edge of the wing. The entering wedge of the strut glittered and showed roughness; it was coated with ice; and when he sent the beam straight out he saw that the whole of the black air was streaked with sleet. The veil of fatigue which had been blurring his perceptions was abruptly stripped away.

He was in danger! He was in mortal danger! Ice not only weighted

down a plane, it could so change the curve of a wing as to plunge a plane into the sea within minutes.

Fighting down a tide of panic, he began to turn his plane around, for he must fly straight back into that portion of the sky where he *knew* the air was clear. He must, at once! Only by great effort of will did he make a long slow turn (fear told him the turn indicator was icing up, that the plane might soon go out of control) instead of a swift curve, which might have caused him to skid dangerously down the air. Again and again he flashed his light upon the liquid compass (the untried earth inductor was not to be trusted, he felt, in this crisis) and checked his altitude carefully, leveling out when at last the instruments told him that he was indeed going back the way he had come. Yet still he flew blind and still the ice coated, ever more quickly, the wing struts and the leading edges of the wing itself. Would he never—?

Then he burst out of the cloud. He was under stars again, out of the ice storm, but headed toward Newfoundland, not Ireland.

And so again he turned his plane, 180 degrees in a long curve.

Thereafter he flew around the great thunderheads which towered above the tumbled floor of cloud as he headed eastward. In the dim light of stars he saw a world of wild, weird beauty, awesome, coldly indifferent to him (how tiny, how insignificant he felt amidst those mountains and canyons and pillars of cloud!), yet inspiring to him as no other beauty had ever been. How grand these dreamlike mountain ranges! How awesome their turmoil as they opened up or closed down, in stupendous rolling waves, the paths his plane might follow! How vast the space across which, at 186,000 miles per second for thousands of years, had traveled most of the starlight which now, this instant, struck his eyes! He shivered a little, drawing himself together in the cockpit. Terror and exaltation mingled in his soul.

He remembered how, as a boy, in those far-off summers on the Minnesota farm, he had gone alone into the field of tall timothy or redtop, had lain down upon his back, hidden from all eyes in a cozy nest of grass, and had gazed for hours up into the blue sky where great white cumulus clouds were floating. What was it like up there? he had wondered. How delicious it would be, he had thought, to ride up and down those billowing slopes of cloud or dive deep into their cool and secret hearts! In that strange lovely upper world a man might know many truths denied the earthbound; a man, up there, might be truly free.

Well, the boy become a man knew that the freedom of the upper

air must be paid for in coins of danger. He knew that clouds, which had a peaceful abstract beauty for those who viewed them from the ground, had hearts of darkness and were often harsh with danger for those who challenged them in the air. Yet even now he could feel something of what the boy on the farm had felt on those long-ago summer afternoons: the cockpit of the *Spirit of St. Louis* ("this little box with fabric walls," he called it) was like that nest of grass in which the boy had huddled, hidden and alone, under the enormous sky. So warm it was, even with its windows open, compared to the coldness of infinity. A warm, cozy nest. . . .

And then he had to jerk his head back and slap his cheeks briskly, driving away the sleep which, denied him last night, now gathered around him in fatal waves of blackness, threatening to overwhelm him. Sleep, which would have been his greatest friend last night, was to-night his greatest enemy.

He was grateful, in a way, for the clouds. They broke the monotony which might have lulled him to sleep; they forced him to pay attention. Whenever he deviated from the line of flight he had drawn in San Diego (how long ago *that* seemed!) on maps of the North Atlantic he had obtained there, he must make precise calculations of times and distances. If he flew thirty degrees to the south of that line for ten minutes, in order to avoid an icy cloud, he must correct the error by flying thirty degrees to the north of the line for ten minutes, and at the same speed. Moreover, he must make allowances for the fact that air speed and ground (or sea) speed were by no means identical. When he made eighty-five miles an hour air speed, which is what the indicator said he made at that moment (he was climbing a little), he made well over one hundred miles an hour over the waves far below—for the air moved in the same direction as he moved at something more than thirty miles an hour. . . . Yes, he must pay attention; it was the price of his survival.

But his aching tiredness remained constant. Out of it came, as had come the night before, a fear undefined in itself which, fastening first on one thing, then another, was defined for the moment by each of these.

In the dusk of the evening he had worried about splashes of mud on the underside of the wing; they would slow his air speed slightly. In the darkness of night he worried about the ice coating which, though evaporating from struts and wing, did so very slowly. And from time to time all through the night he had spasms of acute anxiety over his navigation. Something might have happened to the compasses to

throw their readings completely off! Of course those readings *seemed* to check against the constellation overhead; the North Star seemed to stand where it ought to stand, high in the sky at his left, if he were on course. He couldn't be certain he'd not made a mistake, however, and if his total flight were very far off course—if he had failed to make accurately just one of hundreds of swift calculations—he might be headed for Africa, or Norway, instead of toward Ireland, England, France.

He was experiencing, he knew, the shortest night any man in that latitude had ever experienced. Because the earth turned from west to east and he was flying west to east, he flew toward a rising sun. He had, for his night, less than two hours of full darkness. Those hours seemed to him, however, very long.

After a while, he noticed a strange thing. The clouds at his left were more sharply defined than those at his right. Why? The answer came to him at once, bringing relief to his anxious soul; the moon was rising (he had forgotten the moon), soon to be followed by the sun, and it was being heralded by a wash of reddish silver over the clouds.

But his relief ended abruptly in panic. The moon was rising at his *left*! Shouldn't it be rising at his right? Wasn't he headed far to the south of his proper course?

His drooping mind, jerked taut, shaped the wave of panic into a solid and limited object of reason. He recognized the problem. Swiftly he solved it.

The North Star, the constellation overhead, the instruments—all told him he might be heading as much as ten degrees south of the route he had mapped, but no more than that. What he must remember was that his route was the Great Circle, and that he therefore crossed each meridian at a slightly different angle from the one before and must expect that heavenly bodies which rose at his right when he left New York would rise at his left as he approached Paris.

Not that he was approaching Paris now. He was not halfway across the ocean. But he had gone far enough on his journey to justify a moonrise somewhat to the left of his line of flight.

He smiled to himself. He felt that he had gone far enough, also, to justify a conviction that he belonged now more to Europe than America. Theretofore his mind had had as its point of reference the scene of his departure; it had cast back along the way he had come. Now it had as its reference point the approaching scene of his arrival; it cast forward along the way he would go.

The moon rose above the clouds, lighting with its glow a weirdly lovely skyscape. His became a world of stupendous silver forms, of magnificent silver vistas, stretching infinitely on all sides of him under a sky no longer black but deeply, darkly purple. Then, as he flew into a thin mist, came the twilight of dawn, and he saw far below through breaks in the clouds a gray Atlantic streaked with foam where a gale must be blowing. He exulted. The tail wind sped him faster on his way than he had dared hope for, provided he made no grave errors of navigation.

He was less vulnerable now to a fatal shortage of fuel. He was also less vulnerable to his great enemy, sleep. Monotony, a dull sameness or absence of sensation—this was a weapon strengthened in the hands of his enemy by the darkness of night. It was weakened by the light of day. As the rising sun burnt away the mists, the width and variety of his visual world increased, and variety was what he needed for wakefulness. Novelty of sensation was as spur and whip to his flagging attention.

Thereafter he used this spur and whip deliberately. He refrained from placing in their cockpit frames the panes of glass which would have walled out the cold and muffled the roar of the engine. He varied the height of his flight, sometimes climbing miles above the ocean, sometimes skimming barely ten feet above the waves. Once he took smelling salts from his first-aid kit and, holding them to his nose, was dismayed to find that (his senses being so dulled by fatigue) he couldn't smell them. He played games with his mind, speculating on everything he noticed, carefully calculating and recalculating his fuel consumption, his direction, the probable effect of wind drift; keeping an hour-by-hour log of his voyage, and remembering in vivid detail (as he would record long afterward) scenes from his past life.

And so the long hours passed. Morning passed. Afternoon came on and advanced, the sun sinking behind him more rapidly than it had ever done before, and he began to pray that he might see land before that sun went down.

4

In the twenty-seventh hour of his flight he noticed below him and to his right some black spots upon the water. He focused on one of them. It was a boat! He was over a fleet of small fishing boats! Instantly his every sense was alert; this could only mean that he was

approaching land, and the sun still stood high behind him in the west. Now, for the first time, he might check absolutely his navigation.

He turned and dove down across one of the boats, seeing on it no sign of life. Then, very low, he circled another. Its deck was empty, too, but he glimpsed a man's head thrust through a porthole below deck. He circled back, closed the throttle, and, passing the man's head less than fifty feet away, shouted as loudly as he could: "Which way is Ireland?" The man's face remained expressionless and silent. Lindbergh circled and tried again, and again received no response. Puzzled, half-angry, he again climbed the air, determined to waste no more minutes and gasoline. Anyway, he was near land, he told himself. He *must* be.

And in the twenty-eighth hour of his flight, he saw land!

At first it looked like a dark cloud on the northeastern horizon (he had been flying through rain squalls). Then he saw that it was solid, stationary, and he veered to the left, off course, to look at it. It rose slowly out of the sea as he approached—a rugged coastline, rocky islands guarding inlets, high green hills—and with it rose both his spirit and his plane as he climbed to gain a wider perspective. He checked what he saw below against what he saw upon the chart spread out upon his knees. He gasped with joyful amazement.

That was Ireland, all right! Not only that, but he had hit the southwestern coast almost precisely where, according to the line on his chart, he should have done so! That was Dingle Bay down there.

He had done this despite all the detours he had had to make in the night, despite the fact that his compass needles had for long periods wavered so widely that he must guess at their readings. He had accomplished a masterpiece of navigation—one worthy of that genius of dead reckoning, Christopher Columbus—and he could know, in his exultancy, that it would be recognized as such by fellow professional fliers, the men whose opinions he most respected. ("To have stayed within fifty miles of his course to Ireland would have been luck," one such man would say. "To hit it within twenty-five miles of course would show remarkable navigating ability. To hit it at Dingle Bay was sheer genius!") He was now only 600 miles from Paris, and hours ahead of schedule. Heavy fog over southern England might force him back to Ireland; or, if England was clear, heavy fog over the English Channel or northern France might force him back to that country. Otherwise it would be easy from now on. The *Spirit of St. Louis* performed perfectly, and he wasn't sleepy any more.

He flashed across the high hills of County Kerry and out into Saint

George's Channel in less than an hour. Less than two hours after that he was over Cornwall, England, seeing below him in clear air toylike houses and tiny fields separated by hedges. Soon he saw, beneath his left wing, Plymouth, from whose harbor the Pilgrims had sailed in the *Mayflower*. From Plymouth, Massachusetts, he had flown to Plymouth, England, accomplishing in less than thirty hours a voyage which had required of the Pilgrims two stormy months.

Then he was over the English Channel, headed for Cherbourg eighty-five miles away. He was over the Cherbourg peninsula, which was the farthest western coast of France, in a little more than three quarters of an hour. (He knew then that he had broken the world's record for long-distance nonstop flying. If he were forced down now, he would still be eligible for the Orteig Prize, having journeyed through air from New York to the shores of France.) He followed the coastline to Deauville; he turned up the valley of the Seine; and not 'til then, as he looked down upon French peasants running out into the streets of the village over which he passed, did he remember that he'd had no food since he left New York.

As he opened the bag of sandwiches, he glanced at the clock in his cockpit. Four-twenty, it said. This meant that it was nine-twenty in the evening by the clocks of France. The sun had set behind him. He flew through twilight (it lasted long in late May in this latitude) as he held the stick between his knees and tried to eat. It was difficult. Though he'd had no food for thirty-two hours, he had, he found, no appetite: his mouth was dry, the bread and meat tasteless. He ate only one of the five sandwiches he carried. . . .

Night rose up out of the earth ahead of him, shoving the twilight back, back into the west. The earth below became gray, then black, jeweled with lights. No longer did he count time in hours. Within minutes, now, he'd see a glow in the eastern sky as of a rising moon and know that Paris was there, Le Bourget was there.

Was that it?

Yes, a pool of light was reflected there on the horizon, rising slowly, then swiftly to meet him. Soon he was over a portion of it, seeing the solid pool fragmented into individual pin points of light. A few minutes later he was over the Eiffel Tower, circling it before heading to the northeast where the airfield was.

From an altitude of four thousand feet he saw a black square framed by regularly spaced beads of light but having at one side a mass of lights jammed together. Was that Le Bourget? It must be, according to his map. He flew over it, then circled slowly and flew back, slanting

downward in a slow glide. Three thousand feet, said the altimeter. Two thousand. He was again over that huge black square, circling it. Yes, it was an airfield. There were hangars at one end, and floodlights, though the latter seemed to him woefully feeble, lighting an area not large enough to land in.

He circled again and again, losing altitude, then turned for the straight glide downward. He knew an instant of panic as he began his glide; for the first time in his flying experience, being numb with fatigue, he had completely lost the feel of his plane during a landing. He must do everything, not according to a felt sense of distance and speed and balance, but according to calculations from what he saw on his instrument panel and what he saw when he stuck his head out the windows. He forced himself to do so, with a last effort of will. Panic, pierced by logic, died as he slanted down over the hangars into the wind, into the floodlit area, easing back on his stick, then forward, then back again, kicking first the left rudder and then the right.

He was near the outer edge of the floodlit area, with only blackness ahead of him, when—gently, gently—his wheels touched earth and the tail came down. He was again a creature of earth, after thirty-three and one-half hours in the air; the time in Paris was precisely 10:24 P.M. on Saturday, May 21, 1927. He rolled into the darkness beyond the lighted ground, slowing as quickly as he could (it was nervous work, plunging forward blindly) until at last he could swing his plane around and head it back toward the hangars.

But he had barely begun to taxi back when, staring in amazement out the window, he cut his motor.

Toward him, across the lighted space, surged a sea of humanity. It engulfed his plane. And even through the deafness caused by long hours of the motor's roar he heard shouted over and over again by thousands of voices in strange accents: *Lindbergh! Lindbergh! Lindbergh!*

NINE

The Glory

"The Show is not the Show
But they who go—
Menagerie to me
My Neighbor be—"
—Emily Dickinson

1

AFTERWARD it would seem strange to Myron T. Herrick, U. S. Ambassador to France, that he had received almost with indifference the news of Lindbergh's departure from New York. He was a good gray kindly man, old now (he had been near fifty when Lindbergh was born), survivor of an era and political tradition whose courtly manners were charming in the nervous postwar world partly because they were so very rare in it. A diplomat by nature, he fitted perfectly into his present post. Not only did he love and understand France, being beloved of Frenchmen in return, he was also acutely sensitive to popular moods and astute in his appraisal of their significance in terms of policy. Normally he was quick to see ways in which mood might be made to serve policy. Yet he had not at once recognized that the take-off of the *Spirit of St. Louis* portended anything of importance to international affairs or to him personally, much less an event which would crown triumphantly his diplomatic career.

For one thing, Rodman Wanamaker had been bombarding him with cablegrams announcing Byrd's imminent departure, diverting his attention from the unknown Lindbergh whose effort, in any case, was considered by the best authorities to be a foolish, suicidal "stunt." For another, on that Friday afternoon his attention was intensely concentrated upon yet another famed compatriot, William T. (Big Bill) Tilden, who was engaged in a tennis match against the French champion, René Lacoste, at Saint-Cloud. Herrick was one of 5000 watching what experts agreed was one of the greatest matches in history, arous-

ing such spectator excitement that play had to be halted several times while the crowd was quieted—and Herrick had been by no means the least excited of those present as the mighty Tilden, delivering his “cannonball” serve and making incredible returns, won the match in straight but hard-fought sets, 6-4, 7-5.

Even when informed next morning that Lindbergh had safely passed beyond Newfoundland and was now somewhere over the Atlantic, the Ambassador remained (or so it would seem to his backward look) singularly unimpressed. No more than before did he believe the “stunt” could succeed. He did recognize that it was arousing in the French an excitement which, under the circumstances, seemed remarkably free of chauvinistic envy or malice; but evidently this was precisely because Lindbergh was considered almost certain to fail if, indeed, he had not already met his doom in utter loneliness and silence. A definite plan for the aviator’s reception in Paris seemed, therefore, as useless as it was impossible to frame, and the Ambassador soon turned his attention to other matters. These included, again, Big Bill Tilden and international tennis. After lunch, Herrick with a small party drove once more to Saint-Cloud, this time to watch Tilden and his partner, Francis T. Hunter, play a doubles match against Jean Borotra and Jacques Brugnon of France. The Americans won the first set 6-4, but the French stars took the last two sets, winning the match—and it was while the last set was being played that a telegram was brought to Herrick saying that Lindbergh had been sighted over Valentia, Ireland. Astounded and now fully aroused to the importance of impending events, the Ambassador hurried home.

There he was apprised of the fact that the audacity of Lindbergh’s solitary attempt had so seized upon French imaginations as to submerge completely, for the time being, that anti-Americanism whose growing strength had disturbed the embassy for several weeks. The most fervently nationalistic of all French newspapers, *Liberté*, had editorialized that Saturday afternoon: “Facts will answer the stupid reports that the public opinion of Paris was hatefully unloosed against America when it found out all the telegraphed announcements of Nungesser’s success were lies. Paris, always impassioned by courage, Paris which has not forgotten its emotion of joy when, in 1917, it saw the first American regiments on the streets, will unite this evening in one fervent thought the names of Lindbergh, Nungesser, and Coli. If Lindbergh should disappear in the immensity of the ocean, we shall think of his mother and shall join in the same pious thought—mother of Lindbergh, mother of Nungesser, mother of Coli.” That he *would*

"disappear" had, of course, been the predominant belief all through the day in Paris, not only among French aviators, who continued to give interviews to the press expressing their doubts, but also among the throngs who gathered in the Place de l'Opéra in the late afternoon to watch news bulletins flashed upon illuminated advertising signs. Correspondents for American newspapers, circulating through the crowds, heard pessimistic phrases: "It's too much to think it possible. . . . They shouldn't have let him go. . . . All alone, if he is overcome by exhaustion, he has no chance." And this pessimism continued—seemed, indeed, to deepen—when a news bulletin was flashed saying Lindbergh had been sighted over Ireland. The bulletin was for some time unconfirmed, and in the meantime a rumor swept the crowd that the aviator had been forced down. Parisians dared not hope too much, having suffered so greatly from the false reports concerning Nungesser and Coli.

Herrick's awareness of the diplomatic significance of all this grew apace as reports of Lindbergh's further progress across Saint George's Channel and Cornwall came in. Obviously the French yearned as passionately for the triumph of this "lone boy" as Americans did. Hence the shining image of Lindbergh, who so gallantly expressed the American ideal of individual freedom while flying a plane named for France's King Louis IX, might erase from Gallic minds the ugly image of "Uncle Shylock" bent on carving his pound of flesh from the body of a war-wounded economy. Nor was the Ambassador himself any longer immune to the prevailing excitement; now he, too, was caught up in it, thrilled to the depths of his soul as he had not been since the guns fell silent along the western front on November 11, 1918. He ordered an early dinner. During it, with his son, Parmely, he improvised reception plans. Then, in his car, with Parmely and his daughter-in-law, he set out for Le Bourget to greet the hero in person.

He left the Embassy not a minute too soon; already the roads to the airfield were crowded. Soon they would be blocked by the greatest traffic jam in Paris history. For when *Le Matin* announced, shortly after nine o'clock, that Lindbergh had been sighted over Cherbourg, and as subsequent reports charted his progress over northern France, the great crowd in the Paris streets went wild. Scores of thousands climbed simultaneously into automobiles to drive toward the field where other tens of thousands had long been gathered, so that by nine o'clock nearly 100,000 were massed on the field's east, or civilian, side, held back with difficulty by police and two companies of soldiers bearing fixed bayonets. Yet other thousands sat in angry helplessness

in cars which stood still, or barely crawled, bumper to bumper, in columns extending all the way from airfield to city streets miles away.

At one end of the field, protected there against a chill wind which had sprung up following an evening shower, Herrick waited in a large pavilion. The scene he viewed was a dramatic one. As clouds streamed away, stars came out, and these flickering points of light, making silent comment, in terms of infinity and eternality, upon all human achievement, were blotted from the Ambassador's vision in recurrent sweeps by the beams of revolving beacons and by brilliant fingers of searchlights which probed, feebly, the dark vastness of sky. Now and then the field was abruptly flooded with light as great arc lamps were switched on. And whenever the latter occurred, the great crowd, which grew strangely hushed as the time predicted for the flier's arrival came and passed, pressed against the line of police and soldiers in single movement, as if the hundred thousand were atoms of a single body.

At a quarter past ten a motor's roar was heard overhead. It moved across a field which again was flooded with light and remained so while the roar faded into silence and the crowd sighed in more than disappointment, almost in despair. Herrick could feel the waves of almost-despair washing against the pavilion's terrace, where he now stood, and the same emotion rose in his own heart as long minutes of tense quietness ticked by.

Then again the motor's roar. . . .

It was faintly heard at first, but it grew louder, louder, and there was a surging sigh from the crowd as fingers of light plucked a tiny gray-white plane out of the black void, and lost it, and found it again and lost it again, though not before the crowd saw that the plane slanted down to land. The landing itself was actually seen by few among the peering thousands, but as the plane rolled to a stop a full half mile from the cordon of soldiers and police, it became the focus of such a scene as the Ambassador had never before witnessed in a long and eventful career. All at once the cordon no longer existed. It was submerged by a roaring tide of flesh which spread swiftly across the open field, flowing in a long finger toward the plane and reaching it simultaneously with a Renault which dashed out from the west side of the field, carrying, Herrick believed, the commandant of Le Bourget, Major Pierre Weiss, himself famed as the pilot of what had been the longest nonstop flight in history, that from Paris to Persia, until this present moment. Then the screaming confusion was so great that the Ambassador could no longer make out what was happening. He went

upstairs to await the hero's arrival in a room where officials of the French government and of the airfield had also gathered.

Some minutes later, the glass panes of a downstairs window of the pavilion were shattered by a soldier's rifle butt. Through this makeshift aperture was thrust a blond young man whose shirt was torn, whose necktie was awry, and whose eyes blazed in helpless indignation as he kept shouting to heedless ears that he wasn't Lindbergh; this was all a mistake. He was shoved up the stairs into the room where the Ambassador waited. There he angrily refused to accept the bouquet of red roses which the smiling Herrick sought to press upon him.

"I'm not Lindbergh!" he cried.

The Ambassador gazed at him in astonishment while continuing to advance. "Of course you are," said he, roses outheld.

"I tell you I'm *not* Lindbergh!" The young man, tugging at his tie, was shouting now. "My name is Harry Wheeler. The crowd got confused because of this——" He held up an aviator's helmet. "I caught it when somebody threw it to the crowd."

"But where, then, is Lindbergh?" the Ambassador asked.

"I think some French officers took him to the other side of the field," Wheeler said, "while that crazy mob was nearly killing me."

And this proved to be what happened.

For some minutes after the crowd closed round his plane, Lindbergh sat in the cockpit, trying in vain to make wildly excited Frenchmen, who spoke no English, understand that he wanted a mechanic and protection for the *Spirit of St. Louis*. He heard the snap of wood, the rip of fabric, as souvenir hunters attacked the plane. Then he opened the cockpit door, intending to make his way through the crowd to someone who understood English and could arrange to guard his machine. But as he did so, scores of hands reached for him, seized him, and he was carried away on the shoulders of the crowd, tossed and buffeted through many minutes as he lay helpless upon the surging throng.

He was rescued at last by two French aviators, Lieutenant Detroyat and a civilian pilot named Delage. It was one of them who threw Lindbergh's helmet to the crowd, diverting its attention from him and enabling his feet to touch French soil for the first time. He was pushed unnoticed through the crowd to the Renault, driven in it to a hangar, and there placed in a room which was darkened so that his presence would not be discovered by the crowd. He firmly refused to be examined by a doctor who had been brought to the field for that purpose. He was perfectly all right, he insisted. It was his plane he was

worried about—his wonderful, faithful machine; he wanted to go to it and was told that this, for the moment, was impossible.

"Is there any news of Nungesser and Coli?" he then asked.

There was none. . . .

After a while, Detroyat found Major Weiss who took Lindbergh, with Detroyat and Delage in the Renault, to the office of the commandant and arranged for the removal of the *Spirit of St. Louis* to a hangar, where military guard would be placed around it.

Meanwhile, Ambassador Herrick repeatedly appeared on a balcony of the pavilion, under searchlights, to wave Lindbergh's helmet before the cheering crowd. Not until nearly two hours had passed was he driven across the field to the office of Major Weiss. Here, at long last, Ambassador and hero met. The elderly man, who seemed younger than his years, looked curiously up into a face more boyish and less tired than he had expected.

"Young man," said he, "I am going to take you home with me and look after you."

Lindbergh shook his head slightly and bent down. "I'm still a little deaf, from the motor——"

The Ambassador repeated his invitation in a louder tone.

"Thank you very much," the flier said, smiling. "I should like to."

He then handed to the Ambassador three letters of introduction from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, one addressed to Herrick, the others to close friends of the colonel's in Paris, and Herrick smiled as he took them. The smile was answered by the flier's boyish grin, both of them deprecating the necessity for introductions under the circumstances.

Lindbergh's grin faded, though, as he indicated to the Ambassador (Major Weiss understood little English and spoke it not at all) his concern for his ship. Herrick inquired in French of Weiss, who made reassuring reply. There was no need for concern; the *Spirit of St. Louis* had been rescued from souvenir hunters before great damage was done to it. Lindbergh, hearing the translation of this, looked a trifle skeptical, but said only that he would like to see the ship. He wanted to place the windows in their frames; they were of special design and the French caretakers would not know how to handle them.

After some argument, his will prevailed. He was taken to his plane while Ambassador Herrick waited, intending to drive him in to Paris. Lindbergh's first sight of his ship utterly dismayed him. Great strips of fabric had been torn from the fuselage; the cockpit had been rifled (stolen from it was the log book, a loss he would bitterly regret for

the rest of his life), and a grease reservoir had been ripped from the engine. This damage, however, was superficial, and a close if hurried examination convinced the American that Major Weiss had told the truth: the *Spirit of St. Louis* had indeed been rescued before serious damage was done it. Relieved, Lindbergh smilingly placed himself wholly in his new friends' hands.

With Weiss, Delage, and Detroyat, he rode over little-known traffic-free back roads and streets into the heart of Paris, where his first stop was at the Arc de Triomphe. With his companions, he stood for a long moment of silence above the tomb of France's Unknown Soldier. He was then taken to the Ambassador's home in the Avenue d'Iéna. There Herrick, who had waited long for his return and instituted an anxious search for him through the pandemonium of Le Bourget, and who had then been delayed by the traffic jam on the way to Paris, found him at approximately three o'clock in the morning seated on the edge of a bed, clad in bathrobe and pajamas belonging to the Ambassador (they fit him not at all) and obviously still buoyed up by a high pure joy of triumph.

The latter fact encouraged Herrick to suggest that the flier meet with the newspaper reporters who crowded into the Embassy's lower hall and clamored to see him.

"Just for a few minutes," Herrick said. "If you're not too tired?"

Lindbergh wasn't too tired. He explained, however, that he had signed a contract giving the *New York Times* exclusive rights to his story; he couldn't talk to reporters of other papers without the *Times's* permission. But this was promptly granted by Carlisle MacDonald, assigned by the *Times* to "ghost" the flier's account of the flight, whereupon the bedroom quickly filled with correspondents.

Herrick, listening and watching with a professionally critical attention, was impressed by the way this young man handled himself in a situation new and strange to him. He seemed natural and spontaneous, but at the same time he was perfectly self-possessed. He made swift, seemingly uncalculated responses to questions, yet he said precisely those things best suited to his hero's role. He was a "delightful boy"; he was also a "perfectly mature man." His modesty enhanced his self-respect, and vice versa, as he spoke glowingly of his plane's performance and very little of his own, repeatedly using (as Herrick would remember) the pronoun "we" as he indicated the stages and incidents of his journey.

His average speed had been 107 miles an hour, only a little less than his speed from San Diego to New York when he had been un-

der no urgent necessity to conserve fuel, he said, and though he had had no opportunity to check his fuel tanks carefully before the crowd closed in he was convinced the *Spirit of St. Louis* could have gone on for another thousand miles, "or at least five hundred." (Actually, eighty-five gallons of gasoline remained in the tanks, enough to fly another 1040 miles in zero wind.) But what of himself? the reporters wanted to know. Could *he* have flown another thousand miles? Wasn't he dead for sleep? He denied that he was.

"I could have flown half the distance again," he asserted—and to his questioners he seemed to be deprecating his achievement as he went on: "You know, flying a good airplane doesn't require nearly as much attention as a motor car."

At this point, after seven or eight minutes of talk, the news conference was ended by a highly pleased Ambassador Herrick. Lindbergh went at once to bed and to sleep while to his mother in Detroit went a cable: "Warmest congratulations. Your incomparable son has honored me by becoming my guest. He is in fine condition and sleeping sweetly under Uncle Sam's roof. Myron T. Herrick."

Next morning, while Lindbergh yet soundly slept, all Europe and America read and heard and talked of little else than him and his triumph. The *New York Times* devoted the whole of its first five pages to him; other papers gave him relatively proportionate space, and radio commentators discoursed endlessly of him. No detail of his flight, his reception, his alleged personality was too trivial to merit publication, and so avid was the interest in him that the nation's newspapers used up some 25,000 tons of newsprint beyond the normal amount. Even so, they were unable to satisfy the popular demand; street sales were two to five times normal in city after city and would have run higher in many places if the presses had been able to print more papers. Millions of Americans in thousands of churches all across the land, that Sunday morning, bowed their heads in prayers of thanksgiving for him, and few were the sermons which did not mention him. Of many, he was the sole subject. . . .

Indeed, significantly, it was precisely here, in the churches of the nation, that the outline and essential ingredients of his legend, as it would endure for more than a decade, were first clearly developed—and this within twenty hours after his arrival in Paris. Typical were the utterances of New York's pastors. "Don't be too aggressive—the quiet work publishes itself." This was the moral of Lindbergh's flight as seen by the Reverend Dr. Raymond L. Forman of St. Paul's

Methodist Episcopal Church. "While others were wrangling, a young boy slipped quietly away and beat them to the goal." Similarly, the Reverend Dr. Selden P. Delany, associate rector of the Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin: "It has been a striking thing that while everyone else 'jockeyed' for money and for publicity and waited for the weather, this young man simply flew. And yet—" the qualification was essential to the legend, "—it was not an impulsive act, but one . . . based on thorough knowledge and experience. . . ." Further, Dr. Delany saw the event as "a practical lesson in mystical religion." For, he went on, "while others are paralyzed by doubt and fear, the true mystic makes the adventure," setting forth "today . . . into the unknown, trusting to God."

Obviously there was paradox here—a paradox of planned spontaneity, of calculated impulsiveness, of scientific mysticism—and among those intrigued by it was Dean Howard Chandler Robbins of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. He was sure that "no greater deed of personal prowess and adventure appears on the pages of man's conquest of nature than this lonely and heroic flight." But, he asked, "Could a novice have attempted [it] . . . much less attempted it successfully?" Obviously not. Discipline, "the self-discipline of years," was required, and this lesson seemed to Dean Robbins of particular importance to the present age, with its "revolt against discipline" and its loose talk about "uninhibited self-expression." "It is necessary to discipline the flesh with its appetites and lusts," said he, if the "heroic adventure of Christian life" is to succeed. As for the Reverend Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, he was chiefly impressed with the inspirational values of the flight. "Such deeds of daring in the service of science give immeasurable impetus to the expectations of men," he asserted. "They keep our minds young and full of zest. They put us on tiptoe to see over the horizons of tomorrow."

But perhaps the nearest approach to the flight's essential meaning, as felt rather than thought by the millions, was made by the Reverend Dr. Russell Bowie of Grace Episcopal Church in a sermon entitled "The Lure of the 'Impossible.'" Referring to Nungesser, Coli, and Lindbergh, the minister said: "Caution would say to these men, 'The thing you attempt has never been accomplished,' and instantly Courage answered, 'That is the very reason we attempt it.' Doubt would whisper, 'The chances are overwhelmingly against success,' and the Spirit of Daring answered, 'That is the reason why success is worth the risk of life to win.' In these men we see manifested that indomita-

ble heroism which, whether . . . in victory or defeat, has made possible the progress of the human race toward the mastery of its world. Their spirit is like that of Mallory who, before the last attempt to climb Mt. Everest in which he lost his life, said of the great mountain . . . 'Its existence is a challenge. The challenge is instinctive—part, I suppose, of man's ineradicable instinct to subdue his universe. . . .' There is a fund of moral heroism as well as a fund of physical heroism among men, which thrills to the challenge of the impossible."

Ministers of the gospel, however, were by no means alone in ascribing to the hero and his adventure a spiritual significance. The same view was taken by many heads of foreign governments whose messages of congratulation poured into the White House that day and for some days thereafter.

"Lindbergh's flight will leave a luminous track in the history of your great country and of the whole world," wrote Rodolfo Chiari, President of Panama, to Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States. "Warmest congratulations for incomparable achievement of your heroic countryman Lindbergh," cabled Albert, King of Belgium. "Charles Lindbergh made true the dream of Nungesser and Coli, and by his audacious flight brought about the aerial union of the United States and France," cabled Gaston Doumergue, President of France. "All Holland is filled with admiration for the success of this great feat and is keenly alive to the significance of this historic achievement," wrote the Minister of the Netherlands in Washington, transmitting "the warm congratulations of her Majesty's Government on the occasion of . . . [the] heroic flight." And the congratulations of that flamboyant egotist, Benito Mussolini of Fascist Italy, were only slightly more flamboyant than those of several other heads of state when he wrote to the U. S. Ambassador in Rome: "A superhuman will has taken space by assault and subjugated it. Matter once more has yielded to spirit, and the prodigy is one that will live forever in the memory of men. Glory to Lindbergh and to his people!"

2

When he awoke in the early afternoon of his first day in Paris, after ten hours of sleep, he heard faint but persistent cries of "Vive Lindbergh!" They came, he was informed, from a huge crowd massed before the Embassy, a crowd whose control had required the Ambassador to demand police reserves. He was also informed that twenty-

five movie cameramen and fifty newspaper photographers were gathered in the courtyard, and that some two hundred reporters from papers in all parts of the world were crowded into the Embassy's lower floor, awaiting the opportunity to talk to him. Literally hundreds of cables and telegrams addressed to him had already arrived, and scores of presents.

He donned borrowed clothes which fit him poorly; it became an item of world news that he continued to wear his high-topped Army shoes because no other shoes large enough for him could be found. While he ate "an American breakfast" (it consisted, the world was soon informed, of a "perfectly chilled" grapefruit, oatmeal "with real cream," bacon, eggs, and "crisp" buttered toast), a messenger arrived from the Spanish Embassy, bearing a telegram of congratulations from the King of Spain, and this was swiftly followed by personal messages from President Doumergue of France, French Foreign Minister Briand, and French War Minister Painleve. Briand's envoy informed him that, in his honor, an American flag would fly all day over the French Foreign Office, the first time in the history of France that such an honor had been accorded a foreign visitor who was not a head of state. After breakfasting, he was briefly closeted with Carlisle MacDonald and Edwin L. James of the *New York Times*, giving them material for the first installment of his story of the flight, which would be published in the *Times* and its syndicate next morning. Then, arm in arm with the Ambassador, he went out onto the front balcony to show himself to the crowd; he was nearly deafened by the wild cheers when, flashing his boyish grin, he unfurled a French flag brought to him by Mrs. Parmely Herrick.

Before going downstairs to pose for photographers and talk with reporters, he demonstrated filial piety as well as the wonder of modern science by talking to his mother in Detroit over the new transatlantic phone. At his press conference he again confined his remarks exclusively to aviation and used the personal pronoun "we" when speaking of his flight; he also expressed sorrow on behalf of "everybody in our country" over the loss of Nungesser and Coli. His only outside engagement for the day was a call he made with the Ambassador on Madame Nungesser, mother of the missing aviator (he told her he personally had not given up hope that her son would be found; she tearfully begged him to conduct a personal search over the North Atlantic), and as he left the apartment building on whose sixth floor she lived in modest circumstances, he was nearly mobbed. Several girls tried to kiss him; dodging, he flushed with what reporters de-

scribed as "embarrassment," he being so "shy" and "modest," but which some of them recognized as angry annoyance. This was followed by an automobile ride with the Ambassador, a dinner party (it had been arranged long ago but was fortunately a "rather young affair," as the Ambassador put it), and an early bed.

"All France is deep in joy at Charles Lindbergh's brave flight," cabled the happy Ambassador to the President of the United States that evening. . . . "If we had deliberately sought a type to represent the youth, the intrepid adventure of America, and the immortal bravery of Nungesser and Coli, we could not have fared as well as in this boy of divine genius and simple courage."

Nor did the Ambassador have reason to revise this judgment as the days passed, each more hectic than the one before. For more than a week he and his entire staff worked on virtually nothing else than matters having to do with Lindbergh—a private citizen of whom none of them had so much as heard a month before—and as they did so they became increasingly impressed by the simple dignity, the good sense, the impeccable taste with which the youthful hero responded publicly to the honors accorded him. He "seemed normal and comfortable in every situation," Herrick would later recall; he seemed "instinctively" to know what to do and say. On Monday, for instance, he was honored at a large luncheon in the Aero Club of France attended by Louis Blériot, first man to fly the English Channel; Minister of War Painleve; and a half hundred of the greatest fliers in France. He was called upon to speak. He did so with perfect poise, in a clear, pleasant, rather high-pitched voice, his few words precisely enunciated. He said that the flight he had made was far less difficult, far less dangerous, than the one Nungesser and Coli had attempted, because he had flown with rather than against the prevailing winds. He said that France must not yet abandon hope for her two heroes. He thanked his listeners and bowed with dignity to their thunderous applause.

It was on this occasion that Lindbergh was first defined in public speech as America's "unofficial ambassador" to France. "This young man from out of the West brings you better than anything else the spirit of America," said Ambassador Herrick. ". . . It was needed at this time that the love of these two great people should manifest itself, and it is this young boy who has brought that about."

But in point of fact, the role he filled seemed less that of an "ambassador without portfolio" than that of a visiting monarch—one who, like the King of England, reigned without ruling. He called upon

the President of France and received from him the Cross of the Legion of Honor; he addressed briefly the French Assembly (here he made effective use of a story Herrick had told him about Benjamin Franklin's interest in the first balloon when Franklin was Minister to France); he visited the tomb of Napoleon in the Hôtel des Invalides and also made a symbolic pilgrimage to the plane in which Blériot had made his epochal flight; he stood on balconies waving a French flag in one hand and an American in the other; he visited disabled French war veterans in a hospital; he was given an official reception by the city of Paris in the Hôtel de Ville, the streets along which he moved (the "parade" was the "shortest in history," consisting of the single car in which he rode) jammed by more than a half million wildly cheering people; he was awarded the Gold Medal of the Municipality of Paris; he attended a benefit performance in the Champs-Élysées Theater for the families of French aviators killed in pursuit of their calling, his autograph being auctioned off there for the equivalent in francs of \$1500; and everywhere and all the time that he appeared outside the Embassy he was the focus of such energies of mass adulation as had never before been seen by Parisians.

"I am not a religious man," said Ambassador Herrick in his speech at the Hôtel de Ville on the fourth day of Lindbergh's Paris triumph, "but I believe there are certain things that happen in life that can only be described as interpretation of a Divine Act. . . . Lindbergh brought you the spirit of America in a manner in which it could never be brought in a diplomatic sack."

Meanwhile, in America, where Herrick's speech was at once the most widely quoted he ever made, a brief but intense struggle between idealism and materialism for possession of Lindbergh's fame had been waged, with idealism winning decisively. *Spirit* was now firmly established as the key word of every public discussion of the flier and his flight. The *Spirit of St. Louis* had become the Spirit of Youth (not Flaming Youth, of course, but High-minded Youth), of Christianity, above all, of America; and if its pilot did not show the world precisely what America meant, he did demonstrate conclusively what the overwhelming majority of Americans did not want her to mean. They did not want her to mean "sensationalism," for which the prevailing adjective was "cheap," nor "commercialism," for which the adjective was "sordid."

Immediately after the *Spirit of St. Louis* took off for Paris, giant newspaper ads all across America proclaimed that Goodrich Silver-

town tires were on its wheels, AC sparkplugs on its engine cylinders, and Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" in its lubrication tanks. Nor had the flier displayed the slightest reluctance to join in the commercial promotion of these products. Smilingly he had posed for the photographs, showing him holding a can of Mobiloil "B" over the engine of his plane; he'd posed as willingly for promotional photographs by other companies. And immediately after his landing he sent messages from Paris to the various companies for their advertising use. Said his cable to the Vacuum Oil Company: "In my flight from New York to Paris my engine was lubricated with Gargoyle Mobiloil 'B' and I am happy to say that it gave me every satisfaction." To the Wright Aeronautical Corporation he cabled: "Wright Whirlwind functioned perfectly entire flight including over one thousand miles of rain sleet and fog. Stop. Complete report will follow." To the AC Sparkplug Company in Flint, Michigan, went a cable saying: "AC Sparkplugs functioned perfectly during the entire flight." And within a few days, full-page ads purchased by a fountain-pen company displayed a handwritten message from Lindbergh, dated May 22, saying: "I was able to carry very few things in my 'Spirit of St. Louis' but I took special care not to forget my faithful Waterman which was most precious to mark the route on my maps." Since these testimonials were of tremendous value to the companies concerned (Vacuum's stock rose sharply on the exchange a few hours after the ad appeared; Mobiloil dealers were swamped by motorists who wanted "B" oil for their cars, though it was too heavy for passenger-auto engines), anyone who considered the matter must conclude that the hero was richly paid for them.

But the remarkable thing is that the public—the very public which rushed to buy the products he endorsed—refused to regard this as "commercialism." Soon it would refuse even to remember that such endorsements had been made. It is, of course, true that the moral and aesthetic sensibilities of the American people, as regards commerce, were less acute in 1927 than they would become in the aftermath of 1929. At the time of Lindbergh's flight, large advertisements in the nation's magazines and newspapers featured a photograph of Charles Curtis, leading Republican in the U. S. Senate, soon to become Vice-President of the United States; accompanying it was an autographed message from this eminent statesman to his fellow Americans. "Lucky Strike cigarettes do not affect my voice," he said. "I note that most of my colleagues in the Senate now use them. They do so, not only because they know that they [sic] are kind to the throat, but also because they [sic] give the greatest enjoyment." A citizenry

which would thus permit its elected representatives to become cigarette salesmen, backing commercial untruths with the prestige of public office (Curtis was but one of several who did so), could hardly object if an impecunious young aviator used his hazardous flight to sell, through statements of truth, the products which had helped make his flight possible. It should not object even if he went on to endorse, with statements of questionable truth, products having nothing to do with his flight, or to capitalize in any other legal way upon a fame which realism must recognize as fleeting. Nevertheless, the citizenry *did* object, and vehemently. By the time Lindbergh had returned to the United States, it had become an article of virtually religious faith that he was infinitely above and beyond the acquisitiveness of the market place. Any suggestion to the contrary was morally outrageous.

Witness the anger provoked by Gertrude Ederle when she dared to say publicly, a few days after the flight, that "Lindbergh had better get the money now; later on it may be too late." She spoke from experience. In early August 1926, "Trudy" had swum the English Channel, the first woman ever to do so, and she had swum it in less time (fourteen and a half hours) than any man. At once she had become the heroine of America; New York, upon her return, had given her a spectacular reception and her name was in banner headlines from coast to coast for many days. Now, barely ten months later, she was doing two a day on a small-town vaudeville circuit, almost forgotten by her once-vast public. She admitted that her feat "does not compare with Captain Lindbergh's," hers being "nothing much more than a sporting proposition," but just the same, if she were in Lindbergh's place, she would "make sure—right away, too—that I would make myself rich, for . . . a great deal of life is the business of making money." If she spoke feelingly, she was answered with greater feeling from the nation's pulpit and press; her words were subversive of true Americanism as expressed by the newest and greatest of heroes.

Even more violent was the public denunciation of Gene Tunney, heavyweight boxing champion of the world, when (on May 24) he told reporters in New York that he failed to see how "mankind is going to benefit" from Lindbergh's "spectacular stunt." The conqueror of Jack Dempsey was habitually oracular on many a subject having nothing to do with boxing: Shakespeare, for instance, and Bernard Shaw's talents as playwright, and the recent Harvard-Princeton football feud. He now passed solemn judgment on Lindbergh's accomplishment and gave this novice in the "hero business" some considered advice. "He [Lindbergh] showed wonderful skill, courage and appli-

cation—and he had a wonderful motor,” said Tunney. “But he ought to commercialize his stunt for every cent that’s in it, for in a year from now he will be forgotten.” Then he quipped, “It looks like the mailman racket is better than the iceman racket,” referring to the now-tarnished fame of Red Grange who, during the summers preceding his football seasons, had carried ice in his home town of Wheaton, Illinois. This was particularly inept. Inevitably and very promptly, editorialists and public speakers seized the opportunity to make invidious comparisons between Grange and Lindbergh, and between Lindbergh and Tunney, the latter’s public character being much depreciated thereby.

But perhaps the most striking example of the kind of moral investment being made in the hero, and of its essential ambiguity, was provided by four big businessmen who summoned Richard Blythe into conference with them a week or so after the flight. . . .

Blythe and Harry Bruno, his colleague in the handling of Lindbergh’s public relations, were then passing through the most nerve-racking period of their lives. Special telephone lines had been installed in their office and in their hotel suite in New York; still the calls were backed up by the dozen. Bruno hired a night secretary to work in a room adjacent to his bedroom; still the work to be done piled higher and higher. Every day came telegrams by the hundred, letters by the bushel. Some of the latter contained gifts of money which must be returned or, if that were impossible, given to charities; many contained commercial offers requiring answers.

A phonograph company offered \$300,000 for the story of the flight, as recorded in Lindbergh’s voice, to be preceded by a famous orchestra’s rendition of *THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER* and followed by its rendition of *THE MARSEILLAISE*. Manufacturers of scores of products—cosmetics, clothing, cigarettes, furniture—offered hundreds of thousands for the flier’s endorsements. Incredible but reportedly true was the proposal of a motion-picture company that he “appear in a film in which he would actually be married, the stipulation being that there be close-ups of his face when he first met the girl that appealed to him, and at the moment he was pronounced her husband”; he was to be paid “for this unique study in human emotion” a flat \$1,000,000. Altogether he received offers in excess of \$5,000,000 within a little more than a week after the flight, and to all of them his agents (authorized by him to do so) said “no” with varying emphases and degrees of politeness.

When publicized, this fact added to the popular delight in him,

confirming the conviction that he was incorruptible. It had not been publicized, however, at the time of Blythe's conference with the four businessmen.

They were very wealthy men indeed, as Bruno later reported, "seated in solemn session around a huge table" whence they were accustomed, obviously, to ordering their universe—and they now informed Blythe of their decision to present Lindbergh with a fund of \$1,000,000. Blythe stared incredulously, then asked them what they expected to buy with their million. "Absolutely nothing," they replied. They wished only "to save this boy" from being "ruined and cheapened, when his name should go down in history along with those of Washington and Lincoln." The sole purpose of the gift was to enable Lindbergh to refuse all offers to commercialize his fame. Blythe shook his head. Lindbergh would never accept it, he said. But why? the businessmen wanted to know, in tones mingling disbelief with indignation. Because, explained Blythe, Lindbergh was now free of obligation to anyone and he intended to remain so. The businessmen grew angry. The money was offered "without a thought of placing him under obligation" though, in point of fact, he was morally obliged to accept it because "he owes it to the country to fortify himself against selfish exploiters."

According to Bruno's account, the businessmen "threatened to bring pressure that would force Lindbergh to take the fund as a measure for his own good!"

At the time of this conference in New York, Lindbergh himself, in London, was learning a painful lesson about the nature of his fame. It was reiterated *ad nauseum* in public speech and press that he remained simply and wonderfully "himself," despite the unprecedented honors showered upon him—but if this meant that he remained his own man, free to go and do as he would in the world, it was flatly untrue. Far from possessing "his" fame, he was possessed by it, and by it his private life and personal liberties were drastically limited when not totally destroyed.

The U. S. State Department had wished him to accept urgent invitations to fly his plane to Brussels, then to London, there to be accorded triumphs matching the one given him in Paris. He accepted. On Saturday afternoon, May 28, he flew from Le Bourget to Evèr airfield just outside the Belgian capital, arriving at precisely the scheduled time (he was to make a fetish of this) to be greeted by the Belgian Premier and begin a closely guarded series of public appear-

ances. He drove along crowd-packed streets to the tomb of Belgium's Unknown Soldier where, as he placed a wreath, he was almost overwhelmed by a crowd which broke briefly through the cordon of police and was beaten back with fists, clubs, and rifle butts. He was driven to the American Embassy, where he made repeated appearances at an upstairs window in response to calls from an immense crowd. He was driven to the Aero Club of Belgium, which presented him with a gold medal (he was the first foreigner ever to receive it). He was driven to the royal palace to be formally received by the King and Queen, King Albert decorating him with the Chevalier of the Order of Leopold. He was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the American Club where, in response to toasts, he made (perhaps more fully than before) his dryly factual speech about the flight and the importance of promoting commercial aviation. He returned to the Embassy where, for the first time in four days, he had a good night's sleep.

Next morning, fully refreshed, he breakfasted with Edwin L. James of the *Times*, who later told how Lindbergh had imparted to him, over bacon and eggs, a startling plan for returning to the United States. Instead of taking his plane back on a ship, as he had been asked to do, Lindbergh proposed to fly it back. But not across the Atlantic! Instead, he would fly eastward, across Europe, Siberia, the Bering Strait, across Alaska and Canada, to complete a circuit of the world when his wheels again touched the runway at Roosevelt Field. He had studied maps before going to bed the previous night; he knew the thing could be done and that he could do it.

"I've not told anyone else about this, and keep it quiet now," he said with a settled purposefulness that Dick Plummer or Delos Dudley would have recognized. "But see me in London tomorrow and we'll fix up the announcement."

After breakfast he was driven to the airfield where he proudly displayed the *Spirit of St. Louis* to King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, in accordance with arrangements made the night before. He was then driven back into Brussels, where he called on Crown Prince Leopold and was awarded, in a ceremony at the city hall, a gold medal from the city of Brussels.

He flew to London that afternoon, arriving on schedule (six o'clock). He did not put his foot to the ground on schedule, however. A crowd of 150,000, massed behind police lines along the landing area, was perfectly controlled until his plane appeared overhead. It then began to surge against police lines, and it broke these altogether, or absorbed them (normally phlegmatic London bobbies were

seen running with the others), as the *Spirit of St. Louis* touched down. Lindbergh, seeing the crowd pour in a black wave toward his still moving plane, abruptly opened the throttle and again took to the air to avoid killing someone with the propeller. Five minutes passed before a space could be cleared for his landing. When he did so, the crowd, again out of control, rushed so hard against his plane that a stabilizer was damaged, and he himself was in physical danger (he threatened with his fists a man who sought to grab his helmet) as he was taken through the roaring throng to a control tower at one side of the field. Mounting a ladder to a platform atop the tower, he spoke briefly through a megaphone to the thousands who hemmed him in. "I just want to tell you that this is worse than I had in Paris," he shouted, then caught himself, grinned, and turned to shout to the crowd on the other side: "I've just said this is a little worse than Le Bourget, or, I should say, better." Deafening were the prolonged cheers that answered him.

Every carefully laid reception plan was thrown awry by what had become a frenzied mob. Lindbergh tried several times to descend the ladder and was each time forced to scramble up again. With great difficulty, the car of U. S. Ambassador Alanson B. Houghton was wedged through the mob to the tower's foot and Lindbergh had at last to make a flying leap from ladder to car seat to avoid the clawing hands which reached for him. Glass in one car window was shattered into fragments. . . .

That evening, after dinner in the American Embassy, he informed the Ambassador of his intention to fly his plane around the world. Houghton, taken by surprise, at once and perhaps too brusquely demurred. He was a suave aristocrat. Born of a distinguished Massachusetts family, educated at Harvard and at universities in Göttingen, Berlin, and Paris, long the executive head of Coming Glass (he remained chairman of the board), he was accustomed to having his way in the world without an open display of force or any loss of good manners. He was, however, very nearly overmatched by the stubborn young man who now faced him. Evidently the "we" Lindbergh had used in public speech indicated only too accurately his feeling for his plane. The *Spirit of St. Louis* was a beloved companion; he would not permit her to be shipped home "in a coffin," and this decision was final. He went to his room.

But the Ambassador could not permit the matter to end there.

The President of the United States, in his capacity as commander in chief of the U. S. Navy, was about to order the commander of the

European fleet, Vice-Admiral Guy H. Burrage, to place his flagship, the cruiser *Memphis*, at Lindbergh's disposal for the homeward voyage. (The *Memphis* was then in Rotterdam.) The U. S. Secretary of State, Frank Kellogg, at the request of the President, was about to issue formal invitation to Lindbergh to return with his plane on the *Memphis* and to land in Washington, so that the federal government and the people of the capital might pay him due homage before the President and Mrs. Coolidge departed on June 13 for their vacation in the Black Hills. Plans for receptions in Washington, New York, and St. Louis were already well under way, and these celebrations would obviously be gigantic. After all, could America permit Europe to outdo her in honoring an American hero? More to the immediate point, could America permit the wishes of a single stubborn boy to deny her the fullest expression of her hero worship? America's Ambassador thought not—and at the moment it may well have seemed to him irrelevant, were not unfortunate, that this stubborn boy happened to be the hero who was to be worshiped.

He followed Lindbergh into the latter's bedroom. Patiently, exercising every art of diplomacy, he marshaled the (to him) compelling arguments for the hero's submission to "the wish of Washington and of those who have your best interest at heart." It was not until he phrased these arguments in a tone of virtual command, however, that Lindbergh yielded in an early morning hour—and a hint of the nature of his yielding was given in one of three speeches he would make when, as arranged, he returned to his nation's capital. "I was informed that, (while) it was not necessarily an order to come back home, there was a battleship waiting for me," he would say, with a wry grin. "The Ambassador *said* this wasn't an order, but advice. . . ."

He was five days in England. During them he was formally received by Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin at No. 10 Downing Street and by the King and Queen in Buckingham Palace (as he left the palace he shook hands with baby Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York); he called upon the Prince of Wales at York House and was the Prince's guest in the royal box at the Derby Ball; he was guest of honor at a huge luncheon given by the British Air Council at Claridge Hotel, where he heard himself and his achievement eulogized by Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for Air; he was presented a gold cup by the London *Daily Mail*; he was presented to, and received standing ovations from, both the House of Commons and the House of Lords; he was given tea by Lady Astor; he was guest of honor at a huge dinner in the Hotel Savoy, arranged

by the Royal Aero Club, where he was eulogized by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Winston Churchill ("We all flew his flight in our minds," said Churchill, "and felt proud with him of honors bestowed justly wherever he has gone. . . . We have derived the impression that he represents all a man should say, should do, and should be."); he was the guest of Lord Lonsdale at the running of the English Derby at Epsom Downs; and, as the last of the formal honors in London, he was given another banquet by the American Societies ("If I have to meet many more fellow citizens," he said to the banquet guests with a weary grin, "I'll probably go home on a hospital ship instead of a cruiser.").

On June 3, he flew back to Paris in an English plane (the *Spirit of St. Louis*, dismantled, had been placed in its "coffin") and sailed from Cherbourg on the *Memphis* next day.

3

So it began—that incredible, that utterly fantastic fame which would remain an event of interest and some significance in history long after its immediate cause had ceased to seem so very remarkable.

After all, the Atlantic was again flown by a single-engined monoplane barely two weeks after Lindbergh's arrival in Paris. On the day the *Memphis* sailed from Cherbourg, the Bellanca *Columbia*, with Clarence Chamberlin at the controls, took off from Roosevelt Field in New York, and when it landed next day in Eisleben, Germany, its flight had exceeded Lindbergh's record-breaking length by some five hundred miles. Just a little over three weeks later (June 29-30), through weather much worse than either Lindbergh or Chamberlin had encountered, still another transatlantic flight was made, this time by Commander Byrd's trimotored Fokker, the *America*. Both flights aroused great popular excitement while proving that a cross-ocean flight was by no means as "impossible" as it had appeared to be a few weeks before. They did nothing, however, to reduce the glory of Lindbergh. On the contrary, they enhanced it by providing comparisons against which his feat shone more brightly.

For one thing, neither Chamberlin nor Byrd flew alone. Chamberlin was accompanied by the ineffable Charles Levine, bent on overcoming his "bad publicity" with an "heroic gesture," and whether or not this increased the discomforts and hazards that Chamberlin survived (Levine could neither pilot nor navigate a ship), it certainly deprived

his voyage of the mystery which invested Lindbergh's. As for Byrd, he had three companions—two pilots, Bert Acosta and Bernt Balchen; the navigator, Lieutenant George Noville—and he continued to give the impression that his own function was administrative, essential to the preparation of the enterprise, perhaps, but superfluous if not actually a hindrance to its execution.

For another thing, neither Chamberlin nor Byrd appeared primarily motivated, as Lindbergh seemed to have been, by the lure of the impossible, the challenge of danger, the joy of adventure. Byrd's motives remained ostensibly "scientific": he would study air currents, weather conditions, engine performance: but his basic motives, cynical reporters hinted, were less disinterested. His love of self-glorifying publicity and the lengths he would go to to get it were, said they, enormous. Chamberlin, on the other hand, seemed relatively indifferent to personal publicity and moved by a genuine love of flying, but (truly or falsely) he also seemed willing to gratify this love at the expense of other men's rights and his own dignity. For if his ability to adjust himself to Levine's peculiarities was remarkable, it also appeared something less than heroic when measured in terms of moral courage. Where had he stood during the Bertaud-Levine row? Where in the later and still more revealing row between Bellanca and Levine, when the designer angrily resigned from the *Columbia* organization? And how could he have smiled so cheerfully, with no hint of personal embarrassment, as he beckoned Levine to a seat beside him in the last moment before his take-off? No one could imagine Lindbergh's doing such a thing. . . .

And finally, despite preparations far more elaborate and expensive than Lindbergh's, neither Chamberlin nor Byrd demonstrated complete mastery of his project by precisely defining his goal, establishing a schedule for reaching it, and then landing his plane at the designated spot within the allotted time. Chamberlin had no certain destination when he took off. His object was to fly the Atlantic and break the nonstop distance record, and in this he succeeded. But after he reached Ireland he decided to aim for Berlin rather than Rome and then fell short of his goal by more than one hundred miles, coming down in a marsh where his plane tipped up on its nose as it skidded to a halt. He and his passenger narrowly escaped serious injury. Similarly with Byrd. He aimed for Paris but, because of foul weather, failed even to reach the French mainland. The margin of his failure was slight but nearly fatal. Only the cold nerve and superlative skill of Bernt Balchen at the *America's* controls staved off death for all Byrd's crew as the

plane was brought down, badly damaged, in shallow seas off the village of Ver-sur-Mer.

Such flaws pointed up the classic purity and perfection of Lindbergh's achievement.

Even another perfect flight, however, could not have dimmed the luster with which Lindbergh shone in the public gaze by the time Byrd flew. The flight would have seemed an imitation of his, and he so filled the nation's mind and heart that no room was left for a comparable hero. Indeed, the very suggestion that a comparable hero was possible had by then become sacrilegious. Gods, after all, are created by those who worship them; they are created through the very act of worship; and Lindbergh, by the end of June 1927, was worshiped by his fellow countrymen as no other private individual, while yet contemporary with his worshipers, had ever been. His every word, his slightest gesture, became invested with symbolic meaning. His glorification became ritualistic.

Shortly before eleven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, June 11, the *Memphis*, all flags flying, steamed slowly up the Potomac past Alexandria. The weather was perfect. A brilliant sun shone in a sky whose blue was lightly stroked with high cirrus clouds, and the temperature was pleasant: a fresh breeze from the north, having swept away the mists of dawn, moderated the summer heat. Suddenly, on shore, pandemonium broke loose. Church bells, fire sirens, automobile horns, and factory whistles joined in such earsplitting din as had not been heard in Washington since November 11, 1918, while overhead circled scores of pursuit planes and heavy bombers, more aircraft than had ever before been seen at one time above the capital. They were presided over in serene majesty by the giant dirigible, U.S.S. *Los Angeles*. On the river were dozens of small boats, maneuvering around the lean gray cruiser to give their passengers the best possible view of its bridge where Lindbergh stood, a slim bareheaded figure, conspicuous, among the uniforms, in his civilian suit. Then came the roar of mighty cannon: a fifteen-gun salute for Vice-Admiral Burrage and, for Lindbergh, the twenty-one-gun salute theretofore given only to Presidents and the heads of foreign states.

Shortly before noon the *Memphis* was warped to the Navy Yard dock and a gangplank lifted to her deck. The first man down that gangplank, however, was not the hero but the admiral, immaculate in his white duck uniform, and when the admiral went back up the plank, as he promptly did, thousands cheered and hundreds wept. He had upon his arm the hero's mother!

Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh, arriving in Washington the day before, had done so in characteristic fashion. Before she left Detroit she was sent a telegram asking her to tell the White House when her train would arrive so that a car might be sent to meet her and take her to the temporary executive mansion at 15 Dupont Circle (the Coolidges had lived there for the last three months while the White House roof was rebuilt). She had not replied. Instead she had got off the train at Baltimore on Thursday evening and gone to a hotel, a fact learned by the White House from newspapers next morning. Not until late Friday afternoon, having been located with difficulty, was she brought by official car to the temporary mansion where, that evening, she dined informally with the President, Mrs. Coolidge, and a gnomelike little man of fifty-four whose blue-gray eyes, through pince-nez spectacles beneath a towering forehead, looked at her with quizzical good humor. He was introduced as Dwight Morrow, a fellow house guest. Later she would learn that he was being urged by the President, at that moment, to accept the ambassadorship in Mexico City. . . . It was Morrow who had entertained her after dinner, when the President left to attend a budget meeting.

And now, in the noonday sun, she stepped upon the cruiser's deck. At once she was taken to the captain's cabin. There she greeted her son no more demonstratively than usual and was left for some minutes alone with him ("One can only imagine the sacred tenderness of that scene!" sang a hundred journalists) before emerging with him to face those rigors of prolonged mass adulation to which he was growing accustomed. Or numbed.

He led the way, alone, down the gangplank. His mother and several cabinet members, their top hats in their hands, followed him. And as he set foot again on American soil, the great crowd which had been held back by U.S. Marines with fixed bayonets broke the restraining line and swarmed toward him. Quickly he climbed into the waiting car and was driven out through the Navy Yard gate. There followed a parade up crowd-packed Pennsylvania Avenue, he seated in the back seat of an open car whence he grinned and waved, now and then, in acknowledgment of the cheers, though often he sat quietly, merely looking interestedly from side to side. Past the White House, the parade turned toward the Mall, ending at the Washington Monument where a flower-bedecked speaker's platform had been erected. Soon he stood upon it, looking out over literally acres of upturned faces, the largest crowd ever assembled in Washington. Flags waved. Bands played.

Then he was seated, to all appearances perfectly calm, even detached, as he heard the President of the United States present to the assembled thousands and, through a fifty-station radio hookup, to uncounted millions across America, the longest presidential address since the annual message to Congress. Of it, Lindbergh was the sole subject. He was "a boy representing the best traditions of this country . . . this wholesome, earnest, fearless, courageous product of America . . . a valiant character, driven by an unconquerable will and inspired by the imagination and the spirit of his Viking ancestors . . . this genial, modest American youth, with the naturalness, the simplicity and the poise of true greatness . . . this sincere and genuine exemplar of fine and noble virtues. . . ." The President turned to him, and he arose. He stood, seemingly impassive amidst thunderous applause, as the President pinned upon his lapel the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Now he himself must speak. He used precisely 106 words to say that he had landed at Le Bourget on May 21, had spent a week in Paris, a day in Belgium, and several days in England, and had been "everywhere" asked to tell the people at home that he had "seen demonstrated" to him the affection of the people of Europe for the people of America. "I thank you," he closed. The great crowd, surprised by the brevity of his speech, did not at once respond, and this was by no means the only similarity which journalism discovered between Lindbergh's remarks and those of Lincoln at Gettysburg. "Simple," "eloquent," "touching," and "miraculous" (because extemporaneous) were Lindbergh's words; Europe and America "rang with them for days"; and again, among the thousands present, "hundreds wept." According to Fitzhugh Green, a "radio announcer whose stock-in-trade was routine emotional appeal, broke down and sobbed."

Then the hero and his mother were taken to 15 Dupont Circle where, after lunching with President and Mrs. Coolidge, and Dwight Morrow, he was required to show himself with the President on the mansion's front steps to quiet a crowd which had been shouting in unison: "We want Lindy!" Though its membership changed, that crowd remained of a constant huge size around the mansion all afternoon and all through the night. An incident of its strenuous worship was later recorded by Irwin (Ike) H. Hoover, the head usher at the White House. After the President's dinner in Lindbergh's honor that evening, attended by cabinet members and their wives, the gentlemen rejoined the ladies in the library on the mansion's second floor. Lindbergh walked to a group including Mrs. Coolidge who, from a window, watched "the antics" of the crowd below. "(When) he was spotted

from the street there was a dangerous scramble by the throng outside to reach that side of the house," Hoover wrote. "Good police work was necessary to prevent serious injury."

At a meeting of the National Press Club in the city's largest auditorium, attended by six thousand, he was presented by Postmaster General Harry S. New with the first of a new and unprecedented issue of stamps, the Lindbergh air-mail stamp, and informed that never before had a living man been so honored. He was presented by Secretary of State Kellogg with a memorial volume compiling diplomatic exchanges between the State Department and foreign governments in connection with the flight. He was publicly informed by Dr. Charles G. Abbot, Acting Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, that the Institution had elected to award the Langley Medal to him. He made a speech himself, several times the length of his earlier effort but, nevertheless, brief. Next day, Sunday, he continued with dignity to play his role of National Hero and Symbolic Person. He went to church with his mother, the First Lady, and the President of the United States. He visited wounded veterans at Walter Reed Hospital. He laid a wreath upon the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington. He attended a celebration of the 150th anniversary of the American flag, receiving at the hands of white-bearded Charles Evans Hughes the Flag Association's Cross of Honor. And here, in response to the award, he was required to make his third speech in two days.

Together with the one he'd made the night before, his Flag Association speech revealed in part the basic strategy he had by then worked out for dealing with his fame. In its internal application, this strategy would help him maintain his sanity against the efforts of the insane to destroy it. In its external application, it would attempt to divert the energies of adulation into channels useful to his profession. He had pointed out last night that Europe was ahead of the United States in developing commercial airlines, that this was due to the fact that European governments gave direct subsidies to airlines whereas the United States did not, but that in his opinion such subsidization in America would be unwise. "Of course, if we had [subsidies] . . . they would create passenger lines overnight . . . but in the long run the airlines, the distance they covered and the routes would be controlled entirely by the subsidies. What we need now more than any other one thing is a series of airports in every city and town throughout the United States." In his Flag Association speech he said: "Some things should be taken into consideration in connection with our flight that have not heretofore been given due weight. . . . It was not the act of

a single pilot. It was the culmination of twenty years of aeronautical research and the assembling together of all that was practicable and best in American aviation. It represented American industry [and] . . . scientific researches that have been in progress for countless centuries."

His words, in their circumstances, would seem even in retrospect to merit the praise bestowed on them at the time. (Not everyone, however, including his own father, could have agreed with his implied conclusion that indirect subsidies to private business are preferable to direct ones simply because they are not accompanied by public controls proportionate to the benefits received and necessary for over-all planning.)

Less deserved was the praise accorded him for declining to wear through his homecoming triumph the uniform of a colonel in the Officers' Reserve Corps, a rank to which he had just been promoted, despite the known fact that Major General Patrick, commanding the Army Air Corps, had personally dispatched such a uniform to him when the *Memphis* was off Norfolk.

His decision to wear instead his "simple blue serge" was taken as further evidence of his unerring good taste and sound judgment. Actually, as Harry Bruno revealed publicly years later, the decision was not Lindbergh's at all. He had been delighted when Dick Blythe, who brought it, unpacked the uniform. He had put it on at once, gazing admiringly upon his reflection in the stateroom mirror and chortling boyishly that this was "pretty good for a mail pilot." He'd grown angry when Blythe told him he "couldn't wear it," that it was "bad medicine" because it would "label" him and thus destroy his present position as *everybody's* hero. Lindbergh, whose desire to be "everybody's hero" was an uncertain quantity, argued with stubbornness that he was already "labeled"; he'd been "Captain" Lindbergh when he landed in Paris. Blythe replied that the flight had been made by Lindbergh as civilian and it was as civilian that he'd received the highest European honors. "Besides, Slim," Blythe concluded, "that uniform doesn't fit you." In point of fact it fit perfectly, having been tailored to Lindbergh's measurements, which were on file in the War Department, and the young hero said so emphatically. "No it doesn't," Blythe insisted, shaking his head dolefully. "You look terrible in it." Finally, grinning ruefully, Lindbergh had taken the uniform off and thrown it across a chair. . . .

The reception given him in Washington was probably greater than any given a private citizen in all history until then. But it was promptly

exceeded by that given him in New York. He flew there from Washington on Monday morning, June 13, using an Army pursuit plane because the motor of the reassembled *Spirit of St Louis* failed to perform properly. (Billy Mitchell, "former colonel" of the Army Air Service, promptly charged naval air station mechanics with incompetent handling of the plane, requiring Lindbergh to issue a formal statement two days later absolving the Navy of blame.) Landing at Mitchel Field, he at once boarded an amphibian which flew him to a landing in the lower harbor beside the *Macom*, official yacht of the mayor of New York, James J. (Jimmy) Walker. More than five hundred boats of all shapes, kinds, and sizes, including fireboats squirting gigantic streams of water, crowded the harbor, forming a loose and tremendously noisy procession (all whistles blowing) behind the *Macom* as it bore the hero to the Battery. It was estimated that between four and five million people were in the crowds that day; it is certain that it cost New York \$16,000 to remove from the line of his parade the 1800 tons of paper—ticker tape, shredded phone books, confetti—which rained down about him from skyscraper windows; and if he tired of looking upon the sea of faces which surged and roared about him as he emerged from skyscraper canyons, he might lift his eyes to the heavens where a skywriting plane traced repeatedly in streaming letters, "Hail Lindy." At City Hall he was given the city's official welcome, received from Mayor Walker a Medal of Valor, and made a brief speech. At St. Patrick's Cathedral he was presented to Cardinal Hayes. In Central Park he received from the governor of New York, Alfred E. Smith, the State Medal of Honor. That night, on the Long Island estate of Clarence Mackay, head of the Postal Telegraph Company, he was honored at a dinner attended by "eighty of New York's most prominent people," followed by a dance for several hundred guests.

Next morning's New York *Times* devoted its first sixteen pages (save for advertisements) wholly to him and his triumph. . . .

Nor was this all. For four days in New York, on a crowded schedule, he attended public and private affairs in his honor: luncheons, teas, receptions, banquets, including a tea and reception at the Brevoort where he was presented the \$25,000 Orteig Prize by Raymond Orteig in person. The city of New York gave him at the Hotel Commodore a dinner described, probably with accuracy, as the largest ever given an individual "in modern history," requiring three hundred pounds of butter, two thousand heads of lettuce, three hundred gallons of green turtle soup, twelve thousand pieces of cake, and thirty-six thousand

cups and plates for over four thousand guests. On this stupendous occasion, the principal speaker was Charles Evans Hughes, former Secretary of State and soon to be Chief Justice of the United States. He was widely reputed to be the most glacial, massively dignified personality in American public life. Said Mr. Hughes:

"We measure heroes as we do ships, by their displacement. Colonel Lindbergh has displaced everything. . . . For the time being, he has lifted us into the freer and upper air that is his home. He has displaced everything that is petty, that is sordid, that is vulgar. What is money in the presence of Charles A. Lindbergh? What is the pleasure of the idler in the presence of this supreme victor of intelligence and industry? He has driven the sensation mongers out of the temples of our thought. He has kindled anew the fires on the eight ancient altars of that temple. Where are the stories of crime, of divorce, of the triangles that are never equilateral? For the moment we have forgotten. This is the happiest day, the happiest day of all days for America, and as one mind she is now intent upon the noblest and the best. America is picturing to herself youth with the highest aims, with courage unsurpassed; science victorious. Last and not least, motherhood, with her loveliest crown. . . . We are all better men and women because of this exhibition in this flight of our young friend. Our boys and girls have before them a stirring, inspiring vision of real manhood. What a wonderful thing it is to live in a time when science and character join hands to lift up humanity with a vision of its own dignity!"

(To all this, Lindbergh replied that "there is great room for improvement in the United States in aeronautics." Particularly needed were "airports closer to cities" so that the United States could develop a network of passenger airlines equal to, or surpassing, those of Europe.)

In New York as in Washington, Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh shared with obvious reluctance the spotlight of her son's fame. Few of the hundreds of photographs of her on June 13 showed her smiling, and in those few her smile was tight and small. She gave the distinct impression of being drawn in upon herself, and tensely, as if she tried to endure with resignation an ordeal to which she was unjustly exposed.

When a press conference was arranged for her by Dick Blythe in the Harry H. Frazee apartment at 270 Park Avenue, where she and her son were staying, she managed to make it as unsatisfactory from the reporters' point of view as any they'd ever attended. Might they ask her a few questions? They might, "but I don't know whether I will answer them." What did she think her son would do next in his

aviation career? "I have no idea what my son wants to do." Would she be willing to fly across the Atlantic with her son? "He hasn't asked me." What among all the events in Washington had most impressed her? "I prefer not to discuss my Washington visit except to say that it was all lovely. Very." Had she ever flown with her son, and could she pilot a plane? She had and she could, "but not very well." Had her son brought any mementos from Paris? "I haven't seen any." What were her plans for the next few days? "They are in the hands of the committee." What of her plans for next year? "I have signed my teaching contract for next year." By this time, the reporters were thoroughly uncomfortable and their questions were separated by long and extremely dead silences; they were actually relieved when Blythe entered to say that Mrs. Walker was waiting to go with Mrs. Lindbergh to the mayor's office. Mrs. Lindbergh promptly arose. With a faint smile, she remarked that she had been about to close the conference anyway because she had "already said too much."

Early in the morning of Thursday, June 16, he flew down to Washington in an Army plane, returning immediately in the *Spirit of St. Louis*. Next day he flew in the famous plane to St. Louis, arriving in the late afternoon, and on the following day that city gave him a welcome comparable to New York's in everything but size. On Sunday his triumph continued, he flying in exhibition over Forest Park and attending one huge public affair after another in his honor.

On June 22, he flew to Dayton, Ohio, to spend the night as guest of Orville Wright. "The hero of the air, in the hour of his success, was coming to pay his respects to the surviving inventor of the airplane, who himself knew something of fame and acclaim," writes Marvin W. McFarland, editor of *The Papers of Wilbur and Orville Wright*. "It was a sincere gesture, and Orville Wright never forgot it." Lindbergh insisted that his visit was a private one; he refused to appear at the official reception and parade prepared for him in downtown Dayton and was assured by Wright that he would be safe from crowds at Hawthorn Hill, the handsome Georgian mansion where Wright lived. As soon as his presence in the house became known, however, a crowd began to gather on the surrounding grounds. Soon it grew into an unruly mob which trampled flower beds, destroyed bushes, and threatened serious damage to the house itself as its thousands of voices clamored for sight of Lindbergh. "Finally Orville Wright, more to save the house from ruin than to gratify the crowds, appealed to Lindbergh, and 'Slim' made a brief appearance on the little balcony of the

front portico," writes McFarland. "To those who could appreciate what they were seeing, it must have been a memorable moment. . . ."

4

Obviously, no mortal's fame could continue at this pitch for more than two or three weeks. Yet Lindbergh's did.

After his St. Louis reception and Dayton visits, he went into seclusion for some days on the Long Island estate of Assistant Secretary of War F. Trubee Davison, whose brother was a partner in J. P. Morgan and Company, as his late father had been, and who was himself a trustee of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics. Here Lindbergh began work on a book about himself and his flight for which he was under contract with G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, while also conferring with advisers on the business offers which continued to pour in upon him. He interrupted these labors to make a triumphal visit in his *Spirit of St. Louis* to Ottawa, Canada, where as guest of the Canadian Prime Minister he attended the Dominion Confederation's Diamond Jubilee. Returning to New York, he went into seclusion on the Long Island estate of Harry F. Guggenheim, president of the Guggenheim Fund, where he worked from ten to fourteen hours a day to complete in approximately three weeks the 60,000-word manuscript of his book. Including some closing chapters by Fitzhugh Green on Lindbergh's homecoming receptions, the book was published July 27 under the title *We* and bought by some 190,000 people in less than eight weeks. (Its author was further endeared to the Common Man when four pages of the longhand manuscript, displayed in a Fifth Avenue bookstore, were found to contain spelling errors—"amature" for "amateur," "carear" for "career"—though its editors were impressed by the remarkable clarity and conciseness of the prose; later, a collector paid \$15,000 for the manuscript.) And just four days after he had delivered the completed manuscript to his publishers, he took off in the *Spirit of St. Louis* from Mitchel Field on an air tour of the nation which would bring him to at least one landing in each of the forty-eight states.

The tour was jointly sponsored by the Guggenheim Fund and the U. S. Department of Commerce. Its purpose was to stimulate popular interest in aviation while demonstrating the safety and punctuality of truly professional flying. And as demonstration, it was practically perfect. By the time he officially ended his tour on October 23, Lindbergh

had flown 22,350 miles in two hundred sixty flying hours, had made scheduled stops in eighty-two cities, and had been late only once: at the very outset, fog prevented his landing on schedule in Portland, Maine. He had made one hundred forty-seven speeches, all of them concerned solely with aviation; had been guest of honor at sixty-nine dinners; and had been driven 1285 miles in parades. An estimated thirty million people had seen him and the *Spirit of St. Louis*. Moreover, the tour had realized some part of its purpose; it had heightened popular interest in aviation. Such phenomena are difficult to measure quantitatively, but an indication of Lindbergh's effect was given by figures on air-mail loads released by U. S. Postmaster General New in October. The air mail had carried less than 97,000 pounds in April. It carried more than 99,000 in May, nearly 119,000 in June, more than 140,000 in July, some 145,000 in August, and more than 146,000 in September. Lindbergh, asserted New, was responsible for the increase.

But more significant to a retrospective view was the tour's awesome demonstration of Lindbergh's continuing glory. The thousands who jammed every airfield, every street, every park and hall where he appeared were drawn, not by their interest in aviation, but by their worshipful interest in *him*—and when he left them, their vivid memory was not of his dryly factual words on aviation, which indeed they scarcely heeded, but instead his smile, the slenderly boyish handsomeness of his appearance, the pleasant timbre of his speaking voice, and the "modesty" and "selfless idealism" with which he tried to transfer their interest in him to the "cause" he served. Moreover, a large part of the vast publicity sparked by his enterprise was devoted, not to his talks nor to his monotonously perfect flights, but to such concerns as his eating habits at banquets (he was strangely reported to be a "light eater"); his alleged smoking of a cigarette in Cincinnati to prove he was no "tin saint" (he didn't do it); his physical health (reported to be "breaking under the strain," it was proved by Army examination to be perfect, though he was "somewhat underweight" at 159 pounds); his rebuff of a thirteen-year-old girl who tried to kiss him when she presented flowers to him in Madison (she fled from the room, sobbing hysterically); his refusal to state which he preferred, blondes or brunettes (he eyed with contempt the askers of such questions); his visit to his boyhood home in Little Falls (he, his mother, and half sister were planning to present it to the state as a memorial to the elder Lindbergh); and his decision to accede to the request of the Smithsonian Institution that he present the *Spirit of St. Louis* to it when his flights with her had ended. Such personal publicity rivaled, if it

did not surpass, Calvin Coolidge's during this summer of the President's announcement (August 2) that he did not "choose to run" in 1928. Indeed, a major item of Coolidge publicity during those months was Lindbergh's "tribute" to him on September 2, when the hero zoomed the *Spirit of St. Louis* low over the President's vacation headquarters at Rapid City, South Dakota.

Everyone marveled that this "wonderful boy" could in his circumstances maintain his poise and retain his common sense. A few believed he did so in part because he had "developed a technique." Editorialized the New York *Herald-Tribune* after his national tour ended: "Perhaps no one can in the line of duty hear himself extravagantly praised through sixty-nine formal dinners without developing a technique. The exuberant cities of America appear to have set out almost deliberately to destroy him with their sentiment. They found he was indestructible. They piled it on thicker. Still Colonel Lindbergh arose smiling through the storm to point out the necessity for airports. They piled it to heights which one had supposed impossible anywhere save on the musical comedy stage. Colonel Lindbergh responded gracefully with statistics of passenger cost per mile. They took him to their ample bosoms. Colonel Lindbergh was heard murmuring as he passed out of sight something about his average oil consumption. His defense mechanisms functioned as perfectly as his incomparable Wright Whirlwind; that incredible reputation emerges without chip or damage and the American people who, after all, don't mean any harm by that sort of thing, will love him for it."

They loved him, all right. They adored him. . . .

Hundreds of babies were named after him (the first, apparently, was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl W. Erickson of Worcester, Massachusetts, born May 21), including a grandson of the President of Panama. A mountain peak in Colorado was named after him. Dozens of parks, streets, schools, even villages were named after him. A Pullman car was named after him and a crack train on the Pennsylvania Railroad became the *Spirit of St. Louis*. Novelty manufacturers produced Lindbergh flags, buttons, et cetera by the million. A newborn elk in the Brooklyn Zoo, which happened to be female, was named "Lindy Lou." The world's tallest airplane beacon, atop a new Chicago skyscraper, became the "Lindbergh Beacon," and a tall beacon in Los Angeles was similarly named. A Times Square restaurant featured a "Lindbergh Sandwich." Hundreds of businesses sought to incorporate under his name or one of his nicknames. The hero himself was delighted to discover one day that a large New York airfield had beside it a "Lone

Eagle Comfort Station"—"Lone Eagle" having soon established itself, with "Lindy," as the most popular sobriquet for him, outpointing such earlier favorites as "Lucky" and "Flying Fool."

His mail continued fantastically huge. Fitzhugh Green, then operating as the flier's chief secretarial aide, told the Associated Press on August 30 that Lindbergh had received 14,000 packages, 100,000 telegrams and cables, and more than 3,500,000 letters since the Paris flight, among which were scores of proposals of marriage (letters from women outnumbered those from men by about four to one), "at least three proposals that . . . [he] join in an attempt to reach the moon by a rocket shot from the earth," and some five hundred appeals from "close relatives" that he "do something for them."

Scores of popular songs about him were published, several having substantial sales. Representative titles were LUCKY LINDY, WHEN LINDY COMES HOME (by George M. Cohan), LIKE AN ANGEL YOU FLEW INTO EVERYONE'S HEART, LINDBERGH: THE EAGLE OF THE U.S.A., MONARCH OF THE AIR, FLYIN' THRU', and a new version of OH, CHARLIE IS MY DARLING. The latter, a fairly typical production, had fifteen verses, beginning:

"'Twas on a Friday morning,
The twentieth of May,
That Charlie took his life in hand
And boldly sailed away.

"He didn't wait to kiss the girls,
Or bid the boys goodbye;
For when he wanted kisses
He could simply kiss the sky."

The song missed few of the standard American appeals ("How Lincoln would have held him/As gently as a babe—/And, come to think, by Jonathan!/The youngster looks like Abe.") The Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis bought full-page advertisements in which to print a "poem" (reprints on expensive paper were offered the public at cost) by one Carlyle Emery, the first of its six stanzas running as follows:

"We've been singin' for joy with a love for the boy
Who is known to us all as our Slim
For the things he has done and the honors he won
Make us choke with a lovin' of him.
When he started away, at the breakin' of day
For the place they're a'callin' Paree,
There was many a heart that was breakin' apart
At the thot of him crossin' the sea."

Statisticians were reported to have estimated that at least 5000 poems had been produced by mid-July in honor of Lindbergh, and it is a verified fact that more than 4000 were submitted in a "Spirit of St. Louis Competition" for three cash prizes of \$500, \$250, and \$250, offered by the publisher, Mitchell Kennerley. (Christopher Morley and John Farrar served with Kennerley as judges of the competition.) Of these, one hundred were published in a book, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, edited by Charles Vale, in the fall of 1927, the first prize having been awarded to the famous child-poet Nathalia Crane for *The Wings of Lead* and the others to Thomas Hornsby Ferril for *The Arrow of Acastes* and Babette Deutsch for *The Flight*. Other contributors included William Rose Benét, Bliss Camman, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Witter Bynner, I. J. Kapstein, and Harriet Monroe—a list indicating the quality of the hero's fame.

Taken as a whole, this volume would prove as instructive as any other single item of Lindberghiana to those future historians and social psychologists who concerned themselves with American hero worship. Vividly the poems presented the dozen ways in which the people saw themselves reflected and glorified in the hero, the dozen widely prevailing needs, yearnings, aspirations which moved them to their worship.

I. J. Kapstein spoke in the voice of a lowly shipping clerk who was sure Lindbergh was "just a nut" of the kind that goes "over Niagara Falls in a barrel" and that "there's plenty like him in Bellevue," but concluded that he'd give his "right arm" to be "as daffy as he is" and "do what this guy Lindbergh did." Winifred Carr addressed the hero as Prometheus, Florence Foster Hall as Young Daedalus, and James H. S. Melville bade Icarus arise from his sea death to have pinned by Lindbergh upon his breast, as upon the breasts of Coli and Nungesser, the decorations "We" had won. "Lad, you took the soul of me/That long had lain despairing," sang Angela Morgan. Edna Stimson toasted him:

"To you, embodiment of all
We've prayed America might be,
Clean, courage-bred, sincere,
Possessed of praise-proof modesty. . . ."

Robert Normile Rose apostrophized him:

"You are the heartaches, the hopes, the illusions,
You are the bone and blood of the years;
You are the dream that other men moulded,
Forged in the heart-blow, tempered in tears.

THE HERO

You are the answer . . . the riddle has ended.
The leader has come to his glorified clan.
You are the one that the ages have beckoned—
Once more the West has furnished a man!"

Others addressed him as Viking, Frontiersman, Eagle Alone, Angel.
A dozen or more saw him as America's Son.

But among all the hundred poets, only one saw the hero as the
actual son of an actual father. Edmund Vance Cooke remembered
that the elder Lindbergh

" . . . stood up straight and strong
At a strong man's height,
Vowing that no vested wrong
Could be a Vested Right."

Cooke alone recalled in verse that

"When the dogs of war ran mad,
Snapping every chain,
Lindbergh stood against the gad
Calm and strong and sane."

And Cooke dared conclude with a question:

"Lindbergh here and Lindbergh there
Lindbergh! Lindbergh! everywhere!
Lindbergh wins our favor
Lindbergh's brave beyond compare!
Was his father braver?"

The question, or others akin to it in spirit, occurred to perhaps one out of every hundred Americans as Lindbergh worship, through the summer and autumn of '27, established itself as a seemingly permanent secular religion. Included in this one per cent were men who, however doubtful of Marxism as philosophy, saw merit in Karl Marx's dictum that "religion is the opium of the people." Was Lindbergh's glory being deliberately promoted and manipulated, they asked, to glamorize and idealize American business? Certainly the President of the United States, in his eulogy of the returned hero, had done his best to stamp the Paris flight on the public mind as a triumph of business. (Calvin Coolidge had found "particularly delightful" Lindbergh's reference to his plane as a personality, "for . . . this silent partner represented American . . . industry; I am told that more than one hundred separate companies furnished materials, parts or service in its construction.") Was it not significant, too, that the hero was

immediately taken over by a Guggenheim and the son (and brother) of a Morgan partner, who gave him asylum from his clamorous public while helping him plan his future?

Those asking such questions might take special note of a juxtaposition of events on July 22, when Lindbergh landed his *Spirit of St. Louis* in Boston. On that day the hero stunted daringly as he came in; the huge throng went insane with excitement. One man died of a heart attack, the cry "Lindbergh!" on his lips. One hundred and fourteen others, most of them women and children, were injured in the crush as thousands sought to touch the flier, or come as near him as possible. Governor Alvin T. Fuller of Massachusetts, accompanied by the governors of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine, officially welcomed him. He rode in triumphal procession through miles of jam-packed streets. And as he did so, he passed the gloomy Charlestown State Prison (built in 1805) whose death house held Bartolomeo Vanzetti and Nicola Sacco. The condemned men could clearly hear the sirens, the whistles, the cheers of Lindbergh's triumph.

Governor Fuller, his face wreathed in smiles, pinned a gold medal on Lindbergh's lapel at the State House on Beacon Hill that day. And Governor Fuller, his face grim and pale, paid an unexpected visit to Sacco and Vanzetti that same day. He emerged from this visit obviously shaken, walked as fast as he could to his car, and climbed into it so hurriedly that he knocked off his hat. Vanzetti, too, emerged shaken: his eyes were glazed, his shoulders bowed as he was led back to his cell, convinced that his last hope was gone. (But he was not broken; he quickly restored himself to the tragic role he and his friend must play: "It is our business to die. . . . This is our career and our triumph.")

Precisely one month later, while Lindbergh slept in Wisconsin's capital after another strenuous day of triumph, Sacco and Vanzetti were taken from their cells and killed by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in Charlestown's electric chair. Paris—the Paris which had worshiped Lindbergh—promptly witnessed the most bitter anti-American demonstrations yet seen in that city. . . .

Those who saw unhappy implications in this juxtaposition were also likely to see them in the December announcement, 1927, that Lindbergh would make a "good-will" flight to Mexico City, followed by flights to other Latin-American countries. No doubt this gallant gesture would produce abundant displays of "good will," replete with eulogies and cheering throngs. But might it not also obscure the fact that the nation's Latin-American policy continued to be made by men

who would sacrifice the freedoms, even the lives of Latin-Americans to whatever dictatorial "order" seemed most likely to profit U.S. corporations? Surely it was a travesty of "good will" to reinforce, almost simultaneously with Lindbergh's arrival in Managua, those U.S. Marines engaged in crushing a revolt by Sandino's "bandits" against the regime of President Diaz—the same Diaz who, on January 6, decorated Lindbergh with a Gold Medal of Merit and Valor! So it seemed, at any rate, to Horace G. Knowles, former U.S. Minister to Nicaragua; he said so in a published letter to Senator William E. Borah. And so it seemed to John A. Matthews, the Democratic leader of northern New Jersey, who went on to say in public speech that Lindbergh in his Latin-American tour was "representing Guggenheim interests."

But, significantly, neither Knowles nor Matthews blamed Lindbergh personally for the evil in which, as they saw it, he became involved. His youthful idealism, his matchless courage, his sterling character, Knowles indicated, were being denied their proper effect by forces beyond his ken. He served Guggenheim interests, said Matthews, "unwittingly."

And so it was with others who perceived or personally encountered, to their sorrow, the "taking over" of Lindbergh by the rich. Delos Dudley, for instance, was quickly discovered by Madison newspapermen, at the time of the Paris flight, to have been one of Lindbergh's only two close friends at the University of Wisconsin. The *Wisconsin State Journal*, one of the city's two dailies, named him a special correspondent and sent him to St. Louis by plane to cover his old friend's homecoming reception. His every attempt to reach Lindbergh was frustrated, however, by Harry S. Knight (that "son of a broker," Dudley dubbed him in one dispatch), and it was not until he glimpsed the hero through an open door of Knight's country home and called to him that the two friends met again. "Lindbergh . . . brushed Knight aside and came forward. 'Why, hello, Dud,' he said, shaking hands." Dudley was convinced none of his messages had got through to Lindbergh, who remained unchanged by glory, seeming eager to renew old acquaintance with both Dudley and Dick Plummer (who was then with a mining company in Duluth); laughingly, the hero acknowledged an invitation to "come work again" in the Dudley basement.

Ex-Governor John Lind of Minnesota was among those who represented the manner in which the "big men" of Minneapolis handled the hero, as though his fame were their property, when Lindbergh

visited the Twin Cities on his national tour. The former governor, an old-line agrarian radical whose political example and philosophy had been major influences on the elder Lindbergh, mentioned this resentment to a friend who visited him some two years later, when Lind lay abed in his last lingering illness. These "big men," he complained, had "rushed" the aviator from the airfield in Minneapolis to the airfield in St. Paul, "giving the people little opportunity to see him." Why did they do this? the friend asked. Lind was silent for a long moment, then replied with a faint smile, "Perhaps they were afraid he would arouse the spirit of his father." For Lind, who greatly admired the elder Lindbergh, remained convinced that the spirit of the father animated the son. . . .

5

Thus the flier's personal glory remained intact, sustained almost as fervently by critics of the status quo as by the supporters of it. Many were the published efforts of contemporary intellectuals to explain it. "What . . . [Lindbergh] did . . . had some universal significance which we all could feel. . . ." wrote John Erskine a few days after the Paris flight, in an essay published in *Century Magazine* for September 1927, ". . . Lindbergh served as a metaphor. We felt that in him we, too, had conquered something and regained lost ground. . . . Those few hours [of his flight] have entered into the inheritance of all of us. . . ." And the note sounded by Erskine—including the vagueness as to the "something" which had been "conquered"—would be echoed by dozens of writers as the months became years. In so far as a consensus was ever reached, it would seem to be that Lindbergh's historic mission, however inadvertent on his part, was that of savior. . . .

The era appeared to many living in it as one of unparalleled lawlessness, sensationalism, political corruption, and spiritually demeaning commercialism. It was also an era in which the individual person feared he was becoming steadily less important, being more and more absorbed into mass enterprises and becoming more and more an object of mass manipulation. He had begun to hear and talk a great deal about how "The Machine" was "crushing" the individual life.

Then there flashed before the jaundiced public eye, unheralded, this slim, clean-cut, single-minded youth who seemed to stand for everything in which the Jazz Age had lost faith. In an era of synthetic

public personalities, he was clearly authentic. In an era of greed, he spurned commercialism. In an era of sensationalism, he neither drank nor smoked. In an age of the mass man, he was solitary. And far from being crushed by The Machine, he used a machine as a means of self-expression. In his flight, and even more in his fame, he proved that personal heroism, decency, and dignity were yet possible in the world. Americans, by identifying themselves with him, could regain some of their lost self-respect. . . .

And they did identify with him. Willis A. Boughton, one of the poets contributing to the "Spirit of St. Louis Competition," spoke for millions in his *American Rhapsody of Lindbergh*:

"You are America, Lindbergh, now,
And I, America, am you!

.

"And all the shouting,
All the adoring gestures,
With you, I, too, received them."

.

"Once more I stand, America abreast the world
Carrying as a banner your bright deeds
Your glory and your simple pride,
The wonder of your virtues.
As if they were my own,
For they are my own!"

TEN

A Question of Identity

1

HE EXALTED America; he *was* America's exaltation.

It was this identification with him—so thrilling to his worshippers, so uplifting to their spirits—which overwhelmed him. Other properties of glory he might enjoy, or at least gracefully endure. He was, for instance, not averse to praise, so long as it was truly *him* who was praised and not an absurd myth named "Lindy." He was not averse to money; it was no inadvertent alchemy that transformed a good portion of his fame into gold. He was certainly not averse to power; on the contrary, his attraction to it was great, probably greater than he knew, being part and parcel of his instinct for order. But on pain of death or its equivalent in lost identity, he could not yield to the insistence that he become a hundred million other people, his whole existence a melodrama shaped of their fantasies, their yearnings, their sentimentalities, their blurred and contradictory concepts of the Ideal. His fame became, in this respect, his mortal enemy. And all might perceive the irony, as he perceived the bitterness, of a paradox whereby just those personal qualities most galled by his glory did most to insure its perpetuation.

No man had a greater passion for privacy than he, none a more acute sense of balance and proportion. No man prized Reason more nor Feeling less. Indeed, his emotional make-up so far differed from most men's that what moved them to tears often left him untouched; he was, therefore, given credit for amazing displays of self-control on occasions when he merely responded in ways most natural to him. These qualities determined the good taste, sound judgment, and personal dignity with which he acted his assigned part on the public scene. By that same token, they insured the transformation of ephemeral fame into perpetual glory. And they were, of course, the very qualities which made this glory particularly hard for him to bear, fed

as it was by that perversity of mankind which seeks deliberately to tempt a hero to his ruin in order to exult in his refusal, if he does refuse, to be tempted. He has taken a vow of poverty? Send the Devil to him in the wilderness with offers of fabulous wealth. He has taken a vow of chastity? Send lovely women naked into his cell. He has taken a vow of humility? Send laurels for his crown and bow down, worshipping, before him. So it was, in essence, with Lindbergh. And had he yielded even slightly to obvious temptations—had he sought instead of repelled personal publicity, or seemed puffed up instead of embarrassed by eulogies—he would soon have been freed of his glory. As it was, his fame burst every reasonable bound he sought to establish for it, and when he tried to escape from its least pleasant manifestations his effort was taken as further proof that he was above and beyond ordinary mortals, worthy therefore of their worship.

"[People] forget," wrote W. O. McGeehan, sports editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, "that young Lindbergh has been up among the gods while the world spun beneath him. Blessed with the clear discerning eyes of youth, he could look down and adjust his perspective as no mortal who did not dare wing his way to those heights. He saw the world beneath him and he measured it for what it was worth, without cynicism, without illusion."

In such ways were the millions determined, in their perversity, to give him more and more of what they knew, or believed, he didn't want. At last he was embittered by the injustice. It was as if, in his unusually chaste and circumspect youth, he had sown a single wild oat and been thereby condemned to shovel grain for the rest of his life.

At the outset, of course, he had no inkling of what was in store for him. Having set himself the most difficult and dangerous task his profession offered, he had expected his success to bring him public recognition, even honor. But the modesty of this expectation, in view of the event, is revealed by his subscription to a newspaper-clipping bureau with instructions that the clips be sent to his mother in Detroit, because he thought she might like to paste them in a scrapbook! (It was natural prudence rather than prophetic vision which caused him to cross out one clause of the contract and substitute a phrase limiting the number of clips to fifty dollars' worth. His act saved him thousands of dollars when the bureau, having deposited bales of newsprint upon a helpless Mrs. Lindbergh, who had them carted off to a warehouse, sued him for payment.) As late as his New York triumph, he had no realization that his fame was to be more than an incredible experience, intense but brief. Indeed, he believed the furor over him

might die down before it had served what he conceived to be its only useful purpose. He told New York reporters that "while this welcome is for me personally, I know it is going to help center the attention of the public upon aeronautics, and I hope to keep it there long enough to do a lot of permanent good."

But it is also significant that, during this same session with newspapermen, he bridled when asked, "Will you be at the station tonight to see your mother off?" Abruptly he arose. "Gentlemen," he said coldly, "if there are no more questions, I think this interview is over." For though he wanted to maintain the "interest" long enough to do "permanent good," he was determined that this interest be in him as aviator and not as Ideal Son, or Every Girl's Dream Man, or Perfect Exemplar of Christian Youth. He would answer freely and frankly questions about his flights and about aviation in general; he curtly refused to answer questions about his personal life or about his "feelings" when honors were heaped upon him.

To him, it seemed wholly reasonable that he thus distinguish his public from his private self, limiting the former to his profession while reserving to the latter all rights of privacy. It seemed to him equally reasonable to insist that his public self be presented as consistent with his private self, being one aspect, the professional aspect, of his total being. But, alas, as the weeks passed he was driven to conclude that reasonableness, in so far as it existed among the masses of men, fled at his approach, and that his whole life must therefore be absorbed into a ruthless war between Lindbergh and "Lindy," with the latter winning most of the battles.

A disgust with humankind—generally helpless, often coldly angry—began to streak his daily experience. When he attended a public picnic with members of his Missouri National Guard unit in St. Louis, he was disgusted by the spectacle of well-dressed women sneaking beneath a restraining rope to grasp corncobs from which he had eaten. When he visited his boyhood home in Little Falls, he was disgusted by evidences of vandalism: shingles, bits of flooring, doorknobs, molding, fragments of window glass, curtains—these were among the items which had been torn from the house. When he sent linen and underwear to a laundry, he was disgusted by the fact that they seldom returned, just as his hat could seldom be found if he sought to retrieve it from a checkroom. When he entered an office building, he was disgusted by a gathering crowd around the door in anticipation of his exit, and when he walked as much as a block along a city street, he was disgusted by the parade which invariably formed behind him.

When he chatted animatedly with other fliers before the Sikorsky hangar at Curtiss Field one day, he was suddenly disgusted by sixteen chorus girls who, catching sight of him, squealed "There's Lindy" and made a rush for him. (He dashed into the hangar, slamming the door in their faces. "He's darned nasty!" one girl cried angrily.) Above all he was disgusted, and frightened, too, by the tendency of crowds to push into the path of his propeller whenever he took off or landed at any field where he was expected: that some fool would be killed by him became one of the nightmares of his existence.

By all this he may have felt himself driven almost literally into the arms of the rich. It was utterly impossible for him to stay comfortably in a hotel or eat in a restaurant. Autograph seekers bedeviled him; strangers pounded his back and sought to shake hands; crowds formed in the lobby or before doors behind which he sought solitude, and maids, waitresses, bellhops were bribed to steal from him items which would serve as souvenirs. Only the rich, with their walled estates and discreet servants, their exclusive clubs and curtained limousines, could protect him from his public—and even with them, his privacy was not inviolable. Once, as a rich man's guest, he emerged from his morning shower to find his host and two strangers in his bedroom; the strangers, friends of the host, had heard he was there and dropped in (before breakfast!) to shake hands. On another occasion, he was taken by his hostess to a Long Island country club, having been assured that no one there could possibly molest him since the club was a very exclusive one. His hostess was mistaken. Excited whispers and head turnings greeted his appearance; people at distant tables stood up to stare at him; and within a few minutes a plump matron rushed up, threw her arms around him, and kissed him, gushing that she "just had to" because she had a son of her own who was "going to be an aviator." He sprang to his feet, almost upsetting the table, but before he and his party could make their way from the room he had to be rescued from the clutches (literally physical) of a "bevy of young women" who surrounded him.

Such experiences might well convince him that what was commonly deemed the most intense admiration and honoring of him was in reality the precise opposite. He might realize, if obscurely, that what was manifested here was a species of narcissism which, in some of its aspects, was almost masturbative. For "Lindy" was not only a mirror in which the millions adored their own glorified image, he seemed also a projection of their physical bodies when they struggled compulsively to lay hands upon him or caress him with their lips, and it

was no wonder that the actual Lindbergh shuddered away, his disgust sometimes mounting toward nausea. Even if narcissism had been wholly absent, he might regard "Lindy" as personally insulting to the degree that he differed radically from the crowd's conception of him, his sense of values being at odds with theirs. To that degree, the paeans of praise for "Lindy" were as so many contemptuous epithets for Lindbergh and a fervent worship of the former amounted to a cold rejection of the latter.

Months before published words told of the hero's swift disillusionment with major portions of his glory, published photographs did so. His boyish smile, so attractively evident in Paris, had begun to fade by the time he reached London; it was but intermittently evident in Washington and New York, and in St. Louis it was not evident at all. Nor was it often seen during his Guggenheim tour. "Smile!" demanded photographers. "At what?" he dourly replied. He simply could not understand why he must submit to orgies of picture taking day after day when a thousand identical views of him were already in the files—and the irony of his situation is indicated by the fact that one of the most popular photographs ever made of him was taken by a *New York Times* Wide World photographer on a morning when, resenting having to pose, he frankly showed that he did. A grim Lindbergh stared straight into the camera's eye; his lips were straight, his forehead vertically creased in a frown. This image so pleased the editors that it was spread as a three-column cut across the front page of the *Times* with the legend, "Lindbergh's 'Flying Face,'" and subsequently appeared in scores of books and magazines. Similarly with another frowning pose. In this view his leather-helmeted head was thrown back, his far eyes lifted, and it was as if he who stood upon the earth yet belonged to the sky, his spirit soaring at that very moment beyond some distant cloud. . . .

Clearly the hero as serious man was even more appealing to his public than the hero as shy, laughing boy—especially so since the boy was assumed to remain very much alive beneath or within the man's stern purpose. Nor was this assumption wholly unwarranted, though the nature of the boy and his relation to the man were widely misunderstood.

While yet in Europe he openly broke away at least twice from his role of Symbolic Person in order to restore his continuity with Slim Lindbergh, the daredevil pilot, who could put a plane through more tricks than most fliers dreamed of and would rather fly than eat, which was saying a good deal. Once, in Paris, he arose at four-thirty

in the morning, drove to Le Bourget, and went aloft in a borrowed French army plane. So daringly did he stunt that the watching French officers, who would be blamed if he crashed, were terrified. Frantically they signaled for him to come down but, as Ambassador Herrick described it, "he either did not see them or chose not to interrupt his enjoyment." On his way back to Paris from England, flying a borrowed Bristol Woodcock, he looped the loop as he emerged from Channel mists "in sheer joy of being in the air again." And aboard the *Memphis*, homeward bound, his "boyishness" was even more in evidence. Carlisle MacDonald, for one, suffered acutely from Lindbergh's active insistence that he was Slim, the notorious practical joker, and not Lindy the Lone Eagle. MacDonald, working under great pressure to produce the lengthy daily installments of "Lindbergh's Own Story," grew heartily sick of short-sheeted beds and other "fun" at his expense—and he was in no position or had no desire to reply as Dick Blythe later did when, on the grounds of Harry H. Knight's estate outside St. Louis, after a grimly endured day of glory, Lindbergh, his "public mask" still on his face, sauntered over to the public relations counsel and, with a casual "Hello flier," shoved him backward across the guy wire of a tree.

The latter episode, recorded by Bruno, is instructive.

Blythe picked himself up, laughing good-naturedly. But then he seized Lindbergh off guard, tripped him face downward upon the ground, and sat upon his back as he rubbed the hero's face into the dirt. At once he was frightened by what he had done while the on-lookers, a small but "brilliant" company, were horrified. Lindbergh himself got up unsmiling; without a word or glance at Blythe, he stalked into the house. Blythe followed, inwardly trembling. But when he reached Lindbergh's room he found his friend seated on the bed, a delighted grin on his dirt-streaked face, thoroughly "tickled" at the "slick way" in which, with Blythe's help, he had extricated himself from the worship of his worshippers. He confessed that he had become "so filled up with listening to this hero guff that I was ready to shout murder."

A similar attitude toward his fame dictated his action on a day in the spring of 1928 when he flew Major Robertson, Harold Bixby, and Harry H. Knight from New York to Washington. On the night before, these three at a small party had tormented him by gathering round a piano to sing repeatedly the song, loathed by Lindbergh, called "Lucky Lindy." Aware of Knight's susceptibility to seasickness, the flier now alternately climbed and dove his plane in emulation of

a small boat on a high sea until Knight, desperately ill, pleaded for mercy. "Now sing 'Lucky Lindy!'" Lindbergh commanded. Knight, struggling with nausea, did so; he continued to do so at the pilot's orders most of the way to the capital.

And it is significant that the same Lindbergh who began to glower almost by reflex action whenever a news camera was pointed at him, who dodged photographers whenever he felt he could do so without detracting from the effectiveness of his campaign to promote aeronautics—this same Lindbergh happily posed for scores of photographs by Donald E. Keyhoe, a special aide assigned to him for the Guggenheim tour. When arrangements for the tour were being made with Assistant Secretary of Commerce William P. McCracken, Jr., Lindbergh had requested that his old army and air-mail buddy, Phil Love, then an aeronautics inspector in the Department, be assigned to pilot the plane which would precede the *Spirit of St. Louis* into every landing by some fifteen minutes. This was done. With Love rode Keyhoe, former marine pilot, and Theodore R. Sorenson, mechanic of the Wright Corporation—and Lindbergh's relations with all three became those of casual comradery. He was "himself" with them. Upon them he played practical jokes to which only Love, whose temperament was akin to Lindbergh's, seems to have replied in kind. And Keyhoe's photographs of Lindbergh heartily laughing, taken on the same days as news photographs showing him sober-minded and even glum, measured a prevailing difference in mood between the public figure and the private person.

Most remarkable of all, psychologically, are Keyhoe's photographs of Lindbergh and his mother, both joyously laughing, on the occasion of Mrs. Lindbergh's first ride in her son's *Spirit of St. Louis*. This was on a bright August day in Grand Rapids, Michigan. She sat, for lack of room, on the arm of the world-famous wicker seat, and she laughed wholeheartedly into the camera's eye through the cockpit window, this woman who was normally so tense and withdrawn whenever public attention was focused upon her. . . .

As for the tour itself, it established a pattern he would rigidly follow in all his future public flights, a pattern revealing alike the strength of his will and the cold logic with which he sought to rule his fame. He designed the tour with a machinelike efficiency, streamlining it to his purpose. What was his purpose? To stimulate popular interest and active belief in commercial aviation. How could this purpose best be served? By demonstrating that plane schedules were virtually as dependable as railroads, and much faster. What, therefore,

should condition all else on the tour? The necessity to be *on time*. He then carried out his design with mechanical perfection. For instance, the hero's hurried passage through Minneapolis, commented upon bitterly by disappointed crowds and (as we have seen) by ex-Governor Lind, was determined by the tour design and not, as Lind suspected, by "big men." When the *Spirit of St. Louis* landed at the Minneapolis airport, several thousand people broke through police lines, forcing Lindbergh to turn his yet moving plane toward the nearest hangar instead of the farthest, where he was supposed to go. When the plane had been protected and the field cleared, the time scheduled for the Minneapolis program had been cut in half. Lindbergh, therefore, skimped Minneapolis in order to arrive in St. Paul at the appointed time, expressing "regret" at having to do so but pointing out that it wasn't his fault: the Minneapolis crowd should have been better behaved or better controlled by police.

At Kansas City he found crowds lined up next to the runway of the new airfield, despite his explicit orders that they be kept well back. Love had landed the advance plane without qualms, but Lindbergh perceived a slight chance that the blind *Spirit of St. Louis* might swerve into the crowd or strike down people who were pushed into its path. He, therefore, brought the plane down in a cornfield some hundreds of yards away, hazarding injury to himself and the machine, whereupon newsreels plainly recorded his cold rage as he strode from his landing, with local officials scurrying anxiously beside him. Kansas City was the only place aside from Portland, Maine, where he was prevented from landing at the designated spot. Suppose he had killed someone! Instead of encouraging aviation, his tour would then have discouraged it, and all because of a piece of errant stupidity on the part of men who pretended to care about aeronautics. . . .

Thus ruthlessly did he subordinate all else—the crowds, the parades, the eulogies, the medals—to the essential job as he defined it, and he might feel justified in doing so by the event. "With a clear conception of public service, he determined to capitalize his fame, not for selfish aggrandizement, but for the promotion of the art he loves," said President Coolidge, presenting to him the Hubbard Gold Medal of the National Geographic Society on November 14, 1927. "This courageous, clear-headed, sure-handed youth, whose character had withstood the glare of publicity and the acid tests of hero-worshiping adulation, became an apostle of aeronautics. . . . Because of what he has said and done we are told aeronautic plans for 1928 indicate an activity far beyond any dreams of six months ago."

And what the President had been told was true. Future historians might have difficulty determining how much of the great aviation boom was due to Lindbergh and how much to other factors—the wearing out of surplus Army planes, for instance—but none could doubt that he was a major cause of it. To the whole of his activity at that time, with a consistency other people found marvelous, he applied a single standard, measuring against it every proposal put to him. He let others decide if his flights served purposes outside his professional field. His own decision, whether to fly or not to fly, was purely professional.

Dwight Morrow, for instance, now in Mexico City as U. S. Ambassador, was sure a Lindbergh flight into Mexico would serve American diplomacy as wonderfully as the Paris flight had done, and in the same fashion. Indeed, a Mexican flight might be even more important to diplomacy than the Paris flight had been, since our relations with Mexico were in worse shape than those with France had ever been. Secretary of State Kellogg, he of the famed Kellogg-Briand Pact to outlaw war, had nevertheless discerned a "Bolshevist threat" which might justify U.S. intervention in Mexico's continuing revolution, begun in 1910 and opposed every step of its way by U.S. businessmen with large Mexican investments; he had frightened the Senate Foreign Relations Committee with his clear implication that "a Mexican-fostered Bolshevik hegemony" might soon intervene between the U.S. and the Panama Canal. Soon thereafter, secret documents threatful of armed intervention had been found by Mexicans among the papers of the U.S. military attaché. Naturally, the Mexicans had reacted angrily. Many talked openly of war by the time the new Ambassador arrived in mid-October. President Plutarco Elias Calles himself, six weeks before, had told the Mexican Congress with what many thought an ominous bluntness that "our relations with the United States . . . have unfortunately assumed an indeterminate character" and that "acts have taken place which are regarded by the Mexican Government as deplorable." This full-running tide of fear and distrust Dwight Morrow sought to turn, and he was convinced that Lindbergh could help him do it. He had discussed the matter with the flier himself in New York.

Lindbergh's response was characteristic. His *Spirit of St. Louis* remained, after the Guggenheim tour, a practically new plane, having covered but little more than 30,000 miles; he wanted to make another long distance nonstop flight in her before turning her over to the Smithsonian; he had long had a desire to fly in the tropics; and he

was at that moment particularly interested in the possibility of developing Pan-American airlines. Moreover, the proposed flight would be made in winter. His night in the air would be long and his route over a various country—high plains, low coastlines, tall mountains—almost certainly covered, in part, by storms. "I wanted to experiment with these conditions," he later explained, "and if possible to demonstrate that flying could be practical under them." He added, as a concession to strict honesty, that he "loved any opportunity to fly, particularly in the *Spirit of St. Louis*." Accordingly he agreed to make the flight if the Ambassador could arrange it. Morrow was delighted. He demurred, however, at the notion of a nonstop flight between the two capitals. It was too dangerous. Why not proceed instead by easy stages, as in the Guggenheim tour, with a local ceremony at each stop? Lindbergh smiled a polite but emphatic "no." "You get me the invitation," he said, "and I'll take care of the flying."

He was encouraged to confine himself thus rigidly to aviation matters by his felt ignorance of other matters. In his twenty-fifth year, thrown repeatedly into the company of brilliant people, he was forced to realize that he was a man of severely limited general education. He knew virtually nothing of philosophy, literature, painting, music, the theater. He knew little of history or political theory. He knew considerably more about the physical and biological sciences, and a good deal about mechanical engineering. He knew only flying really well. To this he, therefore, limited himself conversationally at social gatherings, until such time as he might overcome his educational deficiencies through wide and planned reading. (His doing so created mild social discomfort on occasion. The English actress Jean Forbes-Robertson was fond of telling how she was once alone in a room with Lindbergh and, having no idea what to say to him, stood tongue-tied until he asked, "Well, Miss Robertson, and how do *you* find flying?" She was nearly convulsed with laughter for she happened at that moment to be playing *Peter Pan*.)

But more important than his diffidence in other fields, as determining his concentration on aeronautics, was the nature of his intelligence. His mind demanded simplifications. He had the same faculty as Thomas Lamont admired in his fellow Morgan partner Dwight Morrow, that of "stripping away all non-essentials" when confronting a situation that required decision, and as in Morrow, so in Lindbergh this faculty was joined in some degree with what Harold Nicolson (writing of Morrow) termed an insensitivity "to the more subtle differences of human character, a defect which . . . [the] fastidious . . .

were apt to resent as a want of social taste." He seemed to be bound by his nature to insist that, among all the fluctuating elements of his experience, only those of his professional competency were constant and hence "really real"; they were the Absolute against which all else—the "relative," the "ephemeral"—was measured. And if it was easy for him to avoid distraction from his main object by the yearning passions of his worshipers, it may have been because he was temperamentally incapable of responding to these and had of them no sympathetic understanding.

For the twenty-five-year-old Lindbergh was a thoroughgoing empiricist. Those deficient in empathic sense must perforce "understand" wholly through external observation and logical inference. They must proceed experimentally. And it would seem that this necessity, applied to human relations, was more important than sadism, if sadism in its technical sense was present at all, in motivating Lindbergh's practical jokery. Sadism, of course, involves empathy—one cannot derive pleasure from inflicting pain on another if one does not feel the other's pain as, in a sense, one's own—and Lindbergh's pleasure seems to have been not at all the echo of his victim's suffering. Rather was it apparently a pleasure in observing, testing, and measuring a human object, a pleasure akin to that he had once derived from his discovery, through experiment, that a kitten dropped from a second-story window would indeed, as theory said, land on its feet. One may imagine, for example, his mental processes as he organized a snipe hunt at Elbow Lake in Montana on a chilly night in September 1927. This chap here (he may have thought) is certainly anxious to please; he seems good-natured, but he is also restless, impatient, and a little pompous. How gullible is he? If he "falls" for this, how long will he hold the bag, how persistently tinkle the bell and give the luring call? And what will he say and do when he discovers the trick? We shall now find out whether or not he can take a joke. . . .

But if Lindbergh was thus bleakly prosaic in human relations, he was not so in his relations with machinery (we have seen how he endowed machines with personality as he dealt with them) and the aesthetic qualities which seemed absent from his experience of other people were certainly present in his experience of flying. His sense of the beauties of landscape, seascape, cloudscape, was a major element of his passion for flight. Nor was his failure of empathy in human affairs universally consistent. To the very few whom he trusted and permitted into almost intimacy, he made occasional displays of personal concern all the more moving for being so unexpected.

Shortly before he was to take off for his Mexico City flight (the story is told by Bruno), he learned that Dick Blythe was in critical condition in a private hospital in Brooklyn, hemorrhages having followed a throat operation. He was in New York at the time, extremely busy with preparations for his departure; nevertheless, he phoned Bruno from Harry Guggenheim's office, had Bruno drive him to Brooklyn, and spent as much time with Blythe as the doctors would permit. He insisted that he be the first to be called if, as seemed likely, a blood transfusion was needed. He would not leave New York, he said, while his friend remained on the critical list. Early next morning he phoned Bruno for news of Blythe's night, and it was not until he was thoroughly convinced that the sick man's condition had taken a turn for the better that he left the city.

2

On December 8, 1927, at a gathering limited to the board of regents and staff of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, Lindbergh received the Langley Medal from the Institution's chancellor, U.S. Chief Justice William Howard Taft. That evening it was announced that he had accepted a telegraphed invitation from President Calles to fly to Mexico City. Two days later, he attended a meeting of the House Appropriations Committee of the Congress, which was considering aviation matters. When the House of Representatives learned of his presence in the Capitol, it recessed its session, sent two of its most distinguished members to invite him into the chamber, and gave him an ovation when he was presented by Speaker Longworth as "America's favorite citizen." He then stood alone on the dais while House members filed past to shake his hand. A few minutes after he had left, the House unanimously passed a bill awarding him the Medal of Honor, sending it to the Senate. (It had to be a bill rather than a resolution because existing statutes provided that the award be made only for acts of bravery during military action.)

On Sunday, December 11, he was a guest in the morning of the commandant of the naval air station. He spent most of the morning flying Navy planes, taking up for one forty-five-minute ride his maternal cousin, Captain Emory S. Land, Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Navy Department. He also took up Phil Love and others in a Loening amphibian. On Monday, December 12, the U. S. Senate unanimously passed the bill awarding him the Medal

of Honor, sending it to the President for signature. And on Tuesday, December 13, at 12:25 P.M., he took off on his 2100-mile nonstop flight to Mexico City from Washington's Bolling Field.

Richard V. Oulahan of the *New York Times* described the event: "Intent, cool, clear-eyed and clear-headed, under conditions requiring supreme moral and physical courage and consummate skill, America's young viking of the air lifted his gray plane from a hummocky, soggy, puddle-bespattered morass into an underhanging fringe of threatening mists just before [sic] noon today, pointed its nose southwestward, and was off again on a new, hazardous venture to a foreign land—perhaps to other and more distant lands—personifying again in the hearts of his people their unofficial ambassador of good-will. . . . And as always, he flew alone." Actually the runway, though hardly a "morass," was sufficiently muddy to make the take-off hazardous. With 375 gallons of gasoline in its tanks, the *Spirit of St. Louis* weighed 4750 pounds, and Lindbergh himself had nervous moments as the tail skid cut mud for almost two thousand feet before lifting clear, the wheels running for another thousand feet before they finally left the soggy earth.

He flew, then, through cloudy weather all afternoon, meeting darkness at six o'clock over the mountains of Carolina. There followed the longest night he had ever known, as his night above the Atlantic had been the shortest, he flying southwestward now who had flown northeastward then, and in the season of least rather than most daylight. For thirteen and one half hours he winged his way through a rain-streaked darkness before coming into the morning's light at Houston, Texas, having by then done more instrument flying than he had ever done before on a single flight. Across the Brazos he angled, and the mouth of the Colorado. Over San Antonio Bay he slanted south-southwest; above the Gulf coast, encountering fog, he roared slightly southeastward and slightly southwestward, and south again, sometimes less than a hundred feet above waves breaking white upon the shore. (He had installed a new, supersensitive altimeter upon his instrument panel shortly before his departure; it enabled him to fly at very low altitudes even when a fog blanked out his vision.) At 8:50 A.M., Mexican Standard Time, December 14, he spotted below him the great oil tanks of Tampico.

Fog hung very low over Tampico; he dropped down to barely fifty feet above the Pánuco River to get under it; and beyond the city, slanting inland, he had to climb a thousand feet to get above it.

Two hours later, having left the fog behind, he passed over a small

town among mountains and concluded, falsely, that he was south of his plotted course. He then compounded his error, for he was actually north of course, by angling northward. When he discovered his mistake, as he soon did, he was over a desert country whose dry stream beds and occasional railroads winding through brown hills corresponded to nothing he could read on his map. He spotted a lonely village, swooped low over it, and managed to pick out its name on a sign board. But he looked in vain for this name upon his map. Evidently the map was inaccurate (accurate ones were later given him by the Mexican government); certainly he had no notion where he was; and after an hour or so of this unoriented flight he could no longer determine even the general direction in which he should go. Mexico City might be to the east or to the west. It might be due south of him. He began to climb. He climbed above twelve thousand feet, hoping to define a landscape which, in large outline at least, corresponded to his chart.

Surely there was symbolism in this for people who regarded his flight as symbolic. Here he was, this streamlined hero of the machine—blond priest of forethought and preparation, slim exponent of rigid schedules and straight lines—who had undertaken to link two alien cultures through a swiftly efficient demonstration of the friendliness (the Spirit) of the Colossus of the North. Yes, here he was! But *where* was he? He had not the slightest notion. He had left the sea with the intention of plunging bullet-straight into the heart of Mexico, and within one hundred twenty minutes he had got himself lost, absorbed and almost blotted out by this strange timeless land. His normally sharp consciousness blurred in a way that frightened him as, for nearly three hours, he turned in an immense semicircle above a landscape as harsh as rusted iron, as enigmatic as an Indian's face. Now and then, far below, he glimpsed the tiny figures of men to whom the immediate changeless moment was all there was of Time, whose *mañana* meant "never" as often as it did "tomorrow" and who had neither knowledge nor need of history. Never would they understand the hero's vital need to know always the precise point he happened to be occupying in a space-time continuum. Never would they feel in their bones the ache of his "late," the pleasure of his "early," the hard integrity of his "on time." Beyond comprehension by them was the kind of anxiety which mounted higher and higher in him as the moment scheduled for his arrival came, and passed, and was borne irrevocably backward (he still not knowing where he was) on a river of minutes, of hours. . . .

At last he saw on the eastern horizon a range of mountains like copper-blue clouds above which, flecked with white, one peak stood up as a snaggletooth, feebly nibbling a metallic sky. Surely a peak like that must be on the map! He searched; he was astonished! The only mountain of that height in what he assumed to be his latitude was Mount Toluca, and if so, he had gone west of his course farther than he would have believed possible and was now almost as near to the Pacific Ocean as he was to Mexico City. Nevertheless, Toluca it must be. He pointed the nose of his ship toward it. An hour later he found himself beside the mountain over the largest town he'd seen since Tampico and, diving down low, glimpsed upon a building a sign, "Hotel Toluca." He smiled in his relief; he was just thirty miles west of the capital.

He covered those thirty miles in a third of an hour, crossing over foothills and a low ridge of mountain and entering the high, wide valley where the city sprawled white in afternoon sunlight. He landed at Valbuena Field at 2:40 P.M., Mexican Standard Time (3:40 P.M., Eastern Standard Time), having been twenty-seven hours and fifteen minutes in the air.

Meanwhile, the anxiety which had been suffered by the hero was as nothing compared to that suffered by the man who had arranged the hero's journey. Dwight Morrow, with Mrs. Morrow and their youngest daughter, fourteen-year-old Constance, had left the U. S. Embassy at eight-thirty that morning to drive to the airfield. Mounting the grandstand, they sat beside President Calles, looking out over a crowd which, by the expected arrival time of noon, had grown to over 150,000 people. But there was no report of Lindbergh's progress beyond Tampico! This was very strange! Premonitions of disaster grew strong upon the officials' platform as rumors of it swept the crowd until Dwight Morrow could no longer sit still. He walked out onto the field and began to pace up and down, up and down in the hot sun, sweat drying on his face in the high thin air as he scanned empty skies. He made no effort to hide either his anxiety or, when the *Spirit of St. Louis* was at last reported over Toluca, his happy relief. . . .

"It was perfectly thrilling when the plane came to earth," Mrs. Morrow wrote in her diary that night. ". . . Dwight brought [Lindbergh] to the President who welcomed him and gave him the keys of the city. Lindbergh only said 'thank you' very simply. The throng on the field shouting and screaming with joy was indescribable. As we went to the car our clothes were almost torn off. . . . Oh! The crowds in the streets on the way to the Embassy!—on trees, on telegraph

poles, tops of cars, roofs, even the towers of the Cathedral. Flowers and confetti were flung every moment."

So began a six-day triumph such as the Mexicans had never accorded another man. Lindbergh stayed in the Embassy as personal guest of the Morricks, sallying forth each day to receive wildly enthusiastic tributes from the populace. Hundreds of Tehuana women, famed for their beauty and grace, danced in his honor in Mexico City's stadium; hundreds of thousands of people cheered him as he rode through the streets; the Mexican Chamber of Deputies gave him a reception; Mexico City's aldermen took him to Xochimilco to ride a flower-bedecked flatboat along the canals past the floating gardens; José Ortiz, Mexico's most popular matador, dedicated a bull to him in the bull ring and presented to him a gold-threaded capote; Mexican labor unions staged a huge parade in his honor, watched by him from the central balcony of the National Palace (said one banner: "WELCOME LINDY! Mexican People is a Great Comrade of the American People"); high government officials took him to visit the ancient pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacán; and an exhibition of roping and riding was made in his honor at the Rancho de Charros. He helped, one day, to dedicate a new library.

Abruptly, the tone and temper of U.S.-Mexican relations were vastly improved. President Coolidge sent the hero a congratulatory message: "I am confident that, as the harbinger of goodwill from the people of the United States to the people of Mexico, you will materially assist the two countries to cement friendly relations, and I feel sure that the true spirit of your mission will be sympathetically understood by the United States and Mexico." President Calles issued a formal statement: "I believe it was a heroic air feat and a priceless embassy of goodwill sent to us by the United States which, in sending the highest representative of its manhood, will power, and heroism, has brought about closer spiritual and material relations." Mexico City's newspaper *Excelsior* said that Lindbergh's presence inspired confidence, dispelled mistrust, and "will again conquer for the United States glory and love." Editorialized the *New York World*: "It is just eleven months since Secretary Kellogg appeared before a committee of the Senate and charged that a Bolshevik government in Mexico threatened the peace of the United States. The Mexican government which was a Bolshevik threat in January is the same . . . government with which a new Ambassador has succeeded in establishing unusually cordial relations, and all Mexico is cheering Lindbergh. . . . The

flight of Lindbergh follows a series of events which indicate a real shift in sentiment and a thoroughgoing change in policy."

As for the hero himself, he said merely, "I trust my stay here will make . . . people . . . realize that after all we have many things in common."

In Mexico no more than in northern climes was he effusive. His infectious grin was much in evidence, however, more so than it had been for many weeks in the United States. It spread across his face spontaneously even when he must stoop to accept violets from a little girl (such a cute little girl!) or yield to the embrace of the matador. But it was replaced by that frozen mask known to so many photographers when U.S. newsmen pressed him to say he hoped his mother would come down to spend Christmas with him in the Embassy, as she had been invited to do by Ambassador and Mrs. Morrow. He looked hard at his questioner. "It is entirely up to her," he curtly replied.

Similarly, his mother, called from her high-school chemistry class to meet with reporters on the day her son took off from Bolling Field, had said: "Now, really, there isn't anything for me to say. It's a matter that concerns him alone." And when the Morrrows' invitation was first issued, she sent, with thanks, her regrets; she didn't feel she should share her son's glory; there would be insufficient time for so long a journey during the holidays; she had schoolwork to do. The Ambassador, however, persisted; Henry Ford offered her the use of a trimotored Ford-Stout plane with pilot (he was Harry Brooks, killed some four weeks later in a plane crash); and she then perforce reversed her decision. She landed in Mexico City a few days later, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. William B. Stout (he was designer of the internally braced wing on which they rode and organizer of the Stout Metal Airplane Company which Ford had bought), where she endured a reception but slightly less hectic than that given her son. She left Mexico City on December 28 for the return flight to Detroit.

And early that same morning her son took off on the first leg of the Latin-American tour whose details, as regards his personal schedule, he had arranged in the intervals of his Mexico City triumph. Seven hours later, on schedule and before the usual madly excited crowd, he landed at Guatemala City.

During the next six weeks he flew into fourteen Latin-American countries and the Canal Zone (where he went into the mountains with Army fliers for several days' vacation), receiving huge triumphs at each landing. He ranged as far south as Bogotá, Colombia, and as far

east as Puerto Rico, ending his tour in St. Louis on February 13, 1928, having covered by then, since his departure from Washington, 9060 miles in one hundred sixteen hours and thirty-five minutes of flying time. His demonstration of the dependability of air travel was almost too perfect; from any distant view the enterprise lacked excitement, particularly since the hero refused reporters any personal details whereby they might render his experiences interestingly human. (The following year, when Lindbergh made an air-mail survey flight for Pan-American Airways, one New York editor, bored by long accounts of perfect landings at precisely scheduled times, followed by wild crowd enthusiasms, ordered his correspondents to send "no more unless he crashes.")

But his journey was by no means as safe and easy as it looked. He had his quota of narrow escapes in situations testing his pilot's skill.

His landing at Belize, British Honduras, for instance, was virtually a forced one. The Belize field was much too small for the *Spirit of St. Louis* and he would not have attempted to come down there if his engine had been performing properly. As it was, he had to sideslip his way onto a narrow ribbon of soggy runway. And when he took off, he had barely two hundred yards in which to become airborne; he cleared the nearest obstacles by inches. This was on New Year's Day, 1928. Two days later, flying from San Salvador to Honduras, he encountered rough air, "the roughest I have ever seen last for a quarter of an hour," and was several times thrown against the cockpit ceiling as his plane was lifted and dropped and jerked from side to side. On January 29 he encountered head winds so strong he was nearly forced into a hazardous landing on a beach, followed by fog which so confused him that he barely managed to reach his destination (Maracay, Venezuela) before dark.

On the last leg of his journey, a 1200-mile hop from Havana to St. Louis, he was unreported from the time he passed over the Tortugas just off the Florida coast until he burst through a nearly zero ceiling at St. Louis, "dragged" rain-soaked Lambert twice, and then came in for a perfect landing on what he decided was the firmest ground on the field. He had flown through fog and rain all the way from northern Florida, much of the time on instruments alone; it was approximately the worst weather, he indicated to reporters, through which he had ever flown. . . .

Before taking off from Bolling Field, he had agreed to write for the *New York Times* a series of stories about his adventures. The earliest of these were dictated as rough notes, then shaped into articles by a

Times correspondent, and edited by Lindbergh, for he lacked the quiet time, when on the ground, in which to write out his accounts in full. But while flying into Colombia from the Canal Zone, refreshed by his mountain vacation, it suddenly occurred to him that he might be able to write in flight. It would be a "slick trick" if he could! So he unfolded his huge map of the Caribbean and, wrapping his left wrist around the stick in order to control the plane and at the same time hold the map steady on his knee, began to jot down sentences on its back. The trick worked! Thereafter, he made a practice of writing in flight, dryly reporting instrument readings and weather observations in dispatches proudly displayed by the *Times* on page one.

On the way from Puerto Rico to Santo Domingo on February 4, 1928, his twenty-sixth birthday, he wrote in part:

" . . . I am still far ahead of my schedule and in order to keep from arriving early will make a trip up to the cloud level above.

"I am now at an altitude of 1400 feet, cruising at 75 miles an hour, at an engine speed of . . . 1300 revolutions per minute.

"The oil pressure is 52 pounds, oil temperature 50 degrees Centigrade, angle of attack 2 degrees, compass heading 270 degrees magnetic. 1:20 P.M.

"I am increasing the engine revolutions per minute to 1650 and the angle of the wings is 8 degrees, air speed 75 miles per hour. It is 1:31 P.M.

"At 1:35 P.M., I am at 4200 feet, slightly above the bottom of the cloud but in an open space. I will take up instrument navigation in a few seconds. . . .

"At 1:43 P.M., I am at 7600 feet. I have just come out of the clouds and am even with the top irregular layer. The sky above is clear.

"In 14 minutes, I have changed from the warm air close to the ground to a quite cool climate nearly 8000 feet above where it is necessary to turn on the intake heater to keep up the engine temperature."

It might seem inevitable that such a mind would regard fame itself as a kind of mechanical energy which could be harnessed to useful work for a period, then gradually diminished, and finally shut off altogether, like water from a faucet. A machinelike intelligence, shaping personal plans, is only too likely to ignore the factor of other people's

emotions, even when the possessor of that intelligence has suffered, personally, from manifestations of those emotions. . . .

Two days after his hazardous return from southern climes, Lindbergh, in Washington, walked from the White House to the War Department with Lieutenant Lester J. Maitland, himself famous for a recent flight to Hawaii. The usual impromptu parade formed behind the Lone Eagle, whose companion regarded him curiously. "Don't you get fed up with this, Slim?" he asked. Lindbergh smiled grimly. "I can stand it," he said, "just so they don't push me." His words were plainly audible to many in the crowd, one of whom, a well-dressed young man, immediately pushed roughly against the hero's shoulder and bragged: "There! I touched him!" Lindbergh swung round, his fists clenched, his face taut and pale with rage. With obvious struggle, he mastered himself and walked on, muttering: "I'm going to quit. I've got to! I'll go out of my mind if they don't stop pushing me!" In the War Department he had a personal conference with Secretary of War Dwight Davis, who had just publicly admonished him to give up all dangerous flying because he was "much too valuable to aviation and to this country" to be lost. (Davis "would not ask the colonel to give up flying altogether," said the newspaper story, "because he couldn't make such a request.") Reportedly the hero told the Secretary, politely but firmly, that he would fly when, where, and as he pleased, needing no one's advice regarding the "perils of the air."

A week later he made a "surprise" landing at Selfridge Field in Michigan to confer on private business matters with the field's commandant, Major Thomas G. Lanphier. He refused to be interviewed by newspapermen or to pose for pictures. He would "like to drop from public life," he said. He flew on to Albany, where he spoke briefly on behalf of aviation legislation before the New York state legislature, thence to Boston, where the annual meeting of the National Education Association honored his mother with a life membership in that organization and where he reiterated to reporters his desire to "retire to private life." He emphasized the point on his way back to St. Louis. At Luken Airport in Cincinnati, where he made a refueling stop, he was recognized by a girl reporter who happened to be present on another assignment. She spoke his name; he strode away. She called to him; he quickened his pace. She pursued him all the way to his plane; he slammed the cabin door in her face. . . .

In the immediately following weeks he received the Medal of Honor from President Coolidge; he took up members of Congress and their families for plane rides, carrying 835 people in eighty-eight

flights during a five-day period; he made a spectacular flight through bad weather from New York to Quebec, carrying serum from the Rockefeller Institute to pneumonia-stricken Floyd Bennett, who died in a Quebec hospital (Quebec officials, without blaming Lindbergh, condemned the flight as needless and "insulting" since plenty of serum was on hand); and on April 30 he made his last flight in the *Spirit of St. Louis*, taking it nonstop from St. Louis to Washington where it was presented formally to the Smithsonian. These, however, were to constitute his last gestures as a professional hero, according to the schedule he had made for his fame and revealed to his few close associates. Thenceforward he would be simply a young man in the aviation business; he would talk to reporters only when he had something to say about aeronautics, would refuse to answer any question about his personal life, and would pose alone for no news pictures at all.

Thus, when he accepted in June a lucrative position with the newly organized Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc. (it would evolve through Transcontinental and Western into Trans World Airlines in the years ahead), he talked freely and enthusiastically to reporters about his job. He was chairman of the technical committee, which would lay out new routes, choose planes to be purchased, and locate and equip new terminals as TAT expanded. But he would answer questions on no other subject. Moreover, he began to make frequent open displays of anger toward crowds which pressed closely around him and toward reporters who were importunate.

Abruptly there developed an estrangement between hero and working press which grew rapidly into a cold war, all the more bitter because reporters could not publish their grievances. One cause of it was as natural as it was obvious. Newspapermen had gone all out to give the Lindbergh story the best possible "play"; they were inclined to feel that, in an important sense, they had "made" him and he should be grateful. They encouraged similarly proprietary attitudes among the public at large. Lindbergh must strongly resent this, being the kind of man he was, and resist it stubbornly if he would "remain himself." By his own view, he had earned the only part of his fame which was of any value to him; he indicated his more than willingness to let the rest of it go in payment for a private life.

This misunderstanding, however, would not in the absence of other factors have been an insurmountable obstacle to ultimately friendly working relationships. As a matter of fact, on this point the hero's attitude was one most newspapermen could accept, even applaud to

the extent of their proprietary interest in him: it tended to confirm their original published estimate of his self-respecting individualism and was a refreshing departure from the "publicity hounds" with whom, in the "hero business," they must normally deal. Many wrote highly sympathetic stories about his "decision to retire," stimulating among the public such manifestations as a proposed "Leave Lindbergh Alone League" in Los Angeles, and they agreed with the *New Republic* when the latter deplored the fact that "America has taken over Lindbergh and seems to want to run his whole life." ("He had to perform for the folks," the *New Republic* editorialized. "We made him ride on the coattails of an automobile through miles and miles of yelling crowds—this boy who evidently hates publicity and indiscriminate hullabaloo.")

No, it was not Lindbergh's refusal to become their puppet which outraged newsmen. Rather was it a growing suspicion that they had become *his* puppets. It became an article of bitter faith among newsmen that Lindbergh was pulling strings they themselves had fashioned (the irony was maddening), making them dance to his private tunes while treating them personally with a coldly arrogant contempt. Some of them even came to believe that the strings he used had actually been designed by him—for the superstition was soon widely prevalent among journalists that no element of the "glory" of this "shy, modest youth" was or ever had been inadvertent on his part. From their point of view, he really had discovered the secret of using fame, compounded of other people's emotions, as a kind of energy; he now harnessed it, they believed, not primarily in service of the "cause" to which he was so ostentatiously dedicated, but for the satisfaction of his own enormous appetite for Power.

When he first evinced his desire to "retire," sympathetic newsmen suggested a general strategy by which he might achieve the privacy he ostensibly craved and at the same time gain favorable publicity for aviation. All he had to do, they said, was call in the press whenever he intended a newsworthy enterprise, take the reporters into his confidence, give them all an even break, refuse absolutely to "play favorites." After he'd done this a few times, reporters would believe him when he said that what he was currently engaged in was purely personal business. They'd not be afraid some competitor would score a "news beat" by pushing in where they, out of respect for his stated wishes, held back, and they'd do what they could, which should soon be enough, to guarantee his freedom from unwelcome publicity. The one thing Lindbergh must *not* do, these advisers went on, was be-

come so aloof and reticent as to surround himself with mystery. Such an attitude attracted publicity, not only because it enhanced popular interest in the "mystery man" but also because it heightened reportorial competition and, to that degree, lowered the walls of his privacy.

Did Lindbergh follow this advice? He did not. He did precisely the opposite.

On May 10, 1928, he took off in his new Ryan cabin plane from Ford Airport in Detroit, accompanied by Lieutenant Commander P. V. H. Weems, from whom he was receiving an intensive course of instruction in navigation. He was headed for Curtiss Field, New York, but he asked Ford officials not to say so because he wanted to "avoid undue publicity." He landed at eight o'clock that evening but failed to notify Ford of his safe arrival. Result: Ford officials became worried; Curtiss officials, at Lindbergh's firm orders, refused to give out any news; vain queries were made to all stations along the Detroit-New York air-mail route; concern for the hero's safety grew into intense anxiety; and it was not until four o'clock next morning that Curtiss officials dared disobey the hero's instructions and announce he had indeed arrived on schedule. What would otherwise have been a brief notice on newspapers' inside pages, if printed at all, became a lengthy news story on page one.

On November 24, 1928, on his way home from a visit with the Morrow family in Mexico City, he refueled at Tampico and took off for, it was assumed, Brownsville, Texas, though he would not say so. When he failed to arrive at Brownsville within a reasonable time, rumors that he had been forced down in the Mexican wilds led soon to rumors that he had been killed in a crash; scores of thousands of newspapers were sold on New York streets on Sunday, November 25, by newsboys crying, "Lindbergh Killed!" and newspaper and radio stations were flooded with anxious phone calls. At three-thirty that afternoon, the hero landed at Kelly Field in San Antonio, having spent the night at El Naranjo ranch near Tampico, and audiences in several Broadway theaters cheered madly when announcements were made from the stage that reports of disaster to him were false. Said the *New York Times*: "This latest false report of mishap . . . was due, as have been preceding rumors . . . to his custom of refraining from making his destination known when he starts on an air trip."

Lindbergh's manner of "avoiding publicity" could hardly fail to be looked upon suspiciously by cynical newsmen, especially since he continued to do other things deliberately designed to make news. For

instance, at the National Air Races in Los Angeles that year, he replaced Lieutenant J. J. Williams, who had been killed, as leader of the Army Air Corps' famed "stunt" team, the Three Musketeers, engaging with his two companions in a series of spectacularly hazardous maneuvers before crowds of 75,000 to 100,000 people; the event was top head page one news from coast to coast.

Nor could politically liberal newsmen, smarting from his repeated rebuffs, fail to note with jaundiced eye that he who so rudely (on occasion) denied himself to the common man was in constant friendly contact now with the very rich. He was a weekend guest of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at Tarrytown; he spent the Fourth of July with the F. Trubee Davisons at Peacock Point, Long Island, and that afternoon took up members of the H. P. Davison family and their guests at a beach party for rides in a seaplane; he was again and again a guest of the Harry Guggenheims; he visited Harry Davison at 23 Wall Street, the office of J. P. Morgan and Company, a principal *bête noire* of his father's; and he was spending so much time with ex-Morgan partner Dwight Morrow in Mexico City and Cuernavaca that there might well be substance to rumors that he was secretly engaged to marry one of the Morrow daughters. Though Herbert Hoover's campaign managers were alleged to be "surprised" by it, Lindbergh's telegraphed endorsement of Hoover's candidacy on October 3 struck liberal-minded newsmen as not surprising at all, in the circumstances. ("The more I see of this campaign, the more strongly I feel that your election is of supreme importance to the country," said C.A.'s son to the Republican nominee. "Your qualities as a man and what you stand for, regardless of party, make me feel that the problems which will come before the country during the next four years will be best solved under your leadership.") What would have astonished newsmen that year would have been the hero's endorsement of Al Smith. A few did wonder why he felt it necessary to make a political endorsement at all. Could it be that he had latent political ambitions?

And not only did he associate with the rich. He was rapidly becoming one of them.

Widely published in the early spring of 1928 was the allegation that Lindbergh now owned a million dollars. This was promptly denied "on the highest possible authority" by a feature writer having access to Lindbergh. "When all his obvious sources of income, including his prizes, his returns from newspaper articles and his book, and the salaries paid him for other purposes are added up, they make a total of

about \$337,000," wrote Russell Owen in the *New York Times*. "To this might be added a few other sums which may have come to him in various ways. The whole would probably bring his present assets to something over \$400,000." But Owen went on to say: "One of the largest banks in the country handles the money for Lindbergh and it is entirely possible that it (has) . . . been so invested as to have already increased over the original amount. . . . It should not be long, at the present rate of progress, before Lindbergh really has his million. . . ."

Clearly, the tangible rewards of virtue had been astonishingly large and swift when one considered that the hero's total capital less than ten months before had consisted of \$2000 precariously invested and that, ever since, he had steadfastly "refused to capitalize his fame for selfish aggrandizement." Cynical and suspicious newsmen noted the fact, in private, with acidity, regarding it to be of a piece with their other unhappy observations of him.

Thus developed two distinct and opposing views of Lindbergh, each subdivided into a "real" and an "apparent" person between whom the differences were alleged to be very great.

According to the hostile view, the "real" Lindbergh was a flat contradiction of the public image the newsmen themselves, acting on his cues, had projected of him. Far from remaining unspoiled by adulation, the "real" Lindbergh had been profoundly corrupted by it, absorbing it into his most inward self while seeming to shed it from his surface as a duck sheds water. His every attitude and act were now a compound of calculated ambiguities as, with uncanny skill, he made his public image serve private interests. Thus his "modesty" and "aloneness" increased the praise on which his hard vanity fed, imposing a social distance between himself and his worshipers which became filled with awe. His lack of acquisitiveness, a reputation gained by highly publicized refusals of offers that would have paid him little actual money, increased his value in the market place where really Big Money could be quietly made. And of course his "hatred" of publicity was but one manifestation of an unparalleled talent for gaining it, a talent he fully and consciously exploited.

According to the friendly view, the "real" Lindbergh remained essentially as he had appeared to be when the first full light of fame was focused on him. "When he gets away from the crowd he is a different person," wrote Russell Owen. "Down in Cuernavaca, Mexico, where he was the guest of Mexican pilots, anyone who could have seen him chasing a five-inch grasshopper through the rooms, trying

to put it in the bed of first one, then another officer of the American and Mexican armies, playing some of his tricks, would not have recognized the . . . taciturn flier who calmly shakes hands in public and replies to questions with the greatest brevity." By this view he was basically a shy person, solitary, self-reliant, and very brave, possessed of great natural dignity and a profound sincerity of purpose. The displays of bad temper and seeming arrogance he sometimes made were but natural reactions of one who loved privacy as few men do and whose patience had therefore been tried as few men's had ever been. Charity required one to realize that he, little more than a boy in years, had been placed in a uniquely difficult situation, so far as public relations were concerned, and that in this situation the well-meant advice of friendly journalists might not have worked as they predicted. It might have increased rather than reduced unwelcome publicity had he accepted it, and certainly its acceptance would have required him to act in ways inconsistent with his character as defined by his friends.

As for his refusal to sacrifice his freedom of movement to the anxieties of an overzealous public, who could blame him for that? His friends could not, though some among them might suspect that the hullabaloo which arose every time he "disappeared" for a few hours tickled his fancy for practical jokes. . . .

4

At any rate there was abundant evidence by the late spring of 1929 that the Lindbergh legend, whether or not it coincided with the Lindbergh reality, had a strong life of its own. Sustained by an immensely powerful will to believe, it overcame every effort to destroy it, even the occasional seeming efforts of Lindbergh himself.

For instance, in late May of 1928, Lindbergh showed "angry annoyance" toward a crowd which had gathered when he landed at an Amarillo, Texas, airfield. He was at that time engaged in a survey flight for the newly organized Transcontinental Air Transport and was accompanied by his legal adviser, Colonel Henry C. Breckinridge, and by Major Lanphier, whose retirement from the Army in order to become TAT's operation manager would soon be announced. A few days later, Gene Howe, editor of the *Amarillo News-Globe*, editorialized in his personal column, "The Tactless Texas," on Lindbergh's alleged "swell-headedness." At once a storm of vituperation was loosed on Howe who, in one of the milder diatribes against him, was called

"a cheap publicity adventurer who has attacked a public idol for the purpose of attracting attention." The editor refused to back down. "Lindbergh is only a boy," said he, "still moist behind the ears, and even if he has flown to Paris there is no reason why he should be permitted to be discourteous to those who have a natural and wholesome impulse to see him. . . . I'll grant that he has the courage, but I also insist that he is more or less simple minded or he would not have permitted his head to grow to such large proportions." If this attack had any effect at all on Lindbergh's fame, it increased it. Lindbergh in San Diego laughingly replied that if he had a "swelled head" his hatter had not yet discovered it and went on to stress again the danger of a whirling propeller to members of an uncontrolled crowd, whereupon a new flood of printed comment defending him and attacking Howe was loosed upon the nation. In Amarillo, worried *News-Globe* staff members requested special police protection for Howe, who was threatened with bodily injury.

(Nevertheless, Lindbergh was personally disturbed by Howe's attack on him. Flying from Los Angeles to New York sometime later, he deviated from his course in order to stop at Amarillo where, reportedly, he "changed the opinion" formed of him by the Texas editor.)

A far more serious test of Lindbergh's fame came in the spring of 1929.

Myron T. Herrick had died in Paris; his body was being shipped back for burial in Cleveland, and Lindbergh was returning from Mexico to meet the body in New York when he landed at Bolling Field in Washington on April 12 for a twelve-minute conference with Major Lanphier. "A small crowd had been waiting for several hours on the water-soaked field. . . ." reported the *New York Times*. "The crowd rushed toward the plane and when the leaders had nearly reached it, Colonel Lindbergh suddenly raced the motor and swung the plane around and out into the field, the strong slip stream from the motor throwing up mud and water. . . . Major Lanphier drove out to the plane and clambered upon a wing. When the photographers and some of the more courageous of the crowd drew near again, Colonel Lindbergh raced the motor, for a second time, driving the plane across the field and spattering the crowd once more. The photographers, deserted by the crowd, made one more attempt and suffered a third time."

Though widely reported, the incident was in general played down; it received nothing like as much attention as Lindbergh's efforts to

avoid crowds at the Herrick bier two days later; and the Washington newspaper which most angrily commented upon it received many subscription cancellations from outraged readers. Moreover, in the following weeks, printed defenses of the hero's action were much more widespread than printed denunciations of it. Representative were the comments of Constance Lindsay Skinner in the *North American Review*. If people were doused at Bolling Field it was their own fault, she argued; they shouldn't have been where they could be doused, Lindbergh having repeatedly warned them to stay away from his landings to avoid being injured; but she, like most writers who commented upon it, was inclined to doubt the news story's accuracy. There must have been extenuating circumstances, unmentioned by eyewitness reports. It was beyond credence that the hero would *deliberately* throw mud on his admirers.

April of 1929 was a peculiarly inauspicious time to attempt a denigration of the Lindbergh legend.

Herbert Hoover, seeing a future for America "bright with hope," had moved into the White House where he acted to increase that dominion of business over government which, having led to unprecedented prosperity, must now lead to two chickens in every pot, two cars in every garage. The stock market, pausing to catch its breath after its steep climb of 1928, was giving investors "unparalleled buying opportunities" before resuming its inevitable gains. A major war need no longer be regarded as even a distant threat, war having been renounced as an instrument of national policy by sixty-two signers of the Kellogg-Briand Pact. Hence the people, free of anxieties, could accept with the fullest impact of identification a new phase of the Lindbergh story—an exciting, unwontedly tender phase.

The hero was in love. . . .

ELEVEN

"The Lone Eagle and His Mate"

1

WHILE arrangements for his Mexico City flight were being discussed in New York with the newly appointed Ambassador to Mexico, Lindbergh was invited to dine in the Morrow home. There he met the two grown-up Morrow daughters, Elisabeth Reeve, twenty-four, and Anne Spencer, twenty-one.

Plausible rumor alleged, months later, that Elisabeth was the one to whom the hero was initially attracted. By conventional standards she was the more beautiful of the two and by any standards she was a more vivacious, outgoing personality. She was bold where Anne was timid, frank where Anne was reticent, direct where Anne was evasive. The latter herself indicated an essential difference between them when she told, in a later year, of their contrasting responses to a question their father used to ask them, laughingly, at family breakfasts. "Who do you like best, your father or your mother?" Dwight Morrow demanded, while his wife placidly buttered toast. Elisabeth always answered promptly and honestly that she liked her mother best, her father next best. But Anne, who felt the same, could never bring herself to say so. "I can remember the torture of trying to be honest," she wrote, "yet not to hurt his feelings." She remained thus fearful of "hurting" despite her observation that Elisabeth's outspokenness, far from dismaying her father, always "delighted him". . . .

The very qualities which may have made Anne's initial impress upon the hero less vivid than her sister's, however, were bound to make her ultimate impress more deep and enduring. She was dark-haired, petite, gracefully slender of figure—"a shy girl of unusual charm" and "lovely disposition," as they remembered at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, where she was graduated in June 1927 with special honors. In her eyes was often a rather hurt, withdrawn look, not unlike that seen in many photographs of the hero's

mother—but when she smiled her relatively seldom smile, flashing perfect white teeth and looking unreservedly *out* through her eyes, she was suddenly transformed from a plain girl into a beautiful one. There was, for all her shyness, an iron of independence in her soul. She cared as little for mere appearances as Lindbergh did (they praised her at Smith for her “unaffected manner” and “old-fashioned femininity” in the era of flappers), and if she cared more than he for the opinion of other people it was partially because her sensitiveness to psychic pressures was so much more acute. Thus in several ways she might reinforce his qualities while, in other ways, she was his complement. Her basic shyness was akin to his own; she shared his love of privacy and need for solitude; and her awareness of the moods and hurts of other people would not only enable her to understand him as few others could but would also supply deficiencies in his own extrasensory equipment. They could help one another: she might soften his harshness while he might harden her spirit in areas where she was inclined toward a soft sentimentality.

At Smith she had been chiefly noted for her literary talent whereby she won the major college prizes for both essay (“Women in Dr. Johnson’s Time”) and verse. The sonnet which won for her the Mary Augusta Jordan Prize was as revealing of her attitude toward herself as it was of her attitude toward the world. She told of how very small she had felt as a child, and how frightened; even grasses had seemed to her immense forests. But she had learned that she could grow, she could soar, she could leave the grasses behind, like a lark which sings as it pushes up against the blue. And this learning remained with her so vividly that sometimes, as she stood among a crowd of people, her lips were pressed against a cloud. To the *Smith College Monthly* she contributed, in October of 1926, verse “written after seeing Raquel Meller” in which she described herself as a “brown-haired Quaker maiden” with blue eyes who, though she did not object to being a Quaker, nevertheless yearned in her secret heart to be a “scarlet, Spanish dancer.” This yearning, however, was ephemeral. Permanent, reverted to again and again in her verse, was her fascination with flight—flight as a spiritual or aesthetic experience more than as a means of travel. She wrote of “silver birds” and “a sudden fluttering of wings in silver flight.” She imagined herself riding a unicorn whose hoofs she “polished bright” so that they would gleam in the moon as “we ride over roofs.”

In the autumn of that year Anne, remaining in a New York apartment after her family had gone to Mexico, was visited several times

by Lindbergh (he used to ask her secretary over the phone to "please tell Miss Morrow that Mr. Jones [or Smith, or Nelson] will call" at such and such an hour that evening), so that by the time of his Mexico City flight, she having by then joined her family, his friendship with her was more intimate than it had ever been with another girl.

It was not until November of 1928, however, that the public was given its first hint of his romantic interest in her. He hunted in late October on a ranch owned by the Mexican Secretary of Agriculture in the state of Chihuahua, accepted an invitation to visit the Morrows in Mexico City, and then flew back to St. Louis to vote for Herbert Hoover on November 6. On that same day it was emphatically denied in Mexico City by "sources close to the Morrow family" that the hero was engaged to marry Anne, as certain Mexico City newspapers had alleged. (An aunt of Anne's, Mrs. J. J. Morrow, was soon quoted as saying that both Elisabeth and Anne had repeatedly told her there was "nothing to the rumor" of the hero's attachment to either of them; "he isn't a bit sentimental and he doesn't care for girls." The aunt also gave it as her opinion, which she believed to be shared by the rest of the family, that "if Lindbergh wants to marry a Morrow he'll have to give up his flying.") He returned to Chihuahua on November 8 and landed in Mexico City, after an 850-mile flight from the ranch, on the following evening. To the inevitable reporters flocking round him he said he had been "so favorably impressed with Mexico" during his visit the year before that he had "determined to return as soon as possible" and that this was "the sole reason for my presence here now." Next morning, a Saturday, he drove with Ambassador and Mrs. Morrow and Anne to Cuernavaca to spend the weekend in the house Dwight Morrow had just purchased there.

He remained for fifteen days as a guest of the Morrows. He rode and swam and picnicked with Anne; he took Mrs. Morrow for a plane ride (he was flying a Curtiss Falcon biplane) and flew with the Ambassador; he attended exclusive parties in his honor; and in the walled garden of the house in Cuernavaca, along paths flanked by banana trees, oleander, heliotrope, and other vivid tropic blooms, he walked and talked for hours with Anne. She shared, he found, his passion for flying; she loved to fly with him.

On February 12, 1929, after repeated denials of persistent rumors, Ambassador Morrow summoned newsmen to the Embassy and handed them a brief statement: "Ambassador and Mrs. Morrow have announced the engagement of their daughter, Anne Spencer Morrow,

to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh." Morrow refused to comment either on the engagement or on the probable time and place of the wedding.

At that very moment, unknown to the Ambassador, anxiety over his future son-in-law's safety was mounting in Havana where the hero, who was flying the first plane (a Sikorsky amphibian) over the new U.S.-Central American air-mail route of Pan-American Airways (he had become technical adviser to Pan-American in early January) was overdue on a flight from Belize, British Honduras. Heavy seas had delayed for four hours his take-off after a refueling stop off Cozumel Island, Mexico; he had previously deviated from course to survey the coast of British Honduras and Yucatán for possible landing fields; he arrived in Havana a full six hours behind his tentative schedule. He was shown a copy of the Associated Press dispatch from Mexico City containing the Morrow announcement. "Well, then," he said, "you know all about it. . . . I will confine my remarks to aviation."

At that very moment, too, Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh was being acutely embarrassed by the press. She was a passenger on the Dollar Liner *President Wilson*, homeward bound after a semester of teaching chemistry to women in American College, Constantinople, Turkey, where Miss Alice Morrow, sister of Dwight, was a staff member. The ship's captain, F. A. Anderson, dined her at his table and otherwise paid her honor as a passenger of distinction, whereupon the rumor was started aboard ship that she and the captain were engaged to be married. The rumor was published as fact in American newspapers on February 12 and 13 and was read with astonishment not unmingled with dismay in Oakland, California, where lived the wife to whom Captain Anderson had been happily married for nearly forty years.

By such events the secret war between hero and press was intensified. . . .

In late February in Mexico, having lost on take-off a wheel from the Travel Air cabin monoplane in which he had flown Anne to a picnic place, he made an extremely hazardous and skillful one-wheel landing in the thin air of Valbuena Field. For some thirty yards he managed to ride the single wheel like a bicycle, but then the naked axle touched ground; the wing tipped down; the plane nosed completely over. He emerged from the wreck with a dislocated right shoulder (the same shoulder he'd dislocated in his second emergency parachute jump); Anne emerged uninjured, he having packed cushions around her before coming down; and the whole scene was recorded by excited still and motion-picture photographers. The latter's

joy in their tremendous "scoop" was short-lived, however; soldiers under orders from the Mexican War Ministry, obviously acting on the hero's request, confiscated the films and destroyed them.

In mid-May, five weeks after the Bolling Field mud-splattering incident, Lindbergh flew Anne, Constance, and Elisabeth Morrow, with Mrs. Morrow and her secretary, from New York to North Haven, Maine, where the Morrows had their summer home and where the roads and woods and shore line were patrolled by fifty armed guards as insurance of the party's privacy. On the way, he stopped at Portland to refuel his amphibian. Reporters and photographers at the field sent a representative to ask for a picture; he curtly refused, whereupon the vengeful story was told—orally at first, then a year later, in print—that the wheels of his plane became stuck as he attempted to take off, that the spectators jeered instead of helping him, and that he was delayed for an hour. (According to dispatches at the time, he was on the ground for only twenty-five minutes during which he took on one hundred gallons of gasoline.)

Four days later he flew back to New York with the Morrows, going with them to their home in Englewood, New Jersey, where armed guards also patrolled the grounds and from which all telephone conversations must be very guardedly conducted because the wires had almost certainly been tapped by news-avid reporters. . . .

2

On Sunday, May 26, 1929, a large reception was held in the Englewood home for Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh and visiting Morrow relatives. Next morning, Lindbergh and Anne sauntered together through the garden, he stooping to pick for her a bouquet of white columbine and blue larkspur. In the house the Ambassador and his wife issued, by phone, casual invitations to close friends and relatives to come over for bridge that afternoon and "to lunch if you want to." Some twenty-six guests were gathered at three-fifteen that afternoon, none suspecting that any special event impended until Mrs. Morrow, moving quietly from group to group, invited them to gather in the living room. "When Dr. Brown stands up, draw close," she said—and then the guests knew! Dr. William Adams Brown was pastor of the church the Morrows attended.

The guests had barely assembled in the living room when a side door opened and Anne entered on the arm of her father. She wore a wedding gown of white chiffon (it had been very secretly made by

the family's dressmaker); her face was framed by a cap of Brussels lace from which a short veil hung, and in her arms she carried the bouquet her fiancé had picked for her that morning. She came to stand beside Lindbergh before Dr. Brown. There was no music, no best man, and no wasted time. Within minutes the ceremony was performed, the plain gold wedding ring on Anne's finger, the hushed congratulations of the guests completed, the wedding cake cut. Bride and groom went upstairs and changed into the same clothes they'd worn for two earlier automobile rides that day under the watchful eyes of reporters. They climbed into the car and drove away.

Newsmen—and there was then a small army of them in Englewood—were completely fooled, having relaxed their vigilance after the tension of the preceding day's reception. Before news of the ceremony was released, bride and groom had vanished—and for ten days, despite every ruthless stratagem of the sensational press, their whereabouts were unknown.

But on June 6, a yellow flying boat bearing a tabloid reporter and a photographer swooped down over a 38-foot yacht, the *Mouette*, as it nosed into York Harbor, Maine. The dark-haired girl who had been standing beside the tall young man at the vessel's wheel looked up in dismay, then ducked into the cabin. The young man, however, was forced to remain on deck, and he was indubitably Lindbergh. Soon, as the yacht rode at anchor, a motorboat roared close to it, and a voice called out that if only Lindbergh and Anne would come on deck for a single picture they would be left alone. "For eight straight hours [newspapermen] circled about our boat," said a bitter Lindbergh sometime later, ". . . in [their] noisy motorboat. . . ."

And so the secret honeymoon was ended, though the couple cruised for some days thereafter along the coast.

Returned to New York, they made their first public appearance at Mitchel Field, Long Island, where the Guggenheim Fund, of which he was now an adviser at \$25,000 a year, was conducting a "safe airplane" test. Borrowing leather jackets, helmets, and goggles, they went up for a short flight. Afterward, Lindbergh, alone, was interviewed by the press. "Is it true," a reporter asked, "that Mrs. Lindbergh is pregnant?" Lindbergh's fists clenched, his lips tightened; he turned away in a pale rage.

When their engagement was first announced, a leading weekly magazine entitled its account of the event, "Anne Morrow Makes it 'We Three'"—and in the months and years that followed, the flying

Lindberghs more than justified the title's implication. From the outset of this most publicized of marriages, the wife appeared as a full and equal partner in her husband's enterprise: the two were inseparable, being not only drawn together by mutual attractions but also pushed together, and isolated from normal human contacts, by the incessant pressures of his fame.

She flew with him on his surveys for TAT, Pan-American, and Transcontinental and Western (TWA, "The Lindbergh Line") when this evolved out of TAT. She held his plane in vertical banks as he experimented, in the summer of 1929, with aerial photography, exposing hundreds of films over the American Southwest in a quest for ancient cliff-dweller ruins. She was taught by him to fly at an aviation country club on Long Island. She was his partner in aerial explorations of Guatemala where, with Carnegie Institute archaeologists, they discovered jungle-buried Mayan ruins. (She did most of the camera work on this expedition.)

He became intensely interested in the rocket experiments of R. H. Goddard, physicist at Clark University, whom he visited in Worcester, Massachusetts, and for whose experiments he was instrumental in obtaining a Guggenheim Fund grant; Anne shared this interest. He became fascinated by motorless flight, stimulated in this by Hawley Bowlus, who had been Ryan's factory manager when the *Spirit of St. Louis* was built and who now manufactured gliders. In January of 1930, he made his first soaring flight in a Bowlus sailplane near San Diego, California, remaining aloft for thirty minutes and winning his first-class glider pilot's license, the ninth to be issued in this country; ten days later, Anne also qualified for a first-class glider pilot's license. She learned navigation, her instructor at one point being Harold Gatty of Post-Gatty round-the-world flight fame; she learned radio operation; she became navigator, radio operator, and co-pilot on her husband's long flights. She was his co-pilot when, on Easter morning, 1930, they took off from Los Angeles, climbed three miles into the air, and flew across the continent to New York in fourteen and three fourths hours, three hours faster than it had ever been done before.

She was, as men say, dead game. . . .

Three members of an archaeological expedition were camped in July of 1929 under an overhanging cliff in the bottom of a canyon in Arizona's desolate Navajo country, ninety miles from the nearest railroad. Their only means of exit from the canyon, or so they believed, was blocked by flood at the canyon mouth; they had been marooned for nearly three weeks. One late afternoon they were surprised to see

a plane roaring low above the canyon's rim and amazed when, a half hour later, they saw a tall, long-legged man working his way along the opposite wall of the canyon and across the stream, carrying on his back an awkward-looking pack. When the stream had been crossed, the pack was put down. It walked! Awestruck, the men recognized the approaching figures as Anne and Charles Lindbergh. The flier explained that one of the photographs he had taken on an earlier day showed an ancient ruined village under the rim of the Canyon de Chelly which joined the Canyon del Muerto, where they now were, some four miles upstream. Flying back for another look, he'd spotted a difficult but possible landing place, had come down, and then with Anne had found an ancient trail, hand and foot holds cut in sheer rock, down which they had clambered. They would like to spend the night here and hike to the ancient ruins next morning. The three men were, of course, delighted.

There followed a wild weird night in the Canyon of Death.

A mummy recently found by the archaeologists ("an exceptionally fine specimen") huddled beside them as they ate in cool blue shadow while, across the way, the canyon's opposite wall glowed in sunset light as if made of molten metal. Then inky darkness pressed down around them as the night sky clouded over; it was feebly challenged by the yellow light of a lantern whose farthest rays fell upon the dark faces of famished Navajos. These pitiful commentaries on U.S. Indian policy gathered at every mealtime, the Lindberghs' hosts explained, in quest of scraps of food, and were kept back, in their superstition, by a row of skulls set up on sticks for that purpose. An eerie wail of many voices came out of the night for a long time, echoing back and forth between the cliffs—Navajos "chasing spooks out of the canyon," one of the men explained. At last, silence fell. Everyone went to bed. But at midnight, without warning, a terrific storm broke over them. For more than half an hour the glare of lightning, the crash of thunder were continuous; the camp was deluged by water pouring down over the canyon rim.

Nevertheless, as had been arranged the night before, the party arose at four-thirty, breakfasted on flapjacks, and set off in the first light of a gray but hot morning, carrying a long rope with which to lower themselves from the canyon rim into the cliff dwelling if and when they found it. They did not do so until they had hiked for hours across a wilderness crisscrossed with ravines, and would never have done so had it not been for Lindbergh's uncanny sense of distance and direction. It was not this which most impressed the others, however; rather

it was Anne's physical stamina and fortitude. She had worn blisters on her feet the preceding afternoon; yet she, who could stand upright under her husband's outstretched arm, kept up, uncomplaining, with his swift long stride; she shinnied down the rope as the others did to eat lunch among the broken ancient walls, the scattered shards of pottery (there was a skeleton, but apparently a relatively recent one, in an upstairs room); and she kept up with them all, still cheerful, as they hiked at Lindbergh's swift pace to their plane. . . .

Nor did she complain, or give any sign of feeling abused, as her husband put her through what all observers recognized as an exceptionally rigorous course of flying instruction on Long Island. Most aviation instructors were convinced that any flying lesson lasting longer than an hour produced excessive strain in the pupil, especially if the pupil were a woman. Lindbergh's lessons to Anne lasted for hours apiece, each including dozens of take-offs and landings, and on the fourth day, having watched her solo twice in quick succession and come in for perfect landings, he sauntered over to the clubhouse porch and read a newspaper while she made her third solo flight, laying the paper down only as she came in for yet another three-point landing. "Mrs. Lindbergh, although tired at the end of . . . [a four-hour instruction period], wasn't exhausted, nor did she seem to feel that she was being subjected to a severe strain," wrote an eyewitness for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* months later. "When the matter was mentioned to Lindbergh, he said he believed the reason why most flying lessons lasted but a half-hour wasn't because of the strain on the student but because the teachers had so many students they usually couldn't give any one of them more time." (The lessons were brought to an abrupt halt when, on the fifth day, a press photographer's plane appeared over the field.)

Similarly in the flying explorations of the Maya.

It was on the day his engagement was announced that Lindbergh, flying with Colonel John A. Hambleton, vice-president of Pan-American, over the jungles of eastern Yucatán, saw beneath him the mounds of an ancient Maya city. A few weeks later, in Washington, he called upon the head of Carnegie Institute, Dr. John C. Merriam, told what he had seen, and suggested the usefulness of the airplane in archaeological research. This led to the decision by Dr. Alfred E. Kidder, a Maya specialist, to join with Lindbergh in an expedition by plane into unexplored areas of Central America under the sponsorship of Pan-American Airways and the Carnegie Institute. The expedition (enormously publicized, of course) was made in October, Anne be-

ing the only woman in the five-member party. It included many hours of flying, some of it dangerously low, over a country in which safe landing was impossible; it included, too, an exploration by foot of jungle-buried ruins after Lindbergh had landed at an isolated lake; it inevitably involved an endurance of Lindbergh's practical jokes (he liked to dive the plane suddenly, causing loose objects in the cabin to "float"; he liked to throttle down his motor, ostensibly to listen to conversations, then "forget" to rev it up again until his passengers were perturbed by his loss of altitude). And when it was over, and Anne appeared "cool and fresh looking" in a light blue dress instead of in knickers and boots and man's shirt, other members of the expedition were actually surprised. "She had been so much one of the party," wrote William I. Van Dusen, himself a member, "doing her share of the work, roughing it along with everyone else, and neither asking nor encouraging assistance from anyone. . . ."

But if she was often admired for her gameness and self-sufficiency, her husband was almost as often criticized for "forcing" her to manifest these. Here appeared, as so often before in the Lindbergh legend, an ambiguity of American attitudes.

Absolute equality of the sexes, including an equivalence of career opportunities between women and men and an abolition of the "double standard" of morality, had long been the stated goal of feminists—and all American women, it generally appeared, were ardent feminists. Moreover, rapid strides toward this goal were seemingly being made in the era of emancipation which had followed the war. Yet when the ideal seemed in large part realized in the Lindbergh marriage, it was shocking to many women. Particularly so was a newsreel picture of the flier standing beside his plane, not long after the honeymoon, staring with bleak hostility into the camera's eye, while behind him Anne (so slender, so petite) climbed unaided from the cockpit and carried their luggage from the field. He treated her as he would a masculine partner, this cold-eyed young man, paying her none of the courtesies which women have a "right" to expect from men!

The sense of outrage was heightened in some quarters when his public treatment of her remained unchanged even after the sensational press had informed the world, early in 1930, that the Lone Eagle's mate was pregnant. She was "expecting" in late June or early July—yet in early June she flew with her husband as he tested a new plane. . . .

This was the point at which the cold war between hero and press entered its bitterest phase and began to be revealed to the public at large.

He and Anne lived in the Morrow home in Englewood as the time for her confinement approached. Again there was a strong suspicion of tapped telephone wires as part of what was certainly an elaborate system of espionage maintained by, principally, the Hearst newspapers and Hearst's International News Service. A servant was approached by a reporter who offered a bribe of \$2000 for a betrayal of the "secrets of the household." Another reporter sought employment in the house as a servant, with forged credentials. When Anne and Lindbergh rode anywhere in a car, they were followed. They lived in a virtual state of siege.

Came June 22, 1930, Anne's twenty-fourth birthday. On that day, in the home of her parents, she gave birth to a son—a perfectly healthy baby in a perfectly normal delivery. The happy event announced, gifts for the child began to flood into the Englewood house from all over America, literally an embarrassment of riches. Within a few days, press and public were clamoring for pictures of the baby. But not until sixteen days had passed did the Lindberghs so much as give out the child's name, which was Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr. On that same day, Lindbergh met at an appointed time with representatives of designated newspapers and wire services and handed to them prints of a photograph he himself had taken of his son.

He let it be known that, in decent self-respect, he could no longer "co-operate" with five New York newspapers which had repeatedly and outrageously violated his wife's privacy and his own. The practices of these papers, he told Marlen Pew of *Editor and Publisher*, were "contemptible"; they were a "social drag," "non-constructive," and "a waste of time." They catered to morbid curiosity, lived on private gossip, and had virtually nothing to do with legitimate news. . . . As might have been predicted, vengeful stories which had begun to appear, at intervals, in the sensational press were now multiplied. They were answered, as might also have been predicted, in the highly respected journals with which the hero continued to "co-operate." And thus, as cynical newsmen privately noted, the total volume of Lindbergh publicity was increased.

The Lindbergh, however, who had been disturbed by the "swell-head" jibe of Gene Howe, could hardly have wished the publication of some of the stories which now required to be answered by his friends.

One of them concerned his "buzzing" of a transport plane as it crossed the airfield where the National Air Races were being held in Cleveland on the last days of August 1929. For three days during those races, as he had done in Los Angeles the year before, he stunted with Army and Navy fliers to the delight of vast crowds, but when he swerved close to the transport and deliberately caught it in his slip stream, causing it to rock dangerously, the spectators were stunned and the transport's thirteen passengers were terrified. The transport's pilot, having landed his ship, stormed out of the cockpit sobbing with fury, according to anti-Lindbergh stories, and the matter was hushed up only with great difficulty. Lindbergh's friends replied, in print, that his action had been misinterpreted; he had not been displaying resentment nor playing an inexcusable practical joke but, instead, was warning the transport away from a danger area. (It was at Cleveland, incidentally, that Lindbergh astonished newsmen by walking all the way across the field, as the races drew toward a close, with the offer to pose for photographers; he said he had "forgotten" to do so before.)

Another hostile story was that Anne had suffered a nervous breakdown at the end of the record-breaking transcontinental flight of Easter Sunday, 1930. Even Lindbergh's friends must admit in private that, as regards this flight, he handled the press very strangely. He had let it be known that he might break the record as a demonstration that flight at altitudes above the weather was safest and fastest. He therefore knew that newsmen would be assigned in droves to cover his landing. Some reporters, as a matter of fact, suspected he had timed his Los Angeles take-off deliberately for the purpose of arriving most dramatically in New York, flashing out of the night into a pool of light at a moment best calculated for a full coverage in the morning editions. Yet he greeted reporters coldly, made a show of resentment at their presence, and curtly deprecated his flight as "simply an experiment in high-level flying." Anne, meanwhile, remained hidden in the cockpit, though reporters were naturally anxious to question her. When she at last emerged she was sobbing hysterically, according to hostile reports, and had to be virtually carried from plane to hangar. Lindbergh's friends denied flatly, in print, that the story was true; Anne had merely waited until the press interview had ended, then

had slipped quietly from plane into waiting car, and been driven away with her husband. . . .

His defenders were, of course, far more widely believed than his detractors, not only because they had access to journals of largest circulation but also because America's emotional and moral investment in the hero was now beyond calculation and must be maintained even against the truth if the truth happened to threaten it. If there was the slightest diminution, as a result of unfavorable publicity, in the popular esteem in which he was held, no sign of it appeared in his personal experience.

In the spring of 1931, four years after the Paris flight, he said ruefully to Donald E. Keyhoe that he could safely appear on a city street only so long as he "kept moving"; if he paused for as long as five seconds he was recognized and a crowd collected around him. Once he made the mistake of paying his taxi fare after he had climbed out in front of a New York office building. During the few seconds he fumbled for his change he was recognized by a newsboy who, as soon as Lindbergh had disappeared into the building, began informing passers-by in a loud voice that the hero was within and must soon come out again. When Lindbergh did so, he faced a crowd of hundreds which packed the walk and spilled out into the street; he tried desperately to hail a cab, but rain was then falling and no empty cab was available; he perforce strode down the street, the crowd trailing along, until, a block or so away, a taxi stopped for him. "That was the most embarrassing thing that has happened for months," he told Keyhoe. It was still impossible for him to eat in a restaurant, and it was not until he and Anne had worked out a simple but effective disguise that they were enabled to attend a movie theater now and then.

All this despite the fact that, after the outburst over the baby's birth, there was a slackening off of Lindbergh publicity for many months. The flying couple made no spectacular flights during this period and seemed anxious to avoid other activities which might be deemed newsworthy; when they attended the National Air Races in Chicago, for instance, in late August of 1930, they did so as spectators only. What news Lindbergh did make was either inadvertent or strictly in the line of professional duty. He gave a talk on international aviation before the Williamstown Institute of Politics; he conferred with Herbert Hoover and others on commercial aeronautics in the Rapidan vacation camp; he was appointed chairman of the technical committee of Transcontinental and Western as it evolved out of TAT; he was in Newark for the inauguration of TWA's New York-to-

Los Angeles line; he tested new planes; he announced his sponsorship of a retractable landing gear for planes. . . . There was a slackening off, too, of Lindbergh mail. He still had to maintain an office with secretary in New York just to handle this mail, but he was receiving, in early 1931, only a hundred or so letters a day, the smallest number per unit time since the Paris flight.

At that time, the Lindberghs were living in a rented farmhouse near Princeton, New Jersey—a white frame two-story structure in the colonial style, as modest and simple as their manner of living, with green shutters on its windows and a fireplace at each end and a yard surrounded by a white picket fence.

A few miles to the northwest, in the strangely isolated (considering its proximity to New York) and inaccessible Sourland Mountain area, sprawling across the border of Mercer and Hunterdon counties, lay a 400-acre tract of rolling, heavily wooded, infertile land which Lindbergh had bought in the early autumn of 1930 and deeded to Anne in early '31. The gloomy desolation of this land was precisely what had most recommended it to the Lindberghs, coupled with the fact that a small landing field, which they had begun to clear on the place, would enable them to commute by sports plane to New York in a little more than twenty minutes. The nearest village was tiny Hopewell, three miles distant. A narrow, winding, little-traveled road known locally as Featherbed Lane passed through the estate, kept open by Lindbergh's order for the use of his few and distant neighbors, impoverished hermit types for the most part, who used it for their infrequent trips to the village. From this road a winding drive of a half mile or more led through tangled woods to the clearing in which the house was being built of native stone. It was to be a large house, in the style of a Norman manor, with a central portion flanked by two wings under a heavy slate roof. Aristocratic, its simple grandeur would be enhanced by its aloofness, and in it the Lindbergh household would be somewhat as the boy Lindbergh had been in his nest of grass. They would be hemmed closely in by a wilderness of ash, dogwood, oak, and thick undergrowth; the sky's moods would be narrowly framed for them by tall vegetation.

Meanwhile, in the Princeton farmhouse, they lived almost as recluses. Their social friends were, for the most part, friends of the Morrows; they had few if any close friends their own age. Rarely did they attend a party. He spent about four days a week in New York when not away, as he often was, and often with Anne, on business journeys

(he invariably flew) for the airlines or foundations he served. He commuted to the city by automobile, which meant a daily round trip of 112 miles.

One evening he brought home Donald Keyhoe for an overnight stay. "I could almost feel the change that came over him as he entered his home. . . ." Keyhoe later reported. "Never had I seen him so free of that tense on-guard manner which had necessarily grown to be a part of him. . . . That night he seemed younger, almost boyish, and as he greeted Mrs. Lindbergh I saw more of the old, likeable Slim in his infectious smile than I had observed for two years in public." At dinner the conversation was various and interesting, Keyhoe being impressed by the great respect which Lindbergh showed for his wife's opinions and by her mastery of even "the more technical sides of aviation which the colonel happened to mention." Lindbergh was particularly proud of Anne's abilities as a flier, she handling the plane at least a third of the time on their flights together. Warm and friendly was the Lindbergh hospitality. . . . But when Keyhoe tried to make friends with the baby Charles, he was rebuffed by the child. From his playpen, the Lindbergh son, who had with animation been watching the Scotch terrier play, gazed in cold disapproval at the stranger who bent over him, then "scornfully" turned his back. Keyhoe, a little hurt, mentioned this to Lindbergh who laughed but made no comment. . . .

The child was rigorously protected against intrusive public interest. No photographs of him were released and no news bulletins on his health and growth. Now and then, to quiet wild rumors, the father (or mother) permitted indirect reports of information about the son, published in newspaper and magazine feature articles. The child was *not* deformed: he was normally proportioned. The child was *not* mentally defective: he was alert, his blue eyes quick with intelligence, and he progressed toward the walking and talking stage at a normal rate. The child was *not*, at four months, being prepared by his parents for a career in aviation. "Our son has hardly reached the age to have his future determined for him," said Lindbergh dryly in the *Pictorial Review* of October 1930, "and, in any case, it is a question he can decide for himself when the time comes. Personally, I do not want him to be or do anything that he himself has no taste or aptitude for. I believe that everybody should have complete freedom in the choice of his life's work."

On the Fourth of July, 1931, the Morrows, with Anne's husband and child, gathered in the Englewood home—"all the family and only the family," as Mrs. Morrow recorded in her diary, adding, "I wonder when that will happen again?" They had a quiet and happy time together; Dwight Morrow seemed more relaxed and rested than he had for several months.

He was Senator Morrow now. He had not wanted to be. . . .

The machinations of certain friends and politicians in New Jersey, while he was in Mexico in November of 1929, had committed him to campaign for the Republican nomination for senator the following spring. In April of 1930 he had returned from the London Naval Conference where it was generally agreed he had been the most effective member of the United States delegation. He was worn out, but must plunge without rest into a primary battle whose central issue (despite a year of deepening economic depression) was Prohibition. Morrow came out forthrightly for repeal, spoke of "faith" and "confidence" as depression curatives, and won handily over an opponent supported by the Anti-Saloon League. He had then returned to Mexico City where the last days of his embassy were clouded by disagreements with Mexican President Rubio, Calles's successor, over a national debt settlement engineered by Morrow's former partner in the Morgan bank, Thomas Lamont. (Morrow opposed the agreement.) Thus he came back to New Jersey, wearier than ever, to campaign for the Senate. It was fortunate for his cause that his public relations were expertly handled by his staff and that he had earned a great reputation as a capable and disinterested public servant, for his personal campaign was uninspired. He gave tired banal speeches in which he asserted that "every employer who has faith is doing something to end the depression," that labor should "avoid strikes," and (again) that Prohibition should be repealed. He won election on November 4 by a majority of 200,000.

He then had a "double mandate" from the electorate, as his biographer would point out, for he was elected not only to a full six-year term beginning March 3, 1931, but also to the unexpired term of former Senator Walter E. Edge, whom President Hoover had named as Herrick's successor in Paris. Whatever gratification this fact had given him, however, was overbalanced by the necessity it imposed of

going directly from his exhausting campaign to Washington where, on December 3, he was formally installed in his Senate seat. Nor had his three months in Washington been restful or soothing of such feelings as may have been ruffled during the election struggle. He had determined to remain silent and inconspicuous until he had mastered Senate procedures, of which he made a concentrated study. He made no floor speeches. He was distressed by the daily necessity to vote on measures of which he had no certain knowledge. And his over-all voting record was a flat contradiction of that political liberalism which was reputed to be his and which had enlisted for him the campaign support of such organs as the *New York World*. Many who had been his strong supporters were now bitterly disappointed by his votes against the Soldiers' Bonus, against a federal appropriation of \$25,000,000 for immediate food relief, against a proposal to stiffen public-utility regulation. A journalist spoke for them when he said sourly in print that Morrow had "spent a lifetime getting a reputation as a great liberal only to spend three months in the Senate blasting it."

Such jibes hurt him. He was an honest and conscientious man who valued the good opinion of intellectuals. (The *New Republic* was one of his favorite magazines.)

He had, for instance, suffered agonies of self-doubt during the bitter controversy of 1923, ending in the dismissal of Alexander Meiklejohn from the presidency of Amherst, the alma mater of both Morrow and Calvin Coolidge, after twelve creative years. Morrow had been chairman of the committee of trustees which, after investigation, requested Meiklejohn's resignation, and he was never quite able to convince himself that his handling of this case had been right. He had reverted to it only last year when Stanley King, Meiklejohn's successor at Amherst, visited him on one of the most hectic days of the London Conference. To King's remark that this was "hell on earth" Morrow had replied that it wasn't "so bad as the Meiklejohn business," and he had brushed aside King's protest that Morrow had only done what had to be done on that occasion. "No, Stanley," he had said, "we did poorly over that business. We did not do well."

And now, again, he was suffering agonies of doubt. Again he felt, helplessly, that he was "doing poorly" in a "business" as testing of his principles and character as the Meiklejohn controversy had been, and in somewhat the same way.

On the one hand were his humane instincts. On the other were economic principles to which he had been committed since childhood. These principles justified his privileges and approved his career,

thus encouraging him to regard them as moral laws. Hence, in the field of public policy his humanity was mastered and generally thwarted by his economics. He was capable of saying in the dark days of late 1930 that "there is something about too much prosperity that ruins the fiber of the people." (His personal fortune had survived the stock-market crash almost intact.) According to his friend, Harold Nicolson, he believed "that the crisis was inevitable and . . . would furnish a fine test of American capacity and character." Inflation remained his greatest dread in a time of unparalleled deflation, causing him to oppose governmental expenditures which might strengthen a desperately enfeebled mass purchasing power while relieving the miseries of the millions of unemployed. In all this he was like the Great Engineer in the White House. But he was a naturally warm personality where Hoover was bleak, gay where Hoover was glum, and inclined toward rigorous self-scrutiny where Hoover was inclined toward self-righteousness. He could never be quite as certain about anything as Hoover was (it seemed) about everything.

He doubted. . . .

For though he might regard the collapse of inflated stock values as "inevitable" and the Depression as a salutary chastisement of spirits corrupted by the Jazz Age, he must question the automatic beneficence of an economic system which forced able men into the streets and condemned their families to poverty amidst huge piles of "surpluses" among idle machines that had only to be set going again to produce abundance. He must wonder, too, about his own responsibility for the debacle. He had not been without influence in the highest places during the eleven years of his party's control of the White House. In so far as he had used his influence, had he used it well? In so far as he had failed to use it, had he shirked his duty? More important, what should he now do to promote recovery? Not long ago he had said that "recovery is going to be brought about by the man who earns a modest living and spends just a little less than he earns," but the words rang hollow in his ears as he faced the fact that millions could no longer earn a "modest" living or, indeed, any living at all. Great financial organizations which had seemed as solid as Gibraltar were crumbling. (Kidder, Peabody, forced into reorganization!) The total collapse of German credits seemed imminent, with the loss of two and a half billions in American loans for which we had refused to accept repayment in goods and services. Great Britain tottered on the brink of fiscal disaster. And in America unemployment continued to mount to—what? Ten millions? Eleven? Fifteen?

The unemployment problem haunted Dwight Morrow; it put deep creases between his eyes, stabbed him with headaches, denied him sleep night after night. (He had long been troubled with insomnia.) He was embarking on an intensive study of the problem. He had sent away for foreign documents, and these now arrived in intimidating bulk. He held endless conferences with "experts." In the lonely watches of his nights, aching for want of sleep, he elaborated vast schemes for a "solution" of the crisis, miraculous schemes, though all the time he knew, deep down, that the age had passed when miracles could be achieved merely by waving a magic wand of "confidence" over one's wishes. Despair now rose as a poisonous vapor around all minds like his own, however vehemently he might deny it, and it rose not from a shift in subjective grounds but from black and terrifyingly objective realities. . . .

Even on this Independence Day of 1931, when the senator was relatively relaxed with his children and grandson and son-in-law during what was destined to be the last gathering together of all the Morrows, he was by no means free of anxiety. It gnawed at him beneath his twinkling talk. At one point he broke off the flow of his conversation with his son-in-law and sat through a moment of somber silence, gazing far across the green lawn, the flowers, the sun-splashed trees of Englewood.

"Charles," he said suddenly, turning back to Lindbergh, "never let yourself worry. It is bad for the mind."

Thus a High Priest of the Roaring Twenties to the Hero of the Age.

The High Priest, who had performed his rites in that shrine of all shrines, the House of Morgan, could not but feel that his religion was being discredited by events and repudiated by the masses. He was even beginning to wonder, heretically, if the British dole was as destructive of "moral fiber" as was the anguish of Americans who were denied any relief at all by the stubborn righteousness of Herbert Hoover. These, the suffering ones, must inevitably turn with more and more sympathy toward such radical views as had been published by the hero's father, a man who had looked upon every great financier, and particularly J. P. Morgan, as an exploiter of the people. Yes, Morgan the Magnificent, in the radical congressman's eyes, had been the epitome of that ruthless greed, that irresponsible exercise of vast and stolen powers which, uncurbed, could lead only to social disaster.

Well, disaster had come. Did this prove the hero's father right?

Evidently there were some who feared it might seem so to the gen-

eral public and who, having a vested interest in the old order, would therefore deny to the public all knowledge of what the hero's father had said. Just five days before the Fourth of July reunion at Englewood, the Charles A. Lindbergh Association of Minnesota, set up to perpetuate the memory of the late congressman, asked the library board of St. Paul to investigate the removal of Lindbergh's three books from public-library shelves in Minnesota and adjacent states. Two copies of each book had been sent to each Twin City library; yet none was available in the St. Paul libraries and only one could be found in Minneapolis. The association believed that "overzealous admirers of Colonel Lindbergh had sought to gather up the books of the father on the theory they might embarrass the son," and such suspicions gained plausibility from the fact that later searches of other libraries known to have received the books failed to turn up copies. None, for instance, was to be found in the libraries of Detroit. A Washington newsman noted that all three Lindbergh titles were listed in the catalogue of the Library of Congress, but only one of the books, *Banking, Currency and the Money Trust*, was actually available there.

And what of the son of this father?

C.A.'s friends, defining the son's position in terms of historical process, might well find it ambiguous. But in so far as this position resulted from young Lindbergh's free choice there was nothing ambiguous about it: he now belonged, body and soul, to what his father would have regarded as the enemy camp. Thus it was not ambiguity which the hero brought, of his own accord, to this symbolic moment; it was irony. . . .

He did not passively accept the politics and economics of his wife's privileged class. He did so very actively within his own profession, using his talents and the full weight of his prestige to assure the dominance of Big Business over American aviation, a dominance whereby such early aviator-entrepreneurs as the Robertsons of St. Louis must eventually be squeezed out of airline operations. "The control of American aviation has been ruthlessly taken away from men who could fly and bestowed upon bankers, brokers, promoters and politicians, sitting in their inner offices, allotting to themselves the taxpayers' money." So Senator Hugo Black of Alabama would say in 1933, backing his statement with an abundance of factual evidence. And though the process, including the dubious use of "taxpayers' money," might seem to Lindbergh "inevitable," being dictated by the necessity to increase the efficiency of airline operations through the abolition of "wasteful competition," he could hardly deny that he did

what he personally could to make the "inevitable" happen and was very handsomely paid for doing so.

TAT, for instance, was established through the co-operation of two large railroads, five big investment houses, the Wright Aeronautical Company, and the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation. Its president, C. M. Keys, was neither an aviator nor an aeronautical engineer but an investment counsel. And TAT, under Keys' direction, obviously paid more for the prestige and publicity it gained from Lindbergh's association with it, and for his influence in high places, than it did for his technical services. The latter no doubt justified a high salary, but surely they did not justify the delivery to Lindbergh of a check for \$250,000 which, by the terms of the agreement, he was to endorse and return in payment for 25,000 shares of TAT stock at ten dollars per share! (This procedure was followed "in order that all records shall be clear for income tax purposes," Keys explained to the flier, adding the suggestion "that you do not put very much of this stock in your own name because when you sell it—and I hope that you will sell part of it on the first favorable opportunity—either the delivery of the stock in your own name, or the transfer of it on the books would excite a lot of attention, which is quite unnecessary.")

Moreover, Lindbergh must at least have acquiesced in the federal aeronautics policy of President Hoover, whose election he had publicly supported and with whom he conferred at Rapidan and in the White House as the policy was being shaped.

Effected by Postmaster General Walter F. Brown, this policy would prove shocking to the general public when, in 1933, it was fully exposed to the public gaze. Involved was the use of air-mail contracts, which made the difference between the financial success and failure of an airline, to insure that certain big and therefore favored companies survived and grew while their smaller competitors were either crushed or forced into mergers whereby they lost their identity. (TAT was one such favored company.) This in turn involved violations of the intent if not the actual letter of the law requiring open competitive bidding for such contracts and their award to the lowest bidder, save in very special circumstances. It was revealed in 1933, as one example, that the contract for transporting air mail between New York and Washington was awarded to a company which charged the government three times as much as had been bid by a smaller concern.

Brown presided over a series of secret meetings with officials of the bigger companies—"spoils conferences" they were called by some who knew of them—following which an efficient order very quickly

emerged from the anarchy of a genuinely free competition. Three big aviation holding companies—the North American-General Motors group, United Aircraft, and Aviation Corporation—walked off with all but two of twenty air-mail contracts. Brown also presided very actively over the “shotgun wedding” of TWA and Western Air Express from which TWA emerged as “The Lindbergh Line.” And Brown could reply to critics by pointing to an undoubted over-all effect of his activities, namely the establishment by July 4, 1931, of a co-ordinated passenger-carrying transcontinental airline system in place of a precarious air mail “carried in an open-cockpit ship with a young lad of twenty-five years of age sitting on a parachute.”

Young Lindbergh agreed: the end justified the means, both being “inevitable.” And there was symbolic irony in the fact that he personally loved open-cockpit flying and would forever regret its replacement by “flying offices” from which nearly all the feel and thrill of flight was walled away. . . .

There was yet another item which, on this Independence Day, measured the degree of Lindbergh’s commitment to his father’s “enemy” and of his acceptance of a moral code his father had coldly condemned.

In the palmy days of 1929, the House of Morgan maintained a very secret “preferred list” of people to whom it occasionally offered stock at prices much below the market figure. These privileged ones could buy Allegheny Corporation, for example, at twenty dollars a share on a day when it sold for between thirty-one and thirty-five dollars on the New York exchange. Many distinguished people took advantage of this offer, making very handsome profits while placing themselves under obligation to Morgan. They included John J. Raskob, Owen J. Roberts, Newton D. Baker, General Pershing—and Charles A. Lindbergh. Lindbergh also took advantage of a bargain offer of Standard Brands as did, among others, Bernard Baruch, John W. Davis, and Calvin Coolidge.

5

But these were not the matters of which the family talked on this Fourth of July. Instead was much talk of a project Anne and her husband had announced in early June and for which their preparations were now almost completed. Lindbergh had called it a “kind of vaca-

tion"; it had put him and Anne back on the front pages in black headlines.

They were to fly to the Orient by a northern route—over Canada, Alaska, the Bering Sea, Kamchatka, and down across Japan and China—in a monoplane they'd named the *Sirius*. It had a 1600-horsepower cyclone engine, a 2000-mile range, and pontoons instead of wheels, for the country over which they would fly was a wilderness where there was no safe landing ground but much open water—Hudson Bay, ten thousand lakes and inlets, and the northern seas. It was also equipped with radio transmitter and receiver for whose operation Anne would be responsible. She was qualifying for a third-class operator's license. While they were gone, one-year-old Charles, Jr., would live with his grandparents in the Morrow summer home at North Haven, Maine.

On July 7, the Morrows moved to this island farm. Three weeks later they watched from their boat as the *Sirius* slanted down (all North Haven was out to see it, hundreds in boats, other hundreds on shore) to land in calm water beneath a pine-garbed hill. The Lindberghs spent that night in the white clapboard cottage, beloved of Anne's childhood, their early bed preceded by an evening of easy intimate talk before an open fire. Mrs. Morrow complained mildly at one point that her husband was working too hard, much too hard (he was deep now in his unemployment study), and sleeping too little, much too little.

"That's nonsense," said Dwight Morrow. "Most people have exaggerated ideas about sleep. If I can get two solid hours I'm all right, and that's all I need."

Next morning the Lindberghs took off for Ottawa. There, veteran pilots of the Canadian North tried hard to dissuade Lindbergh from the route he had mapped. It was not much farther to go by way of the Mackenzie River, they said, and it was much more scenic, very beautiful in fact, and much safer. The route Lindbergh had mapped in straight lines from Ottawa to Moose Factory, thence to Churchill on Hudson Bay, thence to Baker Lake and north to the Arctic, was over a flat and featureless land, incredibly desolate. No people at all, really—just a handful of trappers, traders, and mounted police. And there were dangers: heavy fogs, high tides in Hudson Bay, long stretches where no landing was possible. Anne listened with growing amusement, noting how every such word of objection strengthened her husband's resolve to go as he had planned. . . .

And so the journey broke into two distinct parts. The first part was indeed empty of people. For thousands of miles they flew north, then

west, then south and west, over a wooded wilderness which gave way to greenish-brown tundra as wide and desolate as the North Atlantic had been on May 21, 1927. They flew beneath a wan sun that never set, over seas never wholly free of ice, and when they came down in lonely lagoons beside a tiny cluster of houses there were no cheering crowds. There were only friendly individual people, a dozen or two perhaps, eager for a breath of the world "outside." In Kamchatka the Russian people were especially friendly, showing them proudly over an experimental farm and answering their questions about the organization of schools and nurseries, the means of making a living, the methods of commerce in a socialist state.

But then the *Sirius* flew into Japan, and from Japan to Nanking, and the land seemed sometimes a liquid mass of people—tides, and rivers of flesh in which all human personality was submerged. They flowed through narrow streets, bearing disease and the stink of filth. They formed stagnant pools among mud-walled huts, spreading out onto slivers of land from which, with enormous labor, they wrested a bare subsistence. And even this subsistence was denied them in September 1931, as the Lindberghs roared overhead, for the Yangtze was in flood and the flat lower valley was transformed into a vast sea of yellow mud and water. Famine and epidemics killed Chinese by the thousand. . . .

The Lindberghs, in Nanking, offered to map the flooded areas for the National Flood Relief Commission. They made several survey flights.

One day Lindbergh flew the *Sirius* to the walled city of Hinghwa, which was wholly isolated by the flood. (The nearest dry land was twenty-five miles distant.) In the baggage compartment were medical supplies; in the cockpit were two doctors, a Chinese and an American. After they had landed just outside the city walls, they with difficulty persuaded a sampan to approach so that a box of vaccine and the Chinese doctor might be unloaded into it. But the sight of that box and of other boxes in the opened baggage compartment drove the famished watchers mad. Food! they thought. Those boxes contain food! . . . There had been a dozen or so sampans on nearby water when the *Sirius* came down. Soon there were hundreds crushed together in a solid mass around the doctor, who had to fight his way back to the plane, and around the plane, too, which sullen angry men tried to board. Lindbergh drove them off with a .38 revolver, firing over the heads of the crowd first on one side, then on the other, those on each side being convinced that he killed people on the other side.

When they were sufficiently withdrawn, he started his motor; there was nothing else to do. Aloft again, all three men were acutely aware that they had barely escaped with their lives.

And always after, whenever Lindbergh thought of China, there would rise in his mind a vivid image of that moment of horror: the yellow clawing hands stretched toward him, the bared teeth, the snarling screams, the burning eyes above gaunt cheeks. They weren't rational beings; they were maddened animals. . . .

A week later, both Lindberghs narrowly escaped drowning when a crane on the British aircraft carrier *Hermes*, attempting to lower the *Sirius* onto the Yangtze for a medical relief flight from Hankow, suddenly jammed: a wing tipped down into the swollen river whose powerful stream quickly caused the plane to capsize. Plunged into the river, whose currents were treacherous even at low stage, Anne and her husband were swept downstream for some minutes before a lifeboat picked them up. The plane was seriously damaged.

Three days later Anne received a cable from Englewood which caused them to abandon all their plans for further flights and to book immediate passage on a ship sailing from Shanghai for Seattle.

6

On September 10, Dwight Morrow, lunching with Mrs. Morrow and Roy Howard, the newspaper publisher, upon the latter's yacht anchored off North Haven, had suffered a slight stroke which, for a couple of minutes, paralyzed his right arm and leg. It was not diagnosed as a stroke, however, by the doctors who were summoned; they called it a "vascular spasm." Next day he seemed fully recovered. He continued his intense study of unemployment, his mind clouded more and more by anxiety over world economic conditions. Events in Great Britain particularly disturbed him. On the day of his slight stroke, Parliament, frightened by a mounting governmental deficit, passed a drastic economy bill which, among other things, cut the dole and provoked an ominous rebelliousness among Britain's two million unemployed. There were ugly riots in London, Liverpool, Glasgow.

On September 19, the Morrows, with grandson Charles Lindbergh, Jr., returned to Englewood. There the senator was stunned by the news, on September 21, that England had abandoned the gold standard. (The pound sterling fell at once from \$4.86 to \$3.49.) One by one the foundations of world order, the order in which he had im-

PLICITLY believed and within which he had prospered, were melting away. He strove valiantly to recover his optimism. The experiment of a managed currency was perilous in the extreme, but it might stave off the ultimate catastrophe, that Red revolution which had seemed to lie at the end of the alternative course. At least it gave Britain a chance to defend herself against France's ruinous financial policy, Morrow told his friends. And he had at that moment an immediate practical concern with the French policy, for a mission from Paris headed by Laval was soon to arrive in Washington and Morrow was helping the administration to prepare for it. On October 1 he was in the capital for an all-day consultation with Secretary of State Stimson. He spent an almost sleepless night aboard a Pullman between Washington and New York on October 2-3. "I kept waking up thinking what a hell of a mess the world is in," he said to a fellow passenger next morning. That afternoon he was host at a huge reception for his fellow senator from New Jersey at his Englewood home. The following evening, October 4, he spoke at a dinner launching the Jewish welfare drive at the Commodore Hotel in New York. He returned late at night to a darkened house and went to bed, his tired but overstimulated mind no doubt casting forward to the following noonday when he was to be host at a luncheon for a delegation of the U. S. Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce.

He never arose from his bed. Sometime in the early morning of October 5, a Monday, he suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. He died that afternoon. . . .

He left in the minds of family and friends the memory of a gentle, lovable little man whose brilliant mind and dry wit cast a cloak of self-deprecating humor over a dozen idiosyncrasies. His unique ability to concentrate upon one subject to the exclusion of all others had bred an almost incredible absent-mindedness. It is said that he evolved his complex scheme for transforming the Equitable into a mutual life insurance society while sitting with a friend at a luncheon table, totally oblivious to the dishes which were placed before him and then taken away untouched at a sign from the friend. It is literally true that once, in his bath, he called out to his valet for "some soap that will lather better than this" and was discovered to be wearing his pajamas. He had a strange habit of twisting squills of paper into his ear as he concentrated on a problem; the floor around his desk was littered by them at day's end. He was notoriously untidy: Mrs. Morrow had to watch closely to see that he had his hair properly combed and was wearing the proper clothes when he left the house in

the morning. She never forgot a Sunday morning in Cuernavaca of which Harold Nicolson would write in his biography of her husband. She and her husband were awakened early by the ringing of bells, the first church bells to ring in Mexico for three long years, Morrow having successfully applied his negotiating genius to the bitter conflict between Church and State. "Betty," he now said with satisfaction, "I have opened the churches of Mexico." The bells continued to ring, accompanied by the explosions of firecrackers. "Betty," said Dwight Morrow plaintively, after a half hour's din, "would you now like me to close the churches of Mexico?"

His death symbolized for current historians the end of the old order and caused them to expatiate upon the nature of the new order which struggled to be born. He represented, most of them thought, the very best of the old order while indicating to some that this best wasn't quite good enough. He had been a poor boy who, through manifest abilities, became a multimillionaire and one of the most powerful men in America's economic life while retaining a wide range of active interests and a burning ideal of public service. "His tragedy lay in the fact that he lived to see the structure on which he had been raised to eminence fall to pieces before his eyes," wrote J. C. Long in a biographical essay published in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1935.

And his death also reminded many that one bridge between the old order and the new seemed to be the fame of Morrow's daughter and son-in-law, which continued unabated. A month after Long's essay appeared, Milton Mackaye wrote in *Vanity Fair*: "Figures and shapes change and vanish in these unsettled times and only the Lindberghs seem eternal." The Lindberghs had woven an "aerial idyll," Mackaye said, which had "worn well" despite the depression. It was as if the Lindberghs, "first romancers of the air," as Mackaye called them, represented an ideal above and beyond social orders, an ideal toward which all men in all times might aspire. Certainly their legend, by then, had assumed a deeper meaning, involving tragedy.

TWELVE

Blood Sacrifice

1

BY FEBRUARY of 1932 the Lindberghs had moved into their new home north of Hopewell; for the first time since their marriage they had an establishment of their own.

If the ten-room house in its clearing, surrounded on all sides by thick woods, was unostentatious, it did not lack what most people would have deemed a rather gloomy grandeur. The mood of the Gothic romancers seemed to brood over it. The ground floor consisted of an entrance hall, a large living room with two fireplaces, a library, a dining room, and a kitchen off which opened a servants' sitting room. Directly above the living room, in the central portion of the house, were the sleeping apartments of the Lindberghs. One wing contained a three-car garage above which were the servants' quarters; the other, whose windows opened to the south and east, contained on its second floor the nursery and bedroom of the Lindbergh baby. The house was not yet completely furnished—some of the windows, for instance, were curtainless—and, as always in a new structure, certain minor adjustments remained to be made. For one thing, the shutters at one of the nursery windows must be replaced; they had been so warped by the weather that they could not be fastened shut.

There were three servants: Oliver Whateley, the butler (though the Lindberghs did not call him so); Elsie, his wife, who served as cook and housekeeper; and Betty Mowat Gow, nursemaid to the baby. Whateley, an Englishman, was of the type of the British "gentleman's gentleman"—a suave, discreet, outwardly imperturbable man of forty-five with impeccable manners and a veritable genius for anticipating the wishes of employers. His wife was his fit mate, a quiet, gentle woman who, nevertheless, had a mind of her own, great self-respect, and a loyalty to her husband that could become fierce to the extent that he or his reputation was threatened. Betty Gow was a different

type. A native of Scotland who had come to America in the same year as the Whateleys, she was a slender, vivacious brunette of twenty-seven who had been highly recommended to the Lindberghs by a lady's maid of Mrs. Morrow's and who, during the twelve months of her employ by the Lindberghs, had lived up to her recommendation. She loved the Lindbergh baby, yet was careful not to "fuss" over him excessively, maintaining thus the balanced mixture of affectionate concern and respectful aloofness which her employers required in the handling of their son. During her free hours she was often in the company of young men, who found her attractive; at the moment her special friend was a redheaded young Norwegian sailor named Henry Johnson whom she had met at North Haven last summer, he being then on the crew of Thomas W. Lamont's steam yacht.

But though the Lindberghs had moved into their new home and staffed it, they were not yet completely settled there. They divided their time between Hopewell and Mrs. Morrow's home in Englewood, ordinarily spending long weekends in the former place and from Tuesday to Friday in the latter. Ordinarily, too, the Whateleys remained at Hopewell and Betty Gow at Englewood, for Anne Lindbergh liked to have her son to herself over the weekends.

So it was during the last week of February 1932. The Lindberghs were in Englewood until Friday morning, moving then to Hopewell, while Betty Gow stayed on in the Morrow home. They intended to return to Englewood on the following Monday or Tuesday. That weekend, however, the baby suffered from a cold and by Monday Anne, too, had a slight cold, caught from her son. On Tuesday morning, March 1, the baby's cold was much better but there was still a congestion of the lungs which, though slight, counseled caution. Anne looked out upon a scowling day—she heard a chill wind snarling through the eaves, saw it scudding dead leaves over barren ground—and she decided against taking the baby out of doors at all. Accordingly she called the Morrow home shortly before noon and asked Betty Gow to come at once. The nursemaid did so, being driven down by Mrs. Morrow's chauffeur and arriving at approximately one-twenty.

The baby seemed much better that afternoon, playing with his toys, napping properly, breathing easily. He had a healthy appetite at dinner, which was served him in the nursery on a low maple table by Betty Gow, Anne coming in as the meal ended. His mother played with him for a little while after his dinner. As he was prepared for bed, Betty Gow decided he should have a physic, and to this he objected so violently that his nightshirt was soiled. The nursemaid then

improvised "a proper little flannel shirt to put next to his skin," cutting it from a flannel petticoat worn by the baby during its first few weeks of life, and dressed the child in it. She rubbed his chest with a medicating grease and fastened guards to his thumbs to prevent his sucking them, before tucking him into his crib under a blanket which was secured to the mattress by large safety pins. All the shutters on the windows were closed and fastened save the warped ones on the southeast window. Shortly after eight o'clock the child was sound asleep.

Lindbergh, meanwhile, was in New York. He had gone in Monday morning, had worked there late that evening, and instead of driving down to Hopewell for the night had gone up to much-nearer Englewood whence he might return to the city at a reasonably early hour next morning. On Tuesday, again in New York, he visited the offices of TAT and Pan-American on business. He spent most of his day, however, where he had spent the bulk of his city days, unknown to all but a very few people, for many months, in the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research at 66th Street and York Avenue; he was engaged there in a secret project which might or might not succeed but which absorbed him utterly. Late that afternoon he had an appointment with his dentist, after which he called Anne to tell her he would be home in a few hours. (He had completely forgotten an engagement to speak that evening at a huge dinner of the Alumni Federation of New York University, an engagement he had made in a rarely expansive moment and much to the surprise of the dinner's program committee.) At eight-fifteen or so he drove up the narrow road, through black and wind-tossed woods, into the clearing of his home, signaling with his horn as he did so.

Approximately an hour later, he and Anne, having finished dinner, sat together upon a sofa in the living room, talking. He heard a sudden noise which he later described as "like . . . the top slats of an orange box falling off a chair" and which he "assumed to be in the kitchen." It was not loud enough to arouse serious question; it did provoke a mild curiosity.

"What is that?" he asked.

Anne had no idea. They resumed their conversation.

A few minutes later they went upstairs, where Lindbergh drew and took a bath. He then came down into the library where, with a book, he sat down at a desk facing the southeast window, directly under that nursery window whose shutters were so warped they could not be completely closed. The window he faced was without curtains and

its shutters were open so that, whenever he looked up from his book, he might have gazed out into the windy dark of his yard for as far as light from the room was cast. As he read there, Anne, upstairs, prepared a bath. Betty Gow sat with Mrs. Whateley in the latter's room above the garage, "gossiping," as she later described it. Oliver Whateley was in and out of that room, and up and down stairs, going about his nightly duties.

At a few minutes before ten, Betty Gow glanced at her watch.

"I must go to the baby," she said, for it was customary for her to give the child a light refreshment at that time.

She did not switch on the light as she entered the baby's room, not wanting to startle him. She guided herself by the mild light streaming in from the open door to the hall as she went to a window she had opened (*not* the one with the warped shutters), closed it, and switched on an electric heater to take the chill off the room before waking the baby. Then she groped her way to the crib, which was in deep shadow, and stood there with her hands on the rail for perhaps five seconds before she realized, with shock, that she could not hear the baby's breathing. She reached down. The crib was empty! *But maybe Mrs. Lindbergh has him*, she thought, and hurried to her mistress's room to ask. Anne was coming out of the bathroom as Betty Gow entered.

"Why, no, I haven't had him," Anne said, puzzled.

"Well, where is the colonel? He may have him."

"He's in the library," Anne said. "Go see."

Anne hurried into the child's room, then back into her own, waiting in desperate hope for word that the child was safe in her husband's arms. She couldn't believe he was; their rigid policy was to avoid disturbing their son after he had been placed in his crib.

Downstairs, Lindbergh looked up in surprise as Betty Gow burst in to ask without ceremony:

"Colonel, do you have the baby?"

He put down his book. "No. Isn't he in his crib?"

Betty Gow shook her head, and now there was terror in her dark eyes.

He sprang to his feet and rushed upstairs, followed by the nursemaid. In the baby's crib he found the blanket still fastened to the mattress by safety pins and still arched above the now-empty cave of warmth where the baby had lain. He went swiftly into his wife's bedroom and, without a word, flung open the door to a closet there from which he seized a Springfield rifle. Then all three went back into the

baby's room to stand, for an instant, above the empty crib. He looked at his wife's pale drawn face, into her despairing eyes, and he spoke out of his deepest self, out of the unconscious memory of ten thousand hands tearing at his clothes and pounding his back, a thousand cameras clicking in his face, a hundred screaming mobs bearing down upon him.

"Anne," he said, "they've stolen our baby!"

He turned away (Betty Gow was opening doors, peering into closets) and noticed for the first time that an envelope lay upon the sill of the southeast window. He went over to it, started to pick it up, then stopped himself as he saw beside it a footprint of reddish-yellow clay, the kind of sour soil which mantled his yard and woods. Other prints, too vague to be identified definitely as footprints, led from sill to crib. The window itself, strangely, was tightly closed. . . . He straightened up, trying to pull himself together; he gave orders. Whateley must call the Hopewell police at once; the envelope must not be touched until police came with proper equipment for handling it.

While Anne and Betty Gow joined in a frantic hopeless search of all the upstairs rooms, he stood at the top of the stairs until Whateley's call was completed (he was surprised that the call went through; he had expected the wires to be cut). He then came down and put through two calls himself, one to the New Jersey State Police, the other to his friend and lawyer, Colonel Henry C. Breckinridge in New York. Taking his rifle he went outdoors, into the pitch darkness, the howling wind, and he walked along the road running north from his house for perhaps a hundred yards before he realized his action was futile. He had no flashlight; he could see nothing. The noise of wind through the trees was all he could hear. He turned back toward the house, his hands gripping his rifle in angry despair.

In the living room, Anne and Mrs. Whateley and Betty Gow were sitting together in silence each wrapped in her own thoughts, each shaping her own prayers.

Anne, her eyes closed, must have kept seeing her son as he had been that day. They had had such fun together, playing together for hours! She might see him romping with the fox terrier, see his blue eyes laughing at her, see his sturdy legs flashing as he ran away from her into the kitchen. Again she might hear his incomprehensible chatter, studded here and there with a few intelligible words, as she spoke to him. Once that afternoon she had bundled up carefully and gone

for a walk, despite the miserable weather. When she returned, she rounded the southeast corner of the house and, pausing there, had picked up pebbles which she threw against the nursery window, the very window on whose sill the note now lay unopened. Betty Gow had come to the window, the baby in her arms, and he had laughed down upon his mother, waving his fat hands. . . . *Oh, God!* Anne must pray now in silence, again and again, as she had prayed aloud, perhaps unwittingly, in Mrs. Whateley's hearing, during the anguished search of the house. It was a double prayer. She must plead not only for the restoration of her child but also for help in retaining her self-control, no matter what happened. She could not give way! She was responsible to her husband and family, whose anxieties would now be all but unbearable in any case; she was also responsible for a life yet unborn, a new life she might feel, at that very instant, stirring within her.

Perhaps, too, as she sat there, her eyes closed or blindly staring, fragments of relevant memory bobbed up through the torrent of her emotion. She might remember Charles at Cuernavaca, his thin Nordic face seeming all the more thin and Nordic against a background of lush tropic foliage, saying very seriously: "We must have a large family." How large? she had asked. Well, it wasn't really large with fewer than a dozen children, he had said. She had laughed at him, shaking her head. But she had agreed that they would have many children. She could sense his need for that, a need for an abundance of loving life around him who had been so starved for affection (though he might never admit it) and so lonely in his childhood. She must know as none other knew, as probably he himself did not know, how great was his longing for human warmth and mutual confidences and how deficient he had been in his capacity for these when she first met him. Moreover, it must have seemed to her that through this last winter there had been an opening out of his spirit, a gain in sympathetic understanding, an increase in human trustfulness. They had been so happy.

And now—this!

She heard her husband enter the house. She arose and went to him.

A few minutes later, law-enforcement agents arrived—first the police from Hopewell, then members of the State Police. The com-

mander of the latter came, Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, with his principal subordinate, Major Charles Schoeffel. Colonel Breckinridge soon came.

An exploration of the grounds by flashlight was begun, and long before daylight of Wednesday, March 2, every tangible clue that would ever be discovered at the scene of the crime had been discovered. Some sixty feet from the house lay a ladder crudely built in three sections, each seven feet long, two of which were held together by a dowel pin to form an extension of fourteen feet while the third, with its dowel pin, lay detached. The top rung of the bottom section, the weakest point of the ladder, was badly split, reminding Lindbergh of the sound he had heard while talking to Anne after dinner. Not far from the ladder lay a three-quarter-inch chisel of common type. In the soft earth below the southeast window were two indentations obviously made by the ladder's feet, which fitted perfectly into them, and beside these was a blurred imprint of a man's shoe. The latter clue was badly mishandled by the police first on the scene, distracted and intimidated as they were by the realization that they were at the center of what must immediately become a blinding spotlight of publicity. No cast was made of the imprint of the shoe; not even accurate measurements were made of it. There was much excitement about a woman's footprint found near the man's, until it was revealed that Anne had stood there while she threw pebbles against the window.

The clue of greatest immediate importance, however, was the note found in the envelope after this was carefully opened by Schoeffel of the State Police. So crudely written as to be almost indecipherable, the note said:

Dear Sir

Have 50000\$ ready 25000\$ in
20\$ bills 15000\$ in 10\$ bills and
10000\$ in 5\$ bills. After 2-4 days
we will inform you were to
deliver the mony. We warn you
for making anyding public of for
notify the Police. The child is in
gut care. Instruction [or indication]
for the letters are singnature

This last, the identifying "singnature," consisted of circles which intersected, drawn in blue ink, with a smaller circle drawn in red ink within the space defined by the intersecting circumferences of the larger circles.

The manner in which Major Schoeffel initially handled this evidence had an important bearing upon subsequent events. "Now, whom do you want to see this note, Colonel?" he asked Lindbergh, with a meaningful glance at Hopewell's Chief of Police Harry Wolfe. The latter, who had assumed that he was in charge of the investigation, hesitated for a moment, then withdrew. His action was tantamount to handing control of the case over to the State Police. But in the very process of taking that control on behalf of Colonel Schwarzkopf, Schoeffel was giving a major element of it to Lindbergh, thus helping to determine a tangle of cross-purposes and blurred definitions of authority which, for many months, would hamper investigations.

For Lindbergh (Schoeffel's action implied) was to decide how the note was handled; he was to have a free hand in dealing with its author or authors; and from the instant he read it, he conceived his and Anne's interests to be different from, if not actually at odds with, those of the police. He might even regret bitterly, in that moment, his failure to open the envelope as soon as he saw it, postponing his notification of the police at least until after he had consulted with Colonel Breckinridge. His friend was clearheaded; he himself, he realized, had been frantic. Only now did there emerge from the confusion of his mind a clear sense of conflicting priorities. To apprehend the criminals was, for the police, a primary concern. To secure the safe return of their son was, for the Lindberghs, the sole concern. And in so far as the former concern interfered with the latter it must, Lindbergh insisted, be suppressed—which meant, first of all, that public information concerning this note, even the fact that a note had been received, must be suppressed. This last, however, had been made very difficult by his own initial activities. *Why* had it not occurred to him that the note, which he had at once recognized as from the kidnapers, must contain instructions he might do well to follow? *Why* had he not taken elementary precautions against the flood of publicity which was now roaring down upon him and must condition every future aspect of the case?

The first reporters and photographers had arrived at the Lindbergh home very shortly after the first police. They were hospitably received. Lindbergh had personally greeted them, seeming self-possessed, if haggard, though he was actually nearer panic than he ever before had been. He thanked them for their interest and saw to it that Oliver Whateley served them with coffee and sandwiches in the living room. He had then conceived of the press as friend and ally: through it, Anne could release the baby's diet and other information the kid-

napers would need for their proper care of the child; through it could be broadcast pictures and descriptions which might result in the baby's being recognized and rescued; through it, too, could be broadcast appeals to the kidnapers, and assurances, which might facilitate the baby's return.

But as dawn approached and newspaper people continued to pour in by the dozen, by the score, finally by the hundred, Lindbergh realized that whatever aid the press might give him was outweighed by the harm it must certainly do. Through it was being loosed again the monster of his fame, and this fame would be twisted now into the weirdest shapes and goaded into a greater cruelty than ever before by the press's essential motive as a business enterprise. "There's absolutely no space limit on this story," said city editors to their reporters. Said the general news manager of the United Press: "I can't think of any story that would compare with it unless America should enter a war." The manager of Hearst's INS photo service in New York assigned his entire staff to the story, chartering two ambulances which, loaded with cameramen and an improvised darkroom in which pictures could be developed on the way back to New York, raced to and from Hopewell with sirens screaming. INS had five men with three automobiles at Hopewell; the United Press had six men, three cars; the Associated Press had four men, two women, four cars. The New York *Daily News* had nine reporters in Hopewell by midnight of March 1, three more next day. The Philadelphia *Ledger* sent ten; the New York *American* sent a dozen (William Randolph Hearst, Jr., the paper's president, came in person); the New York *World-Telegram* sent at least ten; the New York *Herald-Tribune* sent four; and the New York *Times* must have sent twice that many to obtain the column inches of "specials" it promptly printed. Nor did these representatives of press associations and relatively "local" publications constitute more than a fraction of the army of reporters, photographers, news-reel cameramen, and radio broadcasters who, by the afternoon of March 2, were roaming uncontrolled over the Lindbergh grounds, obliterating whatever footprints and other clues might otherwise have been found there. They were intensely active. They interviewed villagers and country neighbors. They toured the Sourland Mountain area in quest of "local color" and clues which they printed or broadcast without any effort to check their accuracy. They besieged the Lindbergh servants. They swarmed around the Lindbergh garage, where Colonel Schwarzkopf had established his headquarters.

Clearly they were more than a nuisance; they constituted a force

inimical alike to the apprehension of the criminals and the safe return of the child. Lindbergh himself stressed the latter point in an "off-the-record" conference with representatives of the press associations and leading papers at nightfall on March 2. He indicated frankly that there could not be full co-operation between him and the police so long as his child's life would be possibly endangered by it. He would pay any amount of money for the return of his baby; he would even do what he personally could to protect the kidnapers against law-enforcement agents until his baby was again safe at home. But how could he so much as achieve contact with the kidnapers in his present circumstances? They would be frightened off. Hence he, his family, and his servants would give out no news directly from now on; he was arranging for the press to obtain its information from other sources; and he asked the press to withdraw its representatives from the grounds. The conference members expressed their sympathy with him. They pledged themselves and their colleagues to a withdrawal—and the pledge was kept.

But this did not reduce in the slightest their hectic activities. They continued, under heavy pressure from their home offices, to supply columns and even whole pages of material day after day. INS, which had sent 50,000 words about the crime over its wires within twenty-four hours after the story broke, and 30,000 words the following day, continued to send out 10,000 words or more daily. Approximately the same number of words went out daily over the wires of the Associated Press and the United Press. The *New York World-Telegram* devoted the whole of its first page to the story for a solid week, with extensive carry-overs on inside pages, as did a number of other papers. All this despite the fact that there was, on most days, no legitimate news at all, or none that could not have been fully covered by a single reporter, a single photographer, and a half column of type. Obviously the reporters must manufacture the bulk of their "news." They did so by blowing up true items of information to such proportions as to produce essentially false impressions, by speculating endlessly on the "meaning" of meaningless episodes, by lengthy reports of the most absurd rumors and theories, and (when all else failed) by creating, out of their own perfervid imaginations, what their trade calls "think-pieces."

One result of this was a psychological atmosphere so tensely conspiratorial, so fraught with latent or actual hostilities, as to warp the judgment and inhibit the action of the law-enforcement agency chiefly responsible for the investigation. This was made all the more serious

by the fact that the New Jersey State Police was not truly a police organization but a quasi-military one, few of whose members had had any training in the subtler police methods. Their commander was not a policeman but a military officer who promptly established in the Lindbergh garage the kind of staff headquarters from which a general might direct a military campaign. (A telephone switchboard was installed, with twenty lines coming into it, each phone constantly manned by a trooper; scores of army cots were installed upon which troopers dropped into exhausted sleep after eighteen-hour stints.) To their professional inadequacies, as further assurance of their futility, were added Lindbergh's continuing opposition to their enterprise and their own jealous refusal to co-operate fully with the New York City Police or even, in some instances, with federal law-enforcement agents. Small wonder that they became abnormally sensitive to the sharp criticisms, the thinly veiled sneers, which soon appeared in the press. Small wonder that antipathies between Schwarzkopf and reporters led soon to a war of espionage and counterespionage during which state police withheld or even falsified information sought by reporters, newsmen in quest of "scoops" withheld information which should have gone at once to the police, and the special telephone lines of the press were tapped.

Another result of the inordinate press activity was to increase the difficulty of communication between Lindbergh and the kidnaper or kidnapers. On March 4, he received through the mail a second note, authenticated by the "signature" of interlocking circles, chiding him for having notified the police and raising the ransom to \$70,000 because "now we have to take another person to it and probably have to keep the baby for a longer time as we expected." (Is it "really necessary to make a world affair out of this?" the writer asked.) The note concluded: "We will form you later were [sic] to deliver the mony [sic]. But we will note do so until the Police is out of the cace and the pappers are quite. The kidnaping we prepared in years so we are prepared for everyding." That same day, Lindbergh and Anne released over their own signatures an appeal to the kidnapers which was also, in effect, an appeal to press and public not to interfere. They offered to have a representative of theirs meet with any representative of the kidnapers "at any time and any place that they may designate" and pledged that they would not only keep such arrangements "strictly confidential" but would also "not try to injure in any way those concerned with the return of the child." This was vastly publicized. But so was an official statement by New Jersey's Attorney General, issued

simultaneously, emphasizing that the state's law-enforcement officers could not be bound by any promises of immunity for the criminals which the Lindberghs might make. (That same day the press also discovered and hugely publicized the fact that Anne was pregnant; she had had only four hours of sleep in five nights; the cold she had caught from her kidnaped baby was now a heavy one, and the family, because of her "delicate condition," was "alarmed.")

Next day the Lindberghs issued another notice over their signatures, despite police efforts to prevent their doing so. "If the kidnapers of our child are unwilling to deal direct we fully authorize 'Salvy' Spitale and Irving Bitz to act as our go-between," the notice said. "We will also follow any other method suggested by the kidnapers that we can be sure will bring the return of the child."

Spitale and Bitz owned two or three speak-easies in New York, one of them (conveniently) at the rear of the *Daily News* building, and their names had been suggested to Colonel Breckinridge by one Morris Rosner who had "underworld connections," who soon became a kind of "personal secretary" of Lindbergh's at Hopewell, and who was convinced that the kidnaping had been done either by the Purple Gang of Detroit or Al Capone's "mob" in Chicago. Spitale and Bitz basked thereafter in an heroic light for many days, their names in black headlines on every front page as they endeavored to "make contact" with the kidnapers. They did not cease to be "big news" until Spitale regretfully called a press conference at which he said, according to one report: "If it was someone I knew, I'll be God-damned if I wouldn't name him. I been in touch all around, and I come to the conclusion that this one was pulled by an independent."

Al Capone also basked briefly in an heroic light. He was about to begin a long federal prison term, having been convicted not of his murders and thousand other crimes but of income-tax evasion. He was interviewed by Hearst's Arthur Brisbane whose story filled four columns under huge headlines in every Hearst paper. "I know how Mrs. Capone and I would feel if our son were kidnaped," said Scarface Al, "and I sympathize with the Lindberghs. I'll give \$10,000 for information that will lead to the recovery of the child unharmed and the capture of the kidnapers." Brisbane more than hinted that if Capone were released he could and would, with the aid of his "mob," rescue the stolen child. . . .

Yet another result of the immense publicity was a great and needless increase in the harassment of the Lindberghs' families, their servants, and the friends of their servants. In Detroit, Mrs. Evangeline

Lindbergh, who maintained close telephone contact with Hopewell as she continued to meet her high-school chemistry classes, was bedeviled by curiosity-seekers and reporters. At Smith College, Constance Morrow was guarded by two plainclothesmen. (She had been threatened with kidnaping and death some three years before unless \$50,000 was paid for her safety.) At Amherst, Dwight Morrow, Jr., was also placed under special police protection. When Mrs. Morrow and Elisabeth motored down to Hopewell on the afternoon of March 2, they felt it necessary to leave the Englewood home heavily guarded.

The Lindbergh and Morrow servants were, of course, closely questioned. It was necessary that this inquisition be rigorous, for there were indications that the kidnaping might be, in part, an "inside job." How, otherwise, could the kidnaper have known that the Lindberghs, departing from custom, would be in Hopewell on a Tuesday night? How otherwise could he have chosen for his entrance precisely the window with the warped shutters? How otherwise could he have confined his activities so narrowly within the limited time when they would be undetected? Yes, clearly the police must make a close examination of the servants, including their backgrounds, characters, habits, activities. But was it necessary for all this to be done in such a way that personal secrets, as embarrassing as they were irrelevant to the case, were exposed to the gaze of millions? For instance, when "Red" Johnson, Betty Gow's friend, was "apprehended" and questioned, front-page stories under banner headlines made him out to be a suspicious character indeed. His account of his activities contained "discrepancies" and he was "in this country illegally," having casually jumped ship (a Norwegian freighter) some months before in order to see something of America. In actual fact, there was not a shred of evidence connecting him with the crime; he told his story fully and frankly, and his amiable personality quickly convinced police that he "wouldn't hurt a fly." He was kept in custody for a time partly because he might "by accident" know something of importance to the investigation but mostly because, by keeping him, the police could give the impression through an increasingly critical press that they were "doing something," even "making progress". . . .

But if the huge publicity interfered with the processes of justice, blackened innocent reputations, and seemed to threaten the very life of the kidnaped child, it served well its primary purpose: it boosted newspaper circulations and publishers' profits. It also served a secondary purpose, perhaps not altogether inadvertently: in an election year,

during a Republican administration, it distracted popular attention from ominous economic and social problems.

Newspaper sales in New York went up nearly twenty per cent during the early days of the story—a “tremendous increase,” Silas Bent pointed out, when one considered that the daily press virtually blankets the metropolitan area on any average day. The “two worst papers” in the city, reported Bent, “aggregated 300,000 extra copies.” In Philadelphia, sales went up around fifteen per cent; in Chicago, which then had the “yellowest” press in the country, the increase surpassed that in New York; and there was no large city where the sale increase was not marked. “Congress, meanwhile, was struggling with the most important tax bill, I venture to suspect, in our history as a constitutional nation,” wrote Bent; “the fate of China hung in the balance; famous persons, including a distinguished writer and a college president, were dying; but . . . the daily press paid no attention to these small matters.”

3

On March 5, a third ransom note was received, this one having been sent to Colonel Breckinridge's office at 25 Broadway because the author of it believed that his two earlier communications had been “captured [by] police” who “let not forwarded to you.” This third note was, in substance, a repetition of the second and bore the designated “signature.” Four days of silence followed, despite repeated public offers by Warden Lewis Lawes of Sing Sing, President John Grier Hibben of Princeton University, and lawyer Dudley Field Malone, among others, to serve as intermediaries in such a way as to protect the kidnappers.

Then, near midnight of March 9, a telephone call came to the Lindbergh home from a restaurant owned by one Max Rosenhain in the Bronx, New York City. Colonel Breckinridge took it, though Lindbergh was soon summoned to his side.

The caller was a Dr. John F. Condon, of whom neither Lindbergh nor Breckinridge had heard before. He was a retired schoolteacher, seventy-one years of age, who had long been a widely known and much beloved “character” in the Bronx. In his youth he had gained local distinction as an athlete and he retained what, considering his years, was a remarkable physique. Six feet and more in height, erect of posture, he moved with the litherness and demonstrated the strength

of an active man less than half his age as he refereed football games, taught swimming classes, umpired baseball, and lectured youth on clean living and body building. He was a patriot and a hero worshiper, highly emotional yet profoundly sincere, his white-mustached face with its deep-set eyes and firm outlines inspiring a confidence in him which thousands had found to be fully justified. Lindbergh, of all living men, was his greatest hero.

Typical of him was the interview or letter he had given a reporter for the *Bronx Home News* two days before and which had been printed on that community paper's front page. By that time an Associated Press dispatch had announced the demand for a \$50,000 ransom, and the announcement was generally believed despite flat denials by Lindbergh and the police that any communication at all had been received from the kidnapers; Condon offered, "in addition to the suggested \$50,000," the whole of his life's saving, amounting to \$1000, "so a loving mother may again have her child and Col. Lindbergh may know that the American people are grateful for the honor bestowed upon them by his pluck and daring." He was "ready, at my own expense," he went on, "to go anywhere, also to give the kidnapers the extra money and never utter their names to anyone."

To his great astonishment, this offer had now received a reply ("I felt rather pleased to think that I was honored," he later admitted) in the form of a crudely penciled note. He attempted to read it over the phone to Hopewell but in the end, being tongue-tied by excitement, had to turn the phone over to his friend, Max Rosenhain. It was listened to in Hopewell with initial skepticism, then with a rising excitement, for its style was closely similar to the three notes Lindbergh had received. Accepting Condon's offer to act as intermediary, it referred to an enclosed sealed envelope which the doctor was ordered to "handel . . . personally to Mr. Lindbergh." Lindbergh, hearing this, pondered for a moment, then asked Rosenhain to open the enclosure and read it over the phone. It said:

Dear Sir: Mr. Condon may act as go-between you may give him the 70,000\$ make one packet the size will be about— [A drawing of a box here revealed the dimensions to be 7 × 6 × 14 inches.] We have notifyd you already in what kinds of bills We warn you not to set a trapp in any way If you or someone els will notify the Police there will be a further delay. after we have the mony in hand we will tell you where to find your boy.

You may have a areplane redy it is about 150 mil. awy. But before tell you the add. a delay of 8 howers will be between.

Below were the three interlocking circles.

Condon was asked to come at once to Hopewell. . . .

With Breckinridge and Lindbergh, the excited old man talked until dawn, impressing both of them as eccentric but, in this matter, wholly trustworthy. They agreed that he should do as the letter to him had ordered, namely place in the New York *American* a personal advertisement saying, "Money is ready." Condon suggested that the words, "I accept," be added, and that the signature be "Jafsie," a cryptonym derived from his initials, J.F.C. The advertisement was then phoned in by Breckinridge and appeared in the afternoon editions of the *American* for that day, March 10.

That evening, having returned to his home at 2974 Decatur Avenue, the Bronx, in order to be there "between 6-12" as the note had ordered him to be "every night," he received a hoarse-voiced phone call telling him he would receive another message on the evening of March 12. He promptly informed Lindbergh and Breckinridge. On the designated evening, all three were waiting tensely in the Condon living room when the doorbell rang and a cab driver delivered the promised message. Following its instructions, Condon, driven by one Al Reich, a former prize fighter now serving as chauffeur and bodyguard for Lindbergh and his lawyer, went at once to the "last subway station from Jerome Ave. line" where, on the porch of "a empty frank-further stand," he found another "notise . . . underneath a stone." This told him to "cross the street and follow the fence from the cemetery. direction to 233 street" where the representative of the kidnapers would meet him. With such nervous excitement as may be imagined, Condon did as he was bid.

It was now approaching nine-thirty of a bitterly cold night. He paced up and down the deserted, dimly lighted street before the tall iron gate to Woodlawn Cemetery for a full quarter of an hour, seeing no one, hearing nothing. Discouraged, he went back to the parked car in which Al Reich had remained and suggested that the car be moved across the street where it would face the proper direction, it now being in violation of traffic regulations. This was done. He sat in the car with Reich for perhaps five minutes before getting out to try again. Again he paced up and down the walk.

Then he glimpsed something white waving out of the cemetery darkness on the other side of the gate. He walked toward it, hands spread wide to show himself unarmed. A man stood there, behind the upright bars, a slender thin-faced man, perhaps five feet ten inches

tall, whose overcoat collar was pulled up around a sharply pointed chin and whose hat was pulled low over his forehead.

"Did you got it, the money?" the man said, in a heavy Germanic accent.

Condon protested that he could not bring the money; Lindbergh naturally wouldn't provide it until they had assurance that the man they dealt with did actually represent the kidnapers. The man started to say something, then suddenly tensed, his chin lifted, listening. Condon, too, heard the sound—a rustle of leaves within the cemetery. "There's a cop," the man muttered. He climbed nimbly up the iron gate and over it, dropping lightly and easily onto the walk before Condon, though the gate was a full nine feet in height. He fled northward up Jerome into Van Cortlandt Park, Condon running after him. The old man's remarkable physical condition and his equally remarkable courage are revealed by the fact that, inside the park, in a clump of trees where night's darkness was thickly gathered, he caught up with his man and seized him by the arm.

"Hey, you mustn't do anything like that," Condon said, "you are my guest!"

The good doctor led his man by the arm to a park bench nearby, asking him to be seated "as my guest." And the stranger sat. . . .

There followed what must surely be as improbable a conversation as has ever been held by two technically sane people in all of history. For well over an hour the elderly ex-schoolteacher, in whom the very words "mother" and "flag" and "country" could arouse tearful emotions, sat in cold darkness upon a lonely bench beside a man whom he soon knew to be either the sole kidnaper or one of the kidnapers of the most famous baby in the world; and he talked to this strange, thin-faced young man (Condon shrewdly judged his age to be thirty-five or -six) as a loving but sorrowful father might talk to a wayward son.

"What is your name?" Condon asked.

"John," the young man said, adding, in response to another question, that he was not German but Scandinavian and that he came from Boston.

Condon showed him some large safety pins, asking if he recognized them. The young man did. They were, he said, such pins as had held the baby's blankets to the mattress in the Lindbergh nursery; he went on to describe in intimate detail the furnishings and arrangement of that nursery. As he did so, his companion looked closely at him, shaking his head.

"How did you ever happen to get into such a scrape as this?" the old man asked in sorrowful tones. "A man like you. What would your mother say?"

"John" acknowledged that his mother "wouldn't like it." "She would cry."

But he insisted, this thin-faced young man, that he was only one of five in the kidnap gang. He was "Number Two"; "Number One" couldn't meet with Condon because Condon knew him. He also insisted that the baby was safe and well some one hundred and fifty miles away, and would remain so, though naturally the kidnapers wanted to collect the ransom and return the child as quickly as possible. At another point, however, when expatiating upon the dangers of his situation, "John" suddenly asked if he would "burn if the baby is dead."

"Not unless you had some part in it," Condon replied.

"I am only go-between," the other muttered.

The doctor tried to persuade his companion to leave this evil gang and join the forces of righteousness, a process he promised to make as profitable as possible for "John." He was, he later said, "vehement in the matter," promising to pay his own \$1000 at once and to "try to collect the rest" from Lindbergh.

"No," the young man said.

Then Condon begged to be taken to the baby, offering his own person as hostage. "I will go and stay there until you get the money." He had three toys belonging to the baby, he said, and knew three words the baby knew, so that he could at once identify the baby absolutely and assure the parents that their child was indeed safe and well.

"No," the young man said.

"Why?"

"Number One would smack me out. They would drill me."

"Well, you mustn't be afraid of anything like that," Condon said. "Do what you think is right, while you have the time, for your mother's sake!"

"John," though he "couldn't" do as the doctor wished, gave the impression of being deeply moved. "Nobody else will ever get the baby back but you," he said, "and you can put that baby's arms around Mrs. Lindbergh's neck." As for the absolute proof that he was "the ride party" to deal with, he could furnish that if he had not already done so; within a few days he would send "the slipping suit of the baby." Then, saying he must go, he got to his feet.

"I waited too long already," he said.

Condon arose, too, his hand on the other's arm.

"Then you will send me the baby's sleeping suit?" he asked.

"Yes . . . I must go."

The two shook hands "and parted," as Condon later testified. The doctor made no effort to follow, having "given his word." Besides: "I wanted the baby. I didn't care about catching him."

There followed a period of increasingly anxious waiting during which another "Jafsie" advertisement was placed in the *American* ("Come and see us," it said). At the end of the third day, a brown package was delivered to 2974 Decatur, where Lindbergh and Breckinridge waited with Condon. In it was the promised sleeping suit, promptly identified by Lindbergh as the right one. (Later, in Hope-well, Anne confirmed the identification, bursting into tears as the suit was spread before her; the threads with which Betty Gow had attached the thumb guards to the sleeves were hanging loose. . . .) In the package, too, was a note saying in part: "Circumstances will not allow transference like you wish, it is impossible for us. Why should we move the baby and face danger. . . . You are willing to pay the 70,000 note 50,000 without seeing the baby first or note. . . . Our program is after eight hours we have the money received we will notify you where to find the baby."

And to this "program" the note writer rigidly adhered, despite several "Jafsie" advertisements attempting to change it. "You know they won't let me deliver without getting the package," said one such advertisement. "Let's make it some sort of C.O.D. transaction." Replied the note writer: "If you don't accept then we will wait until you agree with our deal. We know you will have to come to us anyway." And so Lindbergh decided to obey the note writer's commands, despite the arguments which law-enforcement agents pressed with increasing fervor against his doing so. He had J. P. Morgan and Company make up a packet of five-, ten- and twenty-dollar bills totaling \$50,000, as the note writer had originally demanded. He obtained a separate packet of \$20,000 in fifty-dollar bills, in case this were needed, though Condon was certain "John" would settle for the original amount. He packed the money into a wooden box especially made in accordance with the note writer's specifications. And on the night of April 2, a Saturday, after a "Jafsie" advertisement had accepted the kidnapers' terms, he sat with Breckinridge, Al Reich, and Condon in the latter's parlor, waiting in almost unbearable tension for the kidnapers' promised message.

New York detectives, meanwhile, fumed in helpless anger. They had been informed that payment of the ransom impended and they had begged Lindbergh not to make it. He was adamant. They then begged him to permit them to follow him and trap the ransom receiver. He remained adamant. They pointed out to him what seemed to them a citizen's clear duty in this situation. He closed his ears. He cared not one whit at that moment for legal justice, or moral right, or personal revenge: he wanted only the return of his and Anne's baby, and he might in any case have questioned the amount of "duty" he owed a social order which had permitted, if it had not actually encouraged, the abduction of his son.

The promised message came at last, delivered as the earlier one had been by a cab driver. "Take a car and follow Tremont av. to the east until you reach the number 3225 East Tremont ave." it said. At that address "is a nursery. . . . Bergen. . . . Greenhouses florist" and "there is a table standing outside right on the door." "You will find a letter underneath the table covert with a stone read and follow instruction." Al Reich's car was parked in front of the house. Lindbergh drove it, with Condon beside him and the ransom money in its box between them, arriving at the florist's shop at approximately nine o'clock. He parked immediately in front of the shop where, in the designated place, Condon found the note of instruction. "Cross the street and walk to the next corner and follow Whittemore ave to the soud. . . . Take the money with you come alone and walk. . . . I will meet you."

The doctor and Lindbergh read this together in the car; they peered intently across the street where St. Raymond's Cemetery lay in dark silence, and they decided together in low tones what Condon should do. Then the doctor got out of the car and, leaving the money with Lindbergh, walked to Whittemore, which was a dirt road intersecting Tremont and bounding the cemetery's northwest side. He looked closely into the cemetery beside which he walked, but could see and hear nothing.

At the corner he paused for a long moment before saying in a tone which carried clearly to Lindbergh, for the night was very still, "There doesn't seem to be anybody here."

The response was immediate. Out of the darkness came a voice which Condon recognized and which Lindbergh would never forget.

"Hey, doctor," the voice called in a heavy German accent. "Over here."

Condon followed the voice, leaving the lighted street to go cautiously into the darkness of the dirt road ("it was exceedingly dark,

and I walked exceedingly cautiously") and along that road to a point where a hedge some five feet in height began to bound the cemetery. From behind that hedge the voice of "John" called again in a low tone: "Over here."

"All right," the doctor said and came up, cautiously, to the hedge.

"John" was crouched there, behind the hedge. He said, precisely as he had at the first meeting, "Did you got it, the money?" And Condon said that it was in the car and he couldn't pass it until "you give me a receipt showing me where the baby is." They argued then, for a little while, in tense low tones, about the size of the ransom ("Well, I suppose if we can't get seventy, we take fifty," said "John") and about the receipt, agreeing that Condon should return to the car, obtain the money, and come back to this place in ten minutes, by which time "John" would be prepared with a receipt. All this was done. Money and receipt were exchanged, to the accompaniment of a conversation as weird, as unreal, as that in Van Cortlandt Park.

"Don't open it yet," said "John" as he handed over the envelope. "Wait for eight hours."

"I have never betrayed a confidence," said the doctor. "I have carried out every order of both parties the best I could. I won't open it. I will take it up to Colonel Lindbergh."

"Well, all of them said your work was perfect," said "John" soothingly, as he hurriedly checked the bills.

"I know no other way," said the doctor.

Then "John" stood up and reached his hand across the hedge, and Condon took it.

"Your work was perfect," said the younger man again.

"Good night, John," said the elder. "Remember, don't try to double-cross me."

And "John" disappeared into the deep darkness under the cemetery trees.

Weird, too, especially in retrospect, were Lindbergh's actions after Condon, greatly pleased with himself ("Well, I saved you \$20,000," said he), returned bearing the note. Lindbergh refused to open the envelope at once; he was determined to wait out the allotted time! Nothing more accurately measures his desperate loneliness and superstitious terror than this. With a stubbornness that increased whenever pressure was put upon him, he clung to the notion that he must above all "play fair" with the criminals, that to do otherwise in the slightest detail would be to risk his son's life. . . .

His anxiety to know the contents of the note swiftly mounted, how-

ever, as he drove back toward Condon's house and, before he arrived there, it overcame his superstitious scruples. He stopped the car; he read the note. It said:

"The boy is on board *Nelly*. It is a small boat 28 feet long. two persons on the Board. the are innocent. You will find the boat between Horsenecks Beach and Gay Head near Elisabeth Island."

And Lindbergh drove on to Condon's, jubilant, refusing to admit the slightest doubt that soon now, very soon, his and Anne's baby would be again safe in his arms. . . .

He carried a blanket in which to wrap the child when, early next morning, after a sleepless night, he took off in an amphibian from Bridgeport, Connecticut. He flew back and forth over the shore line of Connecticut and Rhode Island all through the day, soaring high, swooping low, searching in vain for the boat *Nelly*. He searched for two days before admitting to himself, in agony, that there was no such boat. He had been duped. . . .

In the days that followed, frantic and futile "Jafsie" advertisements were placed in the papers. "What is wrong?" they asked. "Have you crossed me? Please better instructions." Reporters noticed them, suspected them, published their suspicions.

Then the world was told through official sources, in huge headlines and excited radio voices, that the hero had paid the ransom to a mysterious "Graveyard John," using as intermediary a character who seemed straight out of Dickens. Abruptly Jafsie, to his own vast pleasure, became one of the most famous personalities in the world. He was grilled over and over again by harshly suspicious detectives and neither wavered in his story nor lost his eccentric good humor. He was interviewed over and over again by news-avid reporters and never failed to provide an abundance of exciting if not always accurate "copy."

Meanwhile, Lindbergh turned to a new if admittedly faint hope.

In Norfolk, Virginia, was a boat builder named John Hughes Curtis who claimed to have been approached in late March by a representative of the kidnapers and to have since been in direct contact with them on a boat in Chesapeake Bay. He made a national sensation with his highly circumstantial account of a meeting with the kidnap gang during which he claimed actually to have seen and handled some of the bills Jafsie had given to "Graveyard John." He was a man of generally good reputation, though at the moment in such financial difficulties as (he later claimed) made him temporarily insane, and he

had actively involved in his alleged negotiations two Norfolk men of very high reputation indeed. One was the Very Reverend H. Dobson-Peacock, dean of Christ Episcopal Church, who had been rector of the Episcopal Church in Mexico City when Dwight Morrow was Ambassador; the other was the now-retired Rear Admiral Guy Burrage who, it may be remembered, had commanded the *U.S.S. Memphis* when Lindbergh returned on it from France. Burrage seems to have become quickly dubious of Curtis's story; certainly he took no active part in the affair beyond its initial stages, during which he arranged an interview between Curtis, accompanied by Dean Dobson-Peacock and himself, and Lindbergh in Hopewell. (This was while arrangements were being made to pay the ransom to "John.") But the Very Reverend Dobson-Peacock not only supported Curtis's tale, he also embellished it with colorful details out of his own alleged experience.

No law-enforcement agent had confidence in Curtis's story. Colonel Schwarzkopf said flatly that Curtis lied and advised Lindbergh to have nothing to do with him. But Lindbergh's anxieties could be relieved only through physical activity at that moment and he felt he had nothing to lose by going out with Curtis in a borrowed yacht to cruise in a zigzag course over Chesapeake Bay, seeking the kidnapers' boat in accordance with arrangements allegedly made by Curtis with one of the gang. He went out on several different days, and in different yachts, returning from each trip with another installment of Curtis's increasingly elaborate tale and with nothing else.

On the afternoon of May 12, a lumber-loaded truck topped a hill on the road from Hopewell to Princeton and was stopped there in order that one of the two men in it might heed an urgent call of nature. This man, one William Allen, entered a thicket beside the road and there discovered, in a shallow ditch under a scattering of leaves and dirt, the badly decomposed body of a baby. It was quickly and positively identified by Anne, by Betty Gow, and by Mrs. Dwight Morrow, who was then with Anne in the Hopewell home, as the body of twenty-month-old Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr. The baby had been killed, it now appeared, within a few minutes after he was taken from his crib. Perhaps he died from a fall when the ladder rung broke; perhaps he was deliberately murdered with a blow from the chisel. He had died, at any rate, from a crushing blow upon the forepart of his skull, just above the forehead. . . .

Lindbergh was out on the yacht *Cachelot* with Curtis that afternoon. As the yacht headed toward its home anchorage two hours after

the sun had set, a radio message informed it of the tragic news. One of the men aboard came up to Lindbergh, who stood at the rail staring out into darkness.

"Colonel," this man said, "there's word for you." He hesitated. "Your—baby has been found."

Lindbergh turned swiftly, staring into the other's face.

"Found?" he asked hoarsely. "You mean——?"

"He is dead," the other said.

And Lindbergh turned away in silence, and in silence looked again into the night, his face hidden. After a long moment he walked over to Curtis and informed him, curtly, that he wanted him to come to Hopewell. "With me," he said.

He arrived at his home, a jittery Curtis beside him, in the black first hour of Friday the thirteenth of May. He went at once to Anne and Mrs. Morrow. His mother had called from Detroit; she was coming. . . .

Some hours later, in daylight, he drove to a mortuary in Trenton where, accompanied by the Mercer County Attorney, he pushed his way through a crowd of morbid curiosity-seekers. Upon a table lay the sheet-draped body. He asked that the sheet be removed and stood for a few seconds, looking down, his face flushing. The Mercer County Attorney asked him a question.

"Yes," Lindbergh said. "It is the body of my son."

He turned and strode swiftly, silently from the room.

4

And now the huge publicity reached a new intensity, and everywhere the Lindberghs looked they saw new shapes of ugliness and vulgarity. They were informed that newspaper photographers had been caught in an attempt to break into the Trenton mortuary for the purpose of photographing the baby's body. Curtis remained for some days as an unwilling guest in the Lindbergh home, treated with a cold and silent contempt until he could bear no more; he broke down and confessed that he was a liar, that the whole of his tale of secret meetings and agreements was a monstrous lie, whereupon he was indicted and tried and convicted on a charge of "obstructing justice." (Lindbergh's courtroom testimony against him was displayed under banner headlines in the national press.) In Washington, D.C., Gaston B.

Means, author of *The Strange Death of President Harding* and perhaps the most fantastically crooked crook of the age, was convicted of swindling Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean out of \$104,000 by posing as a negotiator with the kidnapers; he was sentenced to fifteen years in prison. And again the Lindbergh and Morrow servants, necessarily questioned anew by the police, were pilloried in the press, their private secrets ruthlessly exposed, with effects that were always painful to them and, in one case, fatal.

The fatal case was that of Violet Sharpe.

She was an English girl, now past the first blush of youth (she was twenty-seven) with brown hair and bright eyes and a worrisome tendency to put on weight. During her two years as a waitress in the Morrow home she had kept this tendency in precarious check while attracting the romantic interest of the Morrow butler, Septimus Banks, who, like Whateley, was the very typical English butler, being sober of mind and mien and rigidly correct in his personal conduct. Though several years her elder, Banks was a "great catch" for a woman in Violet Sharpe's circumstances, and the general belief in Englewood was that she had indeed "caught" him and would soon become his wife.

In the meantime, perhaps in the realization that she would live soberly indeed as Mrs. Banks, she occasionally and secretly indulged her liking for a mild "good time." Thus, on the night of the kidnaping, March 1, she had a date with one "Ernie" whose last name she later claimed not to know and with whom she spent the evening at a place called the Peanut Grill, dancing and drinking beer. She lied about this when questioned by police, evidently fearful that Banks might break off their relationship if he discovered it and perhaps even force her dismissal from the Morrow household. She claimed she had gone with "Ernie" to a movie, which she named. She could not, however, tell the movie's plot nor name an actor in it, and her entire manner was that of one who has guilt to hide.

The police, therefore, searched her room with special care, finding among other things several cards advertising a Post Road Taxicab Company of White Plains, New York. This firm was now a casualty of the depression, but its proprietor had been a man named "Ernie," Ernest Brinkert, who had a police record for assault and petty larceny. After the murdered baby's body was found, the police naturally subjected Violet Sharpe to a particularly rigorous questioning during which she finally confessed that she had not gone to a movie. She

said she had gone to the Peanut Grill and was not believed. She was shown a police photograph of Ernest Brinkert and promptly identified it as a picture of the man she had dated. She was physically unwell at this time, having recently been released from a hospital where diseased tonsils and adenoids had been removed, and her manner was sullen, defiant, hysterical. She was weeping hysterically when, advised by the Morrow family doctor that a further questioning of her would overstrain her heart, the police broke off their examination, promising to continue it on another day.

On the evening of June 9, she broke down before other servants in the Morrow home, screaming hysterically that she would not submit to further questioning. "I'll not go!" she cried. "They'll never take me from this house again!" Next day the police came for her. She was told to prepare to go to headquarters. Instead, going to her room, she gulped a glass of water into which she'd sprinkled a silver-cleaning preparation containing potassium cyanide. She staggered down the stairs to die in convulsions upon the floor of the butler's pantry. . . .

The state police, under great pressure from a heckling press and an overstimulated public, promptly let it be known that they regarded Violet Sharpe's suicide as proof that she had "guilty knowledge" of the crime. Ernest Brinkert was arrested, and an early solution of the case was "confidently expected." Brinkert, however, soon proved under severe grilling that he had no connection with the case at all; he'd never so much as seen Violet Sharpe, whereupon he was reluctantly released. Shortly thereafter, a perfectly innocent young man named Ernest Miller of Closter, New Jersey, came forward to say that *he* was the "Ernie" with whom Violet had had her date. He corroborated in every detail her story of the evening in the Peanut Grill, and further police investigation proved that he spoke the truth.

In the absence of a sensational press, Violet Sharpe might not have feared so desperately the questions asked by police, for she might then have been assured that her confidential communications would remain confidential so long as they obviously had no relation to the kidnaping. But of course this did not keep the press from turning in righteous wrath upon the New Jersey State Police when she died, accusing them of "driving" the poor servant girl to suicide through the use of brutal "third-degree" methods. The affair became an international incident when the British press repeated and elaborated on this charge—though in point of fact, Violet Sharpe had been questioned with a gentleness unusual in such circumstances, a member of

the Morrow family being present at each session. It became a major item of New Jersey politics, too, when Republican leaders, desperate for an issue in that year of the great depression, pointed to it as an example of the cruel incompetence of New Jersey's Democratic administration.

THIRTEEN

A Farewell to America

1

SOON after the finding of the body of their murdered child, the Lindberghs moved from Hopewell, never to live there again. They established themselves in Mrs. Dwight Morrow's household at Next Day Hill in Englewood, where they lived in seclusion. It was not until August 15, more than three months after the discovery of the murder, that Lindbergh again appeared at an airfield; on that day he tested an all-metal low-winged Northrop monoplane, flying for an hour or so on what he told reporters was "just business" of "no particular significance." Next day, in New York, Anne gave birth to her second child, a boy whom they named Jon Morrow Lindbergh. They continued to live thereafter as virtual recluses, sharing an apartment over the Morrow library and, to a degree, in Mrs. Morrow's social life, having virtually none that was exclusively their own. The big personal event for them as that tragic year drew to a close was the marriage on December 28 of Anne's elder sister, Elisabeth, to Aubrey Neil Morgan, a wealthy Welshman, grandson of the founder of David Morgan, Ltd., a big department store in Cardiff.

A few months later the Lindberghs formed a non-profit corporation which they called High Fields "to provide for the welfare of children . . . without discrimination in regard to race or creed," its trustees consisting of themselves, Dr. Abraham Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute, Owen R. Lovejoy, the executive secretary of the Children's Aid Society, and Colonel Breckinridge. To it they assigned the Hopewell estate which, a quarter of a century later, remained a home for boys.

That their lives continued those they had lived prior to their great tragedy was attested to by repetitious experience. They guarded Jon as they had guarded Charles, Jr., against the avid curiosity of the public, and with similar incidents. When, on an inspection trip for TWA in

May 1933, they were forced by storm to land in a remote spot on the Texas Panhandle, a half dozen planes went up to search for them, an all-night vigil was maintained at every Southwest airport, and the whole episode was attended by vast publicity. Whenever they broke their rule against accepting invitations to other people's houses, they exposed themselves as before to the risks of unwelcome publicity.

In January of 1933, for instance, George Palmer Putnam asked Lindbergh to come to a dinner of a dozen or so people in honor of the famous Belgian stratosphere balloonist, Prof. August Piccard. There were reasons why Lindbergh might feel constrained to accept the invitation. Piccard had expressed an eagerness to meet him, and Lindbergh was interested in Piccard's experiments; Putnam was the publisher of *We*; and Mrs. Putnam was Amelia Earhart, who had flown the Atlantic solo in late May of '32 and, for this reason and because she was the same physical type as Lindbergh (she accentuated the resemblance by wearing the same kind of helmet Lindbergh had worn), was everywhere known as "Lady Lindy." Nevertheless, Lindbergh demurred; the proposed dinner was too large. Putnam then proposed a smaller and more private affair which would include, in addition to the Lindberghs and Putnams, only Ray Chapman Andrews of Gobi Desert fame, Putnam's son David, Piccard, and a friend of Piccard's who served sometimes as interpreter when language difficulties inhibited communication. Lindbergh then accepted and came with Anne to the Palmer home at Rye, New York, on the appointed evening. He had animated conversation with Piccard, enjoying himself immensely. His pleasure was soured, however, when an almost verbatim account of his table talk appeared in a New York newspaper two days later; Piccard's companion had sold it to a reporter for forty dollars. . . .

But though such episodes indicated a sameness of the Lindbergh lives as the months passed, others indicated that the tragedy of their first-born marked a shift of emphasis among their chosen activities great enough to constitute a distinct change of phase. In this they might be deemed symptomatic of the nation as a whole—for the country, too, having suffered tragic losses in 1932, made a profound shift of value judgments. At the polls in November, the people repudiated Herbert Hoover, whose re-election Lindbergh publicly supported. They chose as their leader a man as different in all respects from Hoover as any man could be. And during the Hundred Days of Franklin Roosevelt, in the spring of '33, the quietus was given such elements of the Jazz Age as yet survived. The country turned away in wrath from

the Businessman, with his glorification of the things of the body; it seemed eager to grant power to the Professional Man, even to the Artist and Scientist, who stressed the things of the mind. And so it was, in this limited sense, with the Lindberghs. They had been mostly physical heroes, whose adventures and virtues were immediately comprehensible by the multitude. Gradually, as in their archaeological flights, they had become heroes of culture as well. They now became culture heroes primarily, their adventures more grand and mysterious to the popular mind (in its new mood) than ever before as well as much more interesting to the intelligentsia. And more controversial.

Thus the 1931 flight to the Far East became the last of their flights undertaken primarily for adventure—and even it became a cultural event when, in 1935, Anne published a book about it entitled *North to the Orient*, whose literary quality was greatly praised by professional critics. The next great flight, across the North Atlantic and back across the South Atlantic in the summer, autumn, and early winter of 1933 was an experiment in navigation, a scientific test of new instruments, and a careful survey of the routes and needs of commercial transoceanic flying. It was also, in Labrador, a voyage of exploration and, in Greenland, where microscopic life in the air was sampled above the icecap, an essay in bacteriological discovery.

The latter involved Lindbergh's use of a so-called "sky hook," a device he had developed while working with Dr. Fred C. Meier of the U. S. Department of Agriculture; its function was to capture spores and bacteria in the air. It was a tubular rod with a door at one end. This door opened when the instrument was suspended from the cockpit, exposing a glass slide coated with a sterile petroleum jelly to which tiny air-borne objects stuck. Lindbergh exposed dozens of slides over the North Atlantic and sent them back, with careful notes and sketches, for Meier's examination. Subsequently, Meier reported in *Scientific Monthly* that Lindbergh had made the first successful spore and bacteria survey of North Atlantic regions and that the results had surprised many scientists who had theretofore believed that live microscopic organisms did not fly far. An "astonishing number of live organisms" were found on the flier's slides. . . .

The Lindberghs took off on this flight from New York on July 9, 1933, in the same plane they had used for their record-breaking transcontinental flight and for the Orient flight of '31, though they now renamed it *Tingmissartoq*, an Eskimo word meaning "one who flies like a large bird." When they returned to New York on December 19, they had visited Iceland, some fourteen European countries including

Russia (they landed both at Leningrad and Moscow), the Azores, and the Canary Islands, two countries in Africa, Brazil, Trinidad, and Puerto Rico. It was in all respects a partnership flight during which they used a new ground-speed and drift indicator developed by Harold Gatty, the great navigator of the *Winnie Mae* during the Post-Gatty round-the-world flight. The plane had dual controls, and Anne did some of the piloting, taking over whenever her husband took sextant readings and worked on charts. Lindbergh, however, did most of the flying while Anne handled the radio, made all drift and ground-speed observations, and kept the official log. Some "new wrinkles" for lightening the labor of navigation were worked out by Lindbergh during this flight; they were reported upon in detail, as were all other technical aspects of the flight, in a long and important article by Lieutenant Commander Weems in *Aviation Magazine* for April 1934. . . .

Four years later, in 1938, Anne published her account of the journey from Africa to Brazil under the title *Listen! the Wind*, with a terse, dry foreword by her husband in which he said the book was "a true and accurate account" and an appendix compiled by him, describing the plane in technical terms and listing the equipment carried. The work was greeted with a chorus of praise from the critics. "It is something to savor slowly, to gloat over without hurrying on to the end. . . ." said *Time Magazine*. "It has the artistry of a piece of fiction, this story of two mortals bound by the whim of the uncontrollable wind."

Flying *per se*, even flights as cultural events, became steadily less important in both the private and public life of Lindbergh, however, as the decade approached its mid-point. He was an active member of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, along with such men as Orville Wright; Harry F. Guggenheim; the director of the Bureau of Standards, Dr. L. J. Briggs; the Chief of the Army Air Corps; and Dr. Charles G. Abbot, head of the Smithsonian. He became more and more the expert consultant and spokesman on all aviation matters, his advice sought by the makers of governmental as well as business policy. (When the Navy dirigible *Akron* crashed, killing several people in the spring of '33, Lindbergh testified at an inquiry that the Navy was mistaken in its policy of restricting continuity of command, adding: "My personal opinion is that it has been, and it is, a mistake to discourage specialization in the Service.") He continued his active interest in R. H. Goddard's rocket experiments, helping to persuade the Guggenheim Fund to extend and expand its grants for this work in 1934 and visiting Goddard in September of that year at the Mes-

calero Ranch near Roswell, New Mexico, where the physicist had established his field laboratory and launching tower. . . .

Thus, even within his own specialized field, Lindbergh became during these years a different kind of hero. To some, indeed—not to many, but to some—he abruptly ceased to be a hero at all when, early in 1934, he pitted his persuasive power against that of the President of the United States and became, for the first time in his life, a center of major political controversy.

2

The issue was provided initially by a Hearst reporter in Washington named Fulton Lewis, Jr.—the same Lewis who would provide the means by which Lindbergh again became a storm center some five years later. Lewis had for two years been gathering material on Hoover's Postmaster General, Walter F. Brown, with special emphasis on the manner in which Brown and the largest airlines worked together in the assignment of air-mail contracts, and had accumulated masses of data to support charges of fraud and collusion. These the Hearst papers refused to publish. (The refusal was made by the great William Randolph Hearst himself, perhaps at the instigation of Arthur Brisbane, who was a close friend of Brown's.) When the Congress established a Special Committee on Investigation of the Air Mail and Ocean Mail Contracts, under the chairmanship of Senator Hugo Black of Alabama, Lewis turned over to it the material he had so laboriously gathered. It proved to be potent indeed. The Black Committee used it all through the autumn of 1933 to pry from reluctant witnesses enough damaging admissions to justify, in Black's opinion, the cancellation of all the air-mail contracts granted during Brown's regime.

Immediately prior to the Black Committee investigations had come the sordid disclosures of the Pecora investigation of America's financial community. A shocked public had assessed the peculiar ethics of those giant financiers who had been regarded with such awesome respect during the years of Republican prosperity and who had then wielded such vast influence over the policies of government. Income-tax evasion through loopholes closed to common folk was a standard practice of these privileged creatures: J. P. Morgan, for instance, had paid no income tax at all in 1930, '31, and '32, nor had any of his partners in the latter two years. The issuance of false prospectuses had given

many of these men no pause as they foisted issues of worthless South American bonds (to take one example) upon deceived investors and pocketed handsome commissions for doing so. Nor did they shrink from what amounted to outright thievery through the formation of "pools" of "insiders," whereby stock prices could be manipulated, and through the establishment of phony holding companies, and of holding companies of holding companies in bewildering complexity, each of them issuing stock bought by a trustful people whose speculative mania had been encouraged by these same financiers.

Thus the public was in no mood to doubt or to condone such revelations as the Black Committee made—revelations of practices hewing only too closely to what had apparently been the prevailing pattern of Big Business operation during the Coolidge-Hoover years. In the process of ruthlessly exterminating their smaller and weaker rivals, whose operations must often have been in the public interest, the biggest airlines, with the abundant aid of Hoover's Postmaster General, appeared to have robbed the public treasury of millions. The new Postmaster General, James A. Farley, charged in February of 1934 that these airlines had cheated the government out of some \$46,800,000 between July of 1930 and January of '34, and that a fair-sized chunk of this had gone to TWA, "The Lindbergh Line." Allegedly TWA had charged the Post Office some five million dollars more for carrying the mail than had been asked for by a rival bidder. Moreover, some of the favored airlines had compounded their thievery by charging the Post Office, at the excessive rates provided by their contracts, for far more than the amount of mail they actually carried. American Airways, for example, was said to have received payments of \$5,308,958 during the Brown regime for mail it should have carried, according to its generous contract, for \$3,338,673—an overcharge of approximately two millions of the taxpayers' dollars. . . .

Black, in his own mind, linked his committee's findings with those of the Pecora investigation. It seemed to him of great significance that the airlines so outrageously favored by the Hoover administration were precisely those dominated by Wall Street firms having a major interest in profitable airline and airplane stock transactions. It further seemed to him that so deep a cancer in the body politic required drastic and immediate surgery. His view prevailed. President Roosevelt asked his Attorney General, Homer Cummings, to review the Black findings and determine whether or not a blanket cancellation of air-mail contracts, through the exercise of power already in the Postmaster General's hands, was justified. Cummings said that it was.

Simultaneously, the Chief of the Army Air Corps, Major General Benjamin D. Foulois, was asked if his pilots were capable of taking over the air mail during the emergency period which must intervene between the cancellation of the old contracts and the issuance of new and legal ones. Foulois was emphatically sure they were. Accordingly, on February 9, a presidential order declared all the prevailing contracts to be null and void as of February 19 and directed the Army to fly the mail from that day until further notice.

The action shocked Lindbergh. A month before, his name had begun to figure in the Black Committee investigation when testimony revealed the details of his original arrangement with TAT, and he had sent to the committee, at its request, a "full report" on his airline transactions. He could not but feel that the President's sweeping condemnation of American commercial aviation was, in effect, an insulting commentary upon his own career, and he brooded over this through a long Saturday, his anger growing icy cold and hard. On Sunday afternoon, February 11, he drove to his office at 25 Broadway in New York, bearing notes for a lengthy telegram he proposed to send to the President of the United States. He went over these and composed his message in consultation with Colonel Breckinridge. That evening he dispatched the wire to the White House and released it to the morning papers simultaneously, so that scores of millions might read it over their breakfast coffee on February 12:

YOUR ACTION OF YESTERDAY AFFECTS FUNDAMENTALLY THE INDUSTRY TO WHICH I HAVE DEVOTED THE LAST TWELVE YEARS OF MY LIFE. THEREFORE I RESPECTIVELY PRESENT TO YOU THE FOLLOWING CONSIDERATIONS. THE PERSONAL AND BUSINESS LIVES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS HAVE BEEN BUILT AROUND THE RIGHT TO JUST TRIAL BEFORE CONDEMNATION. YOUR ORDER . . . CONDEMNS THE LARGEST PORTION OF OUR COMMERCIAL AVIATION WITHOUT JUST TRIAL. . . . YOUR PRESENT ACTION DOES NOT DISCRIMINATE BETWEEN INNOCENCE AND GUILT AND PLACES NO PREMIUM ON HONEST BUSINESS. . . . AMERICANS HAVE SPENT THEIR BUSINESS LIVES IN BUILDING IN THIS COUNTRY THE FINEST COMMERCIAL AIRLINES IN THE WORLD. . . . THE GREATER PART OF THIS PROGRESS HAS BEEN BROUGHT ABOUT THROUGH THE AIR MAIL. . . . UNLESS [the facts of guilt are established

"in keeping with American tradition"] . . . CONDEMNATION OF COMMERCIAL AVIATION BY CANCELLATION OF ALL MAIL CONTRACTS AND THE USE OF THE ARMY ON COMMERCIAL AIRLINES WILL UNNECESSARILY AND GREATLY DAMAGE ALL AMERICAN AVIATION.

The reaction was immediate and strong. It was at once apparent that the administration and its supporters were more disturbed by Lindbergh's attack than they had been by any other since the New Deal began. Many of them doubted the wisdom of so abrupt and sweeping an action as had been taken, and all of them realized that the hero was the one man in America whose prestige, sustained in his present stand by an overwhelmingly anti-New Deal press, might prove more persuasive of the multitude than Franklin Roosevelt's. Stephen Early, White House press secretary, grumbled that such messages as Lindbergh's were not released to the public "except when the senders . . . act primarily for publicity purposes." Senator George W. Norris said coldly that now Lindbergh was "earning his \$250,000." Postmaster General Farley, in a wire to Lindbergh, said, "I am certain that if you were in possession of all the facts you would not feel that any injustice had been done or will be done." And the committee on air law of the Federal Bar Association of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut adopted a resolution denouncing Lindbergh's telegram, asserting that the hero had been exploited for publicity purposes by the big airlines "in an undignified, disrespectful, absurd, and presumptuous attempt to discredit the President of the United States."

But nearly all newspaper editorialists and letter writers, more than glad of the opportunity to pit Lindbergh against Roosevelt, gave warm support to the former. "Here was a man who could not be held up to scorn as a mere tool of corrupt and privileged interests," said the *New York Times* in an editorial condemning the administration, as the hero had done, for failing to give the airlines a fair hearing. The *Times* also published the "known belief" of Lindbergh that the lives of pilots inexperienced in mail operations, flying planes not properly equipped for the job, would be placed in jeopardy by their unexpected assignment.

The "belief" was soon transformed, through tragic event, into prophecy. The Army was *not* prepared for this job: it lacked the necessary equipment, and its pilots lacked the necessary training, particularly for night flying. Moreover, as if to emphasize these deficiencies, the weather during the first week of Army operation was about as bad

as it could be, with fog, blizzards, and freezing rain blanketing much of the nation. At the end of that week, five Army pilots had been killed; six had been critically injured; and eight Army planes had been destroyed. Abruptly, the air-mail service was drastically curtailed; night flying, for instance, was abolished; but the tragic crashes continued. Even after the mail had been grounded for a week to enable the Army to install new mechanical equipment, the crashes resumed as soon as the flying did. By April, twelve Army pilots had been killed and there had been forty-six forced landings.

In these circumstances, and on this particular issue, it appeared that Lindbergh definitely won out over Roosevelt in the struggle for public opinion. True, there were aviation professionals whose published views differed markedly from his and who, lacking his close ties with big airlines, might be deemed more disinterested than he. Clarence Chamberlin, for instance, in a letter to Farley on March 3, charged the commercial airlines with trying "to magnify any Army airplane mishaps and minimize their own deficiencies," using for this purpose their expert public relations counsels. He pointed out that one company alone, United Air Lines, had had four fatal crashes within the last four months, killing eleven pilots and hostesses and an equal number of passengers. Eight had been killed when a United plane crashed into a Utah mountain during that horrible first week of the Army's air-mail operation. Yet United, like the other commercial lines, had planes of the latest type and radio and other equipment denied Army pilots. The latter point was stressed by former general Billy Mitchell in a sulphurous speech to the Foreign Policy Association in New York on March 3, during which he branded the commercial airlines and airplane manufacturers as "profiteers" who, in their greed for dividends, had refused to install well-developed safety equipment and had in general "thwarted" the proper development of American aviation. "The flying personnel of these civil companies, as they are maintained by government subsidy, should have been subject to the government's call at any time the Executive decided that an emergency existed," said the angry general. "But look at what happened to these patriots! They are not subject to the government's call; it is not contained in the law. The United States could not use their radio system nor their radio equipment nor their planes. . . . Thereupon the Army Air Corps, which was not properly equipped for any kind of duty, due to the machinations of these aviation profiteers and service politicians, undertook to carry the mail under conditions which these very people who are putting up such a hue and cry through their controlled press

could not have done." As for Lindbergh's role in the controversy, Billy Mitchell deemed it contemptible. "Lindbergh has disclosed himself as the 'front man' of the Air Trust," said he, adding that the hero was a "commercial flier" whose "motive is principally profit."

But such shafts as these were not launched through the front pages of the nation's press; they must be found on inside pages, if at all, and probably they would in any case have broken harmlessly against that armor of glory which continued to encase the hero. The multitude appeared more than willing to believe Lindbergh right and Roosevelt wrong on this issue within Lindbergh's professional field. Nor was Lindbergh at all inclined to soften the blow thus dealt New Deal prestige. When Secretary of War George H. Dern asked him to serve on a special committee "to study and report on the performance of the Army Air Corps in its mission to carry the air mail," he curtly refused—and this despite the fact that, just three days before, he had conferred with Dern at the latter's request and was assumed to have concurred in Dern's plan to establish the committee. Wired Lindbergh to Dern: I BELIEVE THAT THE USE OF THE ARMY AIR CORPS TO CARRY THE AIR MAIL WAS UNWARRANTED AND CONTRARY TO AMERICAN PRINCIPLES. THE ACTION WAS UNJUST TO THE AIRLINES WHOSE CONTRACTS WERE CANCELLED WITHOUT TRIAL. IT WAS UNFAIR TO THE PERSONNEL OF THE ARMY AIR CORPS, WHO HAD NEITHER EQUIPMENT DESIGNED FOR THE PURPOSE NOR ADEQUATE TIME FOR TRAINING IN A NEW FIELD. IT HAS UNNECESSARILY GREATLY DAMAGED ALL AMERICAN AVIATION. I DO NOT FEEL THAT I CAN SERVE ON A COMMITTEE WHOSE FUNCTION IS TO ASSIST IN FOLLOWING OUT AN EXECUTIVE ORDER TO THE ARMY TO TAKE OVER THE COMMERCIAL AIR MAIL SYSTEM OF THE UNITED STATES. Dern at once begged Lindbergh to reconsider and was again refused.

A few days later, on March 16, Lindbergh testified in a hearing on a pending bill to return the air mail to private operators. Held by the Senate committee on post offices in the Senate caucus room, attended by a Lindy-worshipful crowd, a battery of cameras, and a cluster of radio microphones reaching out to a national audience, the hearing provided the best kind of platform from which to influence national public opinion. The hero, all agreed, made effective use of it. For two and a half hours he was seated in the big red leather chair assigned to witnesses, "making an unmistakable impression upon the committee"

whose members treated him with "great politeness," as one reporter wrote. Even stronger was the impression he made upon the spectators. "Whenever his face flashed into the familiar . . . smile, a murmur of approval ran through the hall," said the *New York Times*. "He seemed still to be one of the world's most fascinating figures." The *Times* also deemed it newsworthy that he "wore a conservative, lightweight gray suit, without a waistcoat, and thin black silk socks, though the day was crisp."

In his pleasantly resonant high-pitched voice, he repeated his charge that the administration had "condemned" the airlines without giving them a fair hearing. He assailed that portion of the pending bill which would have refused a new contract to any company which made a claim against the government for revenue losses due to contract cancellation. (This, said he, was "one of the most unjust acts I have ever seen in American legislation.") He assailed, too, a portion of the bill which would have required every commercial mail plane to have as co-pilot an Army, Navy, or Marine flier. (He was "opposed to bringing the military into commercial life.") But he was respectful and courteous even in those moments when he was most intransigent in his stand, exuding always an atmosphere of earnest, winsome boyishness which obscured from most committee members and nearly all spectators the fact that, as witness, he was exceedingly adroit, artfully shifting his ground under the few truly searching questions which were asked him.

"Do you know anything about the making of these contracts?" asked Senator Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee.

"Very little."

"If they're honest, you're for them, and if not you wouldn't condone them?"

"My answer to that, Senator," said Lindbergh, raising his voice, "is that these contractors should have been given the right to trial before being convicted. . . ."

Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming, who had been First Assistant Postmaster General from March 6 to December 31, 1933, and was intimately acquainted with the questionable contracts, then asked: "Do you know the difference between civil and criminal law?"

"I have not much legal knowledge," said Lindbergh.

O'Mahoney averred that, judging from Lindbergh's use of such words as "guilt" and "trial" in respect to contract cancellations, the colonel had the two kinds of law confused.

"All I know," said Lindbergh, "is that the government in this case has acted upon an implication that has never been proved."

Senator O'Mahoney then sought to determine what, in Lindbergh's view, would constitute a "proof" of "guilt." Referring to a complex deal concerning which sworn testimony had been taken by the Black Committee, the senator asked: "Do you know that your company [TWA] paid Erle Halliburton \$1,400,000 not to bid on an air-mail award?"

"No, I am not aware of that."

"If it were a fact, you wouldn't approve it?"

"I don't think my background warrants a comment. But I do feel that any such charge should be proved."

"If an officer of your company testified under oath that his concern paid \$1,400,000 to persuade another company not to bid, and if it were established in the terms of the contract, would you consider that proof of the charge?"

"That's a hypothetical question and out of my field," Lindbergh replied. "I don't want to answer that."

Nor did he. . . .

Two months later, the air mail was again being carried by commercial lines. Many of them were forced to reorganize before the government would accept their bids, and the total amount of air-mail subsidy fell from \$19,400,000 in 1933 to something less than \$8,000,000 in '34. All the same the New Deal had suffered its first rebuff, in terms of popular opinion, and a rebuff administered in large measure through the personality of Lindbergh. Neither Roosevelt nor Lindbergh would forget it.

These two were, in any case, antipathetical personalities, each having precisely those salient features most likely to irritate and outrage the other. Roosevelt's willingness to act on important matters in the absence of a precise and detailed blueprint, and with only a vague concept of possible consequences, must arouse the very opposite of admiration in one who, like Lindbergh, made a fetish of preparation, carefully calculating all possible contingencies. Roosevelt's apparent relish for cheering crowds could hardly recommend him to one whose expressed distaste for these was notorious; nor could the President's contemptuous references to "money changers" and "economic royalists" seem other than an insult and injury of the family and friends with whom Lindbergh was now allied. As for the New Deal's appeal to the "common man," it struck no responsive chord in one who had

so often experienced the people as Hamilton's "Great Beast," devoid of intelligence, dignity, or even elementary self-respect.

3

And if political liberals were encouraged by the air-mail controversy to regard Lindbergh as a political reactionary, they might feel confirmed in this view when they learned that the most potent influence upon his life and thought was being exerted at that time by a famous scientist whose anti-democracy was soon notorious. . . .

It was in the summer of 1930 that Lindbergh first became interested in the problem of developing a "mechanical heart." A "member of our family," as he later put it, was dangerously ill of heart disease; lesions were forming on her heart's walls, and Lindbergh was told by her doctor that these could not be removed because no operation upon the heart was possible. Of course if means could be found to maintain the circulation of the blood artificially during the time required for a heart operation, it would be a different matter. What was now impossible might then become simple. . . . But was not the heart simply a pump? asked Lindbergh. Why could not a pump be developed which would take over the heart's function temporarily? What special factors were involved in what he then conceived to be primarily a problem in mechanical engineering?

He pressed such questions upon the doctors who attended Anne when their first child was born. One of these was Dr. Paluel Flagg, generally regarded as the foremost anesthetist in America, founder of the Society for the Prevention of Asphyxial Death, and a man whose interests ranged beyond his specialty. Dr. Flagg, though unable to answer Lindbergh's questions, offered to introduce the flier to a man who could. He did so on November 28, 1930—a date memorable in the lives of both Lindbergh and Alexis Carrel.

Carrel, then a man of fifty-seven, had been a world-famous scientist, and a controversial one, for nearly two decades. A Frenchman, son of a silk manufacturer of Lyons, he had from early youth displayed intellectual brilliance, daring imagination, immense energy, and a temperament (strange in a scientist) both mystical and theatrical. His earliest ambition was to be a soldier. But when he tried to enlist in the French Colonial Army after his graduation from the University of Lyons at the age of seventeen, he was rejected because of nearsightedness. He

then entered the medical school at Lyons where as a student his surgical dexterity and his means of developing it through carpentry and sewing became fabulous. With a superfine needle and thread (to take one example) he was reportedly able to make stitches in ordinary paper which would not show on either side—the kind of skill that might remind Lindbergh of his Grandfather Land and arouse in him the same kind of admiration his grandfather had aroused.

For all his brilliance, however, Carrel met with rebuffs from his medical colleagues in France when, after receiving his M.D. in 1900, he proposed a line of research which struck the conservative as fantastical in the extreme, being akin to medieval alchemy and the weird experiments of Frankenstein. He thereupon decided (typically) to become a cattleman in Canada, and it was with some difficulty that French-Canadian friends persuaded him to try again in his chosen profession on the ground that his ideas might be more acceptable in the New World than they had been in the Old. Accordingly, he joined the staff of the Hull Physiological Laboratory in Chicago in 1905; his work soon attracted the attention of Dr. Simon Flexner, then recruiting original young minds for the newly organized Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York; and he came to the Institute in 1906. He became a full member of it in 1912, the year in which he was awarded a Nobel Prize for his pioneering work in suturing blood vessels and in the transplantation of organs.

The basic concepts which were to guide Carrel's scientific career and determine his social philosophy had been firmly established by the time he came to America. They were the product of three streams of idea which, flowing into his consciousness, were there fused and solidified and given their final shape rather more by his temperament than by his logical intelligence.

One stream came through the Roman Catholic Church. Carrel was born a Catholic; he remained devout his whole life through, and he suffered the psychological tensions which result from a compulsion to assert as equally true propositions which contradict one another. He spent much effort in a recurrent struggle to prove that no essential conflict exists between the factual observations of science and the dogmatic assertions of the Church, but in moments of ultimate choice he displayed an only too consistent willingness to assign to acts of faith a status superior to acts of reason in the conduct of life, the organization of society, even the discovery of new truth. This order of priority is revealed in a statement he made during his last illness to his friend, Dom Alexis, of the Abbey of Boquen in France. "I pray

that God may grant me another ten years of work," he reportedly said. "With what I have learned, and with what I have experienced, I believe I shall succeed in establishing, scientifically, certain objective relationships between the spiritual and the material, *and thereby show the truth and beneficence of Christianity.*"

A second stream of idea came through the great French physiologists, Julien Jean César Legallois and Claude Bernard. The former, in the course of a description of his investigation into the "life principle," had written in 1812: "If one could substitute for the heart a kind of injection . . . of arterial blood, either natural or artificial . . . one would succeed easily in maintaining alive indefinitely any part of the body whatsoever." Bernard, in eloquent and persuasive lectures, had taught that no living organism could be truly understood as a collection of cells and organs, each with its own structure and function, but, instead, must be approached as a whole, a totality. Each organ, said he, has its own "internal milieu" just as the whole organism has an external environment in relation to which it maintains its distinctive character. Carrel, at eighteen, seems to have read Bernard with great excitement. Obviously the whole tendency of modern science was hostile to an understanding of life! Modern science proceeded by analysis. It was forever fragmenting its inquiries into narrower specialties—subdividing physics into a hundred physics, chemistry into a hundred chemistries, biology into a hundred biologies—which meant that there was a constant and accelerating retreat from all living wholenesses. Life was a process of integration, death a process of disintegration, and clearly modern science was now pursuing deathly knowledge to the virtual exclusion of vital knowledge and would continue to do so until its major tendency was reversed. What was needed now most urgently was not analysis but synthesis, the bringing together of specialties into organic unities for truly comprehensive attacks upon the problems of life. What was needed, one might say, was a unifying totalitarianism in the fields of science to balance, if not replace, the present disintegrative individualism.

The third stream of idea came through the metaphysics of Henri Bergson, whose concepts of "duration," "intuition," "intellect," and "concrete time" became major elements of Carrel's thought. They not only supported and extended salient ideas of Bernard's but must also encourage anti-intellectualism in one who, from all accounts, was an excessively willful young man to begin with. For did not Bergson teach that the intellect, "whose eyes are ever turned to the rear," can deal only with dead, inert matter? By its very nature, which is abstrac-

tive and analytical, it can never deal with living reality, the reality which continuously flows as the substance of Time. For note what happens to Time, whose very essence (or totality) is flowing change, whenever it is attacked by the intellect. First, Time is rendered timeless; its flow is stopped. Then its dead body is chopped up into artificial segments called "minutes," "hours," "years." Finally the conclusion is reached, as in Zeno's paradoxes, that this inert abstraction, this spatial design, is "real" time and that the Time we actually experience is an illusion! How absurd! "We do not *think* real time," said Bergson. "But we *live* it, because life transcends intellect." And this was tantamount to saying that one cannot *think* one's way into any vital immediate reality but must, instead, *feel* one's way through a process of intuition. . . .

Thus the metaphysician might confirm the young surgeon in his tendency toward egoistic assertions: it was convenient to have a vocabulary in which such assertions became "intuitions." Certainly Bergson confirmed him in his resolution never to study life in terms of death but always to study it alive, as an organic element of concrete Time. Orthodox scientific method required one to assume that structure and function were different things which might be studied in isolation from one another; it required one to infer the nature of life from the properties of lifeless cells, bloodless muscles, desiccated tissues. Well, then, orthodox scientific methods must be abandoned! New ways must be found! For if anything under the sun was certain (Carrel would say this again and again), it was that "structure and function are one and inseparable." Anatomy and physiology were but two ways of looking at the same object; each dealt with an arbitrary abstraction from the living whole, and neither could yield any truly vital information if the observed object were dead (i.e., removed from *real* Time).

While yet in the Lyons school, studying the healing of wounds and fractures, he was led to the "thought [that] it might be possible to cut out tissues, keep them alive, transplant them successfully in a medium which would be equivalent to the old environment," then substitute them for diseased or injured tissues in another organism. (He added, in a psychologically revealing statement, that "acts" might then replace "theories and speculations.") Then, some four years after Carrel's arrival in America, Ross Granville Harrison, biologist at Yale University, demonstrated conclusively that disembodied tissue *could* be kept alive while studies were made of the effects of various fluids upon it and of the mechanisms which determine the shape and rate of growth. Harrison cut a bit of nerve tissue from an embryo frog and

placed it in a drop of frog lymph fluid. The nerve grew. Four years later, Carrel cut a fleck of heart tissue from an unhatched chicken and placed it in a flask containing nutrient fluid. Within two days the tissue fleck had doubled in size while sending out on all sides multitudes of grayish filaments, and within four days it had grown to four times its original size. At that point, Carrel began to trim the fleck—and decades later, cuttings of growths of that first bit of tissue were yet living and growing in Carrel's laboratory. . . .

He was married in 1913 to Anne de la Motte, widow of the Marquis de la Mairie. In the following year, as world war began, he enlisted in the French Army Medical Corps where he was soon promoted to major and, a year or so later, perfected with chemist Henry D. Dakin the famous Carrel-Dakin antiseptic solution and method for treating infected wounds, saving countless lives and winning for himself the Cross of the Legion of Honor. But tissue culture, expanded to include the possibility of keeping whole organs alive *in vitro*, remained his dominant interest. He returned to it actively at the Rockefeller Institute in 1919.

The major hazard to the success of this project was twofold: infection from bacteria and fatal poisoning from the living tissue's own wastes. Somehow sterility must be maintained while toxic wastes were drained away and nourishment provided. This problem was relatively simple so far as bits of tissue were concerned (though of course extreme care must be exercised to avoid infection), for these could live and grow in a fluid bath. But excised organs would remain alive, Carrel found, only if they were perfused by a rhythmically circulating "blood" as they would be within the parent body. An aseptic perfusion pump in which whole organs could be placed was, therefore, an increasingly urgent need of Carrel's all through the '20s, and despite the prolonged efforts of several inventive technicians, the need remained unsatisfied on that day in November 1930, when Lindbergh first came to the Carrel laboratory. . . .

There was an immediate rapport between the tall, lean aviator and the short, stocky, pink-faced scientist. Later, both spoke of their shaking hands, their sharp gaze into each other's eyes, as one of the remarkable experiences of their lives: it was as if an electric current passed between them, sparking a profound mutual understanding, a profound mutual admiration. "Carrel has his own way of judging human beings by a process of intuition which is beyond describing," Waldemar Kaempffert would write of this meeting years afterward, adding that though Carrel could not explain what happened the two

men were at once linked by strong psychic bonds. Each was convinced that the other was a great man. "Doctor Carrel," said Lindbergh, "has one of the most brilliant, penetrating, and versatile minds I have ever met. His every action is filled with character. . . ."

The flier was quickly disabused of the notion that the problem of using a "mechanical heart" as he had envisaged was one of relatively simple engineering. There were very complex problems arising from the nature of living blood (red corpuscles only too easily disintegrate; fibrinogen only too easily coagulates) and from the ever-present and acute threat of bacterial infection. Carrel had solved some of these problems for experimental purposes by using an artificial blood which contained no cells or fibrinogen, but the problem of infection remained, even in a magnificently equipped laboratory where the most effective known methods of asepsis were constantly practiced. Carrel looked up quizzically and perhaps challengingly into his visitor's face as he said that just last year he had imported all the way from Berlin a German flier and aeronautical engineer, Heinz Rosenberger, to devise an aseptic perfusion pump. Rosenberger had come up with a most ingenious device—a self-contained pump whose piston was oscillated from the outside by means of electromagnets. But the pump had wholly failed in its purpose, for it was *not* aseptic: fatal infection had occurred in every experiment in which it was used.

"If you like, I will show you what we are doing here, what our problems are," said Carrel.

Lindbergh said he was very interested.

Then, as if in some priestly rite out of the Middle Ages, the two men thoroughly cleansed their hands and faces, put on long gowns of black, placed upon their heads a hood of black (for Lindbergh) and a cap of white (for Carrel, who thus distinguished himself from his assistants). They tied gauze masks around their necks, to be slipped over their mouths and noses if need be. And they mounted a spiral staircase into an eerie closed-off world of darkness and silence.

The central laboratory, where operations were performed, had floors of black, tables of black, windowless walls that were nearly black. All who entered here became as shades in an otherwise shadowless realm, immeasurably remote from screaming mobs and clawing hands. Or they became as purified monks in a mountain monastery where—disciplined, austere, rigorously protected from the curiosities of the vulgar—they probed realms far beyond the ordinary concepts of good and evil and gathered into their hands such reins of vital power as no men had ever known before. For had not this vibrant, brilliant

Carrel already conquered a piece of immortality? He himself believed so. He believed that the bit of chicken heart might live forever. And who knew but what he might go on to a complete conquest of the *élan vital*, that mysterious force which (said Bergson) animates the universe?

Lindbergh asked questions whose intelligence impressed his host. He paid particular attention to the Rosenberger pump. And though he said little to indicate the fact, he left the Institute in a state of great excitement.

Two weeks later he came to Carrel's office bearing a glass model he had had blown to his design by the glass blower of Princeton University. With it he demonstrated what he believed to be the basic principles of a successful perfusion pump.

4

Thus began a close working relationship between scientist and aviator which would last for nearly a decade. All the facilities of Carrel's laboratories were placed at Lindbergh's disposal and he was soon an expert biomechanic, original in his ideas, phenomenally skilled with his hands, utterly dedicated to his work. (Often in his absorption he neglected to eat lunch; often he worked late into the night.) Above all, he was persistent. Stubbornly persistent. And patient. Endlessly patient.

His first design, for which he had had such high hopes and of which he made many modified models, failed to work. He tried a radically different principle embodied in a new design. It, too, through a score of modifications, failed to work. (Meanwhile, he devised a successful apparatus for separating cells from blood plasma and washing them in a single operation, a task which theretofore had required two operations of which the latter, the cell washing, had been excessively tedious.) Then, turning to yet another radically different principle, he shaped a new design wholly unlike the earlier ones, making one unsatisfactory model after another until, at last, after nearly four years, he had, in his own words, "an apparatus . . . which maintains, under controllable conditions, a pulsating circulation of sterile fluid through organs for a length of time limited only by the changes in the organs and in the perfusion fluid." It looked not at all like a pump to laymen's eyes. It had no moving parts. Three glass chambers bulged one above another along a tube which "oozed" from a bottle, as one writer

put it, "like a vitrified bowel." The extirpated organ to be studied was placed in the upper chamber; a glass tube was attached to its artery, and artificial blood was driven through it by centrifugal force as the apparatus was rhythmically wobbled by compressed air from a tank, air whose pulsating pressure was controlled by a rotary valve. Having passed through the organ, the fluid fell into the middle or pressure-equalizing chamber and thence into the bottom or reservoir chamber. Non-absorbent cotton in bulbs, through which passed intaken gases, kept bacteria out of the apparatus.

The first report of this pump, and of the earliest experiments in which it was used, was made in *Science* for June 1935, in an article signed by both Carrel and Lindbergh. It told how adult cats and chickens had been chloroformed and bled to death; how their yet-living hearts, kidneys, ovaries, and other organs had been removed and placed in the pump, the fluid-bearing tube attached to their arteries; and how "changes in form and volume took place in [these] . . . organs from day to day." For instance: "[O]varies . . . perfused with a growth-promoting serum modified their form and grew rapidly. In five days the weight of an ovary increased 90 mg., to 284 mg." Simultaneously, yellow spots developed, suggesting that the ovaries might actually have produced eggs while attached to the pump!

This was, of course, sensational news, particularly in view of Lindbergh's connection with it, and it was at once and sensationally presented in newspapers and mass-circulation magazines. Carrel himself made it clear that, in his view, a major break-through in medical science had been scored, opening up limitless possibilities for the near future. *Time Magazine*, in a lengthy article on July 1, 1935, indicated some of these: "The Rockefeller experimenters intend to study one organ at a time in their machine. Thus they hope to make the thyroid gland, adrenals, and each of the other endocrine glands yield their hormones in pure form in such abundance that endocrinologists will no longer be obliged to haunt slaughter-houses for their supplies. Thus, too, they hope to watch hardening develop in arteries, goiters in thyroids, tuberculosis in lungs, rheumatic fever in hearts, Bright's disease in kidneys. They are going to thus transform medicine from a fine art into an exact science."

Such publicity increased as the months passed. In September 1935, *The Journal of Experimental Medicine*, official publication of the Rockefeller Institute, published an article signed by Lindbergh alone in which he gave a detailed, highly technical description of his pump. In August 1936, Carrel and Lindbergh were both at the International

Cytological Congress in Copenhagen, Denmark, where Lindbergh demonstrated his pump and Carrel lectured on the uses to which it had been and might be put. In June 1938, a book, *The Culture of Organs*, by Alexis Carrel and Charles A. Lindbergh, was published by Hoeber. And each of these occasions became a major news event of the kind which shapes major culture heroes.

In *The Culture of Organs*, for example, Carrel envisaged the possibility that "organs removed from the human body, in the course of an operation or soon after death, could be revived in the Lindbergh pump, and made to function again when perfused with an artificial fluid. . . . When [larger pumps] . . . are built, entire human organs, such as pancreas, suprarenal, thyroid, and other glands . . . would manufacture *in vitro* substances supplied today to patients by horses or rabbits. The construction of larger pumps may lead to other applications of the method. For instance, diseased organs could be removed from the body and placed in the Lindbergh pump, as patients are placed in a hospital. Then they could be treated far more energetically than within the organism, and, if cured, replanted in the patient. A thyroid extirpated in the course of an operation . . . a kidney removed for tuberculosis, or a leg amputated for osteosarcoma, would perhaps heal under the influence of an artificial medium when living *in vitro*. The replantation would offer no difficulty, as surgical techniques for the suture of blood vessels and the transplantation of organs and limbs were developed long ago."

If such bold anticipations made Carrel an awesome hero to the multitude, who read glowing articles about him and Lindbergh as scientist in magazines like the *Saturday Evening Post*, they struck more than a few of Carrel's scientific colleagues as deplorable. Issued in such circumstances as to command newspaper headlines, the speculations seemed to indicate an eagerness for spectacular results, an impatience with the rigors of logical inquiry, and a love of theatrics which were, to say the least, unscientific. Moreover, they were coupled in the headlines with other Carrel pronouncements well-calculated to dismay and even frighten the friends of democracy in those years of Nazi-Fascist triumph. For by the mid-'30s it had become abundantly clear that the famous scientist had, in the most literal meaning of the word, a *totalitarian* mind and that he applied it to the problems of social order with the same "audacity" (a favorite word of his) as he did to the problems of medical science.

"There is no escaping the fact that men were definitely not created

equal, as democracy, invented in the Eighteenth Century, when there was no science to confront it, would have us believe," he was quoted as saying in a press interview aboard the *Ile de France* when he returned from Europe on September 17, 1935. "This fact cannot be suppressed, and it is very sad."

His "sadness" was not much in evidence, however, as he went on to describe a great institute he would like to found wherein an elite, having the "quality of leadership," might be produced "scientifically." The elite, of course, would rule over the "inferior" masses, who were palpably unequipped to govern themselves. A reporter was prompted to ask if the world did not already have, in Hitler's Germany, a "natural laboratory" for developing "supermen" through a "program of race purification." "It is difficult to say if a pure race is an advantage," the scientist replied. "It may be that crossing civilizations as we do in America produces the finest minds. . . . We do not really know the genesis of great men. Perhaps it would be effective if we could kill off the worst of these pure races and keep the best, as we do in the breeding of dogs."

In that same year Carrel published a book, *Man, the Unknown*, in which he presented at length his social views and his ideas for an institute which would study "man as a whole" and develop "leaders" for the State. The work, though classified as "philosophy" in public libraries, could not properly be called a philosophic argument. It was instead a compendium of naked assertions, revealing the author's contempt not only for the laws of evidence and logic but also for those humane instincts in which democracy has its moral root. Thus the scientist on the problem of crime: "Perhaps prisons should be abolished. They could be replaced by smaller and less expensive institutions. The conditioning of petty criminals with the whip . . . followed by a short stay in hospital, would probably suffice to insure order. Those who have murdered, robbed while armed with automatic pistol or machine gun, kidnapped children, despoiled the poor of their savings, misled the public on important matters, should be humanely and economically disposed of in small euthanasic institutions supplied with proper gases. A similar treatment could be advantageously applied to the insane, guilty of criminal acts. Modern society should not hesitate to organize itself with reference to the normal individual. Philosophical systems and sentimental prejudices must give way before such a necessity."

That a book of this nature should be greatly praised by influential critics and become a national best seller in the year of Mussolini's

attack on Ethiopia and of Hitler's Nuremberg Laws was disturbing to liberal minds. Such minds were disturbed, too, by the effect Carrel might have upon America's greatest hero, a young man of exclusively technical education and anti-social disposition whose personal tragedy stemmed directly, or so he might be led to believe, from the lack of "discipline" in the American democracy.

5

The effect might be all the greater because the tragic experience yet continued. . . .

Not a day passed in which the Lindberghs were not forcibly reminded of the murder of their son, for every day, from May of 1932 until mid-September of '34, there were newspaper stories of developments in the investigation of the crime. Most frequently, these had to do with the ransom money. The serial numbers of the bills "Jafsie" had given "Graveyard John" had been recorded and a list of them sent to banks and business houses all over the country. The recognition of these was greatly facilitated when, in the spring of 1933, the United States went off the gold standard. Many of the bills were gold certificates whose possession after May 1, 1933, became illegal, so that when one of them was passed it was likely to be noticed. Occasionally the receiver of such a bill was able to describe, vaguely, the man from whom he had received it, and these descriptions were uniformly consistent with that Condon had made of "John." (Stressed always was the "pointed chin"; stressed often were his "shifty blue eyes" and "German accent.") Pins were stuck in a large map of New York, mounted on a wall at police headquarters, to mark the spots where ransom bills appeared, and by the late summer of 1934 these pins were clustered in upper Manhattan and the Bronx.

The ransom letters were given prolonged study by handwriting experts. Psychiatrists studied them, too, for keys to the personality of the writer and made detailed analyses of psychological aspects of the crime as a whole. The police themselves had been impressed by the fact that everything "John" told "Jafsie" was, so far as it could be checked, the precise opposite of the truth and that the ransom request had been absurdly low in view of Lindbergh's financial capacity and of the enormous risks which had been run. From all these derived several conclusions: the crime was that of a "lone wolf," not of an organized gang; he was of Germanic origin, more at home in the German

language than in English at the time of his crime; he was skillful at carpentry, probably a carpenter by trade; he was "very reticent" and "probably shy"; he was immensely but secretly egotistical and devoid of normal conscience; he had a substantial portion of the ransom money yet in his possession; and he lived in the Bronx.

Meanwhile, the so-called "Lindbergh Law" had been passed by the Congress, defining as a federal offense all kidnappings across state lines as well as the use of the mails for ransom communications. This had enabled the Federal Bureau of Investigation to enter fully into the case. And FBI agents were pursuing with astonishing results a line of investigation which, at the outset, had appeared particularly hopeless. It concerned the ladder which the kidnaper, as further evidence that he was alone, had been forced to abandon in the Lindbergh yard.

This ladder had been turned over to a quiet, bald, middle-aged man named Arthur Koehler, who was a "wood technologist" in the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Forest Products Laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin. The author of a book, *The Properties and Uses of Wood*, and of fifty-two other publications in his special field, Koehler probably knew more about wood than any other man in the world—and what he was able to do with the evidence presented him seemed little less than miraculous to lay minds. He began with a microscopic examination of the North Carolina pine lumber used in the ladder, paying particular attention to distinctive marks left by the machine plane with which it had been dressed. He found that the planer had had eight revolving knives in the top and bottom cutter heads, six in the side heads. A canvass had then been made of 1598 planing mills where Carolina pine was dressed, scattered from New York to Alabama. Of all these, only twenty-five employed a planer of the type used on the ladder wood; of these, two didn't dress the kind of wood of which the ladder was made; and samples of wood dressed by the other twenty-three disclosed only one whose marks were identical in spacing with those on the ladder. Thus it was determined that the wood had come from the M. G. and J. J. Dorn Company of McCormick, South Carolina.

And this was but the beginning of Koehler's success. Planer knives must be frequently sharpened; with each sharpening the marks they leave are subtly changed. This fact enabled Koehler to have a precise object of search as he traced the forty-five carloads of lumber which had been shipped by the Dorn Company during the period in question. He achieved his object in the yard of the National Millwork and Lumber Company in the Bronx, finding there Carolina pine lumber

whose markings were identical with those on two uprights of the kidnap ladder. Agents obtained a list of National customers, necessarily incomplete, who might have bought some of this lumber. . . .

On September 15, 1934, a Saturday, one Walter Lyle, attendant at the Warner-Quinlan filling station at 2115 Lexington Avenue in New York, put five gallons of ethyl gasoline into the tank of a Dodge sedan. It was paid for with a ten-dollar gold certificate, a circumstance which caused young Lyle to eye his customer closely. He saw a man with sharply pointed chin who, in reply to Lyle's remark that gold notes were no longer often seen, replied in a foreign accent that he himself had only a few of them left—"about a hundred." The attendant gave the customer nine dollars and two cents in change and, as the Dodge drove away, jotted down on the bill the car's license number, which was 4U-13-41, New York State. Subsequently, after conferring with his fellow attendant, John Lyons, Lyle took the gold note to a branch of the Corn Exchange Bank at 125th Street and Park Avenue where it was identified as a Lindbergh ransom bill, Serial No. A73976634A. A bank official telephoned this information and the car license number to police headquarters. The license, it was soon learned, had been issued to one Bruno Richard Hauptmann. He was a carpenter by trade; he was German, and he lived with his wife Anna and baby son Mannfried on the second floor of a two-story frame house at 1279 East 222nd Street in the Wakefield section of the Bronx.

Thereafter, for three days and four nights, Hauptmann was closely watched by relays of detectives, who hoped to trap him with some of the ransom money on him. They succeeded on Wednesday, September 19. At a little before nine o'clock that morning, Hauptmann drove away from his home in his Dodge, trailed by three automobiles, each containing a federal, a New York, and a New Jersey law-enforcement agent. After two or three miles, one of the cars suddenly pulled ahead of the Dodge and edged it to the curb. Within seconds, Hauptmann had been seized, his arms pinioned; within minutes he had been searched. In his wallet was a twenty-dollar gold note which had been in the box "Jafsie" passed to "John."

Some days later, Lindbergh was called to the office of New York's District Attorney. There he disguised himself in horn-rimmed glasses and a cloth cap and sat back unobtrusively as the prisoner was brought in. Intently he watched and listened, with taut if unimaginable emotions, as Hauptmann paraded back and forth calling out, at various distances and in various volumes, the words: "Hey, doctor! Over here,

doctor!" When the prisoner had been removed, Lindbergh arose, grim-faced, to state his positive belief that Hauptmann's was the voice he had heard calling from cemetery darkness as Condon stood at the corner of Tremont and Whittemore avenues on the night of April 2, 1932.

By that time the evidence against the prisoner was piled high; as the days passed, it became overwhelming. The taxi driver who had delivered the kidnaper's note of instructions to Condon's home on the night of March 12, 1932, positively identified Hauptmann as the man who had given him the note. Condon, after some initial wavering, identified Hauptmann as "John." A three-fourth-inch chisel, such as had been found in the Lindbergh yard, was missing from Hauptmann's tool chest. In Hauptmann's garage, concealed under the floor and in hollowed beams of wall and roof, were found ransom bills totaling \$14,590. Records of Hauptmann's expenditures, especially in the stock market, showed a marked increase immediately following the passage of the ransom money to "John," though he had done no work at his trade since that time and had actually lost \$7000 in stock speculations. When he wrote out, at dictation, test words derived by handwriting experts from the kidnaper's letters, he made the same errors of spelling as the kidnaper had made, and he was the only suspect who did so out of dozens who had been tested. His handwriting revealed literally scores of distinctive characteristics matching perfectly those in the kidnaper's letters, a coincidence far beyond the realm of chance. His bedroom-closet wall had written upon it, in his characteristic hand, Condon's street address and telephone number, the latter being the number the doctor had had in the spring of 1932 before he changed to a private line. Sales records indicated that Hauptmann had bought \$9.32 worth of lumber from the National Millwork and Lumber Company on December 29, 1931. Most damning of all, in Hauptmann's attic was found a board which, as Koehler proved by microscopic examination, had once been of a piece with what was soon world famous as "rail sixteen" of the kidnap ladder.

Against all this stood only the prisoner's inevitable denial that he was guilty, an alibi for the night of the kidnaping which could not be proved, and an explanation of his possession of the ransom money which was implausible to the point of absurdity. He claimed that the money, wrapped in a brown parcel, had been given him for safekeeping by one Isidor Fisch. He had been associated with Fisch in a very modest fur trade and claimed that he had loaned his partner \$7500 which was still owed him when, in December of 1933, Fisch, desper-

ately ill of tuberculosis, sailed for Germany, his native land. Curiosity had led Hauptmann to open the parcel, he said, and he had felt free to spend some of the money he found there because it was owed him by Fisch. Alas, Fisch could not corroborate this story; he had died of tuberculosis on March 29, 1934, in Leipzig. Very strange, in view of Hauptmann's story, was the fact that Fisch had died utterly destitute, his life shortened, as friends in Germany asserted, by his inability to pay for the treatment he needed. . . .

Moreover, Hauptmann's personality fitted that which psychiatrists had outlined as probable for the unknown kidnaper. It might be deemed, as at least one psychiatrist deemed it, a perversion of the hero's, just as his criminal act was a perversion of that heroism the hero had expressed in his lonely flight across the sea. Hauptmann trusted no one with his secrets; not even his wife could be said truly to know him. His cold nerve, his stubborn fortitude were immense; no amount of external pressure could force from him a confession of guilt, or even of error. Indeed, he hardened under pressure. A secret belief in his own omnipotence, his own ability to outwit the world, made remorse impossible for him, and it was only when this belief was shaken that he came near breaking. When this happened, however, his first impulse was toward self-destruction, not toward a sharing of his secrets or any other admission that he had, with others, a common humanity. For instance, on the day following his indictment by the grand jury, after days and nights of severe grilling, his confidence temporarily collapsed. He retreated utterly into himself, refusing to speak to his guards and breaking now and then into dry sobs. When his lunch was served, he secreted from among the eating utensils a pewter spoon which he broke into pieces, sharpening these against the iron of his cot with the evident intention of suicide. His act was discovered within an hour; thereafter he was closely watched, his food served always on paper plates with paper utensils. Soon, however, he seemed again his normal self, calm in his confidence that he could never be convicted.

His early life had been a portrait-in-little of that historic process by which young Nazis were made. Born into a lower middle-class family in the small town of Kamenz, Germany, on November 29, 1899, he experienced a poverty of love, a surfeit of hateful violence, all during his childhood and adolescence. Two of his brothers were killed in the war. He himself became a machine gunner on the western front when he was seventeen and was slightly wounded and gassed. (Psychiatrists would find it significant that his great hero became Baron Mannfried

von Richthofen, the Red Knight of the German Air Force, after whom he named the son born in November 1933.) He emerged from the army into a demoralized society when barely nineteen, promptly became a thief, and a year or two later was sentenced to five years in prison for housebreaking and armed robbery. He was paroled after serving two years of his sentence but was soon rearrested, charged with a new series of burglaries. He was awaiting trial on these new charges when he managed to escape from the jail's exercise yard. It was thus as a fugitive from justice in his own country that he had entered the United States in 1923 as a stowaway, two earlier attempts having failed.

His American acquaintances knew him as a "good sport" on Hunter's Island picnics, where he was a leader in athletic play, as an outdoorsman who liked to hunt in the Maine woods, and as a lover of sentimental German songs on "music evenings," when he played the mandolin. He was frugal and temperate. He liked his beer but was never drunk, consuming hard liquor not at all. He liked cards, but never gambled for high stakes. He liked his ease and was averse to all steady employment, but he had no fondness for lavish display and preferred a modest style of living. He was perfectly willing to have his wife work as a waitress or clerk to support him during periods of his idleness.

His wish to return to his native land remained through his American years and was not discouraged, may indeed have been encouraged, by the rise of Hitler to total power over the State when Hindenburg died in the summer of '34. There is evidence that, at the time of his arrest, he contemplated an early removal of himself and family to Germany. His mother had informed him two months before that he might now safely return; the statute of limitations had quashed the criminal charges against him. . . .

The trial of the State of New Jersey vs. Bruno Richard Hauptmann on the charge of murdering Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., opened in the small century-old Hunterdon County courthouse, Flemington, New Jersey, on January 2, 1935. It ended at 10:44 P.M. on February 13, 1935, with the prisoner's conviction of murder in the first degree, without recommendation of mercy. The spectacle separating these two dates, coupled with those that preceded and followed, could not but seem obscene to the Lindberghs.

Certainly it was spectacle. Measured in terms of proportionate energies devoted to its various parts, it was spectacle primarily.

For weeks before the trial opened, telephone and telegraph technicians were busy festooning small Flemington with wires and cables over which to transmit to all the world "the trial story of the century." The center of this network was the third floor of the courthouse whence approximately a million words would be transmitted on each of the trial's thirty-two days by sixty-eight telegraph operators. (Within four minutes after a word of testimony was given, that word would be on the wires.) It was announced that Walter Winchell, Adela Rogers St. John, Kathleen Norris, Arthur Brisbane, Alexander Woollcott, Damon Runyon, and a dozen other American journalists of approximately equal fame would be on hand to write "special reports" in their own inimitable styles. *Paris-Soir* was sending Raoul de Roussy de Sales; the London *Daily Mail* was sending Lionel Shortt; the London *Daily Express* was sending Dixie Tighe, and a score of other famed publications in far-distant parts of the world were sending special correspondents. Several American papers would establish branch offices in Flemington. And all these expensive preparations were reported in detail by the newspapers and press associations making them. "Not before this trial had newspapers ever indulged in news items relating to their own business arrangements," wrote Dr. Dudley Shoenfeld in his *The Crime and the Criminal, A Psychiatric Study of the Lindbergh Case*, "but now the public was informed of what was being done for it, and these accounts, although printed in the news columns, were equivalent to advertising campaigns." Dr. Shoenfeld had no doubt, nor did any other knowledgeable observer, that the press greatly stimulated and increased popular interest in the case. One result was that literally hundreds of thousands of sight-seers visited Flemington during the trial, and on weekends there were traffic jams on roads for miles around the town. . . .

In such circumstances, the determination of truth and the dispensation of justice—the grief of bereaved parents, the public humiliation of innocent people, the ponderous legal killing of a sick-minded man—were but incidental to the enterprise of entertaining the multitude.

When Anne Lindbergh upon the witness stand identified her murdered baby's clothing, the spectacle was "heart-rending." When Charles Lindbergh looked down from the witness stand upon Bruno Richard Hauptmann, or when he carefully refrained from doing so, the spectacle was "tensely dramatic." When Dr. Condon's "homely integrity" and irrepressible eccentricities discomfited the lawyers, the spectacle was "comic." When the presiding judge, Justice Thomas W. Trenchard, a gentle and kindly man, insisted that the jurors wear rub-

bers when they walked snowy streets, his "humanity" was "heart-warming." When New Jersey's Attorney General David T. Wilentz, the youthful chief prosecutor, cross-examined a witness, he either "ripped him to shreds" or "fumbled badly," depending on whether the reporter inclined to believe in the guilt or the innocence of the accused. Similarly with Edward J. Reilly, the chief defense attorney, though it was almost unanimously agreed that he, dubbed the "Bull of Brooklyn" by disgusted newsmen, was peculiarly ill-fitted to argue a capital case before a country jury; he betrayed in a dozen ways his contempt for "yokels."

As for the accused himself and his wife, there is a sense in which they were actually hired entertainers in this spectacle, for their struggle for life was directly paid for in large part by the press. Shortly after Hauptmann's arrest, a morning paper in New York entered into an arrangement with the desperate wife whereby she agreed to give it exclusive news of the defense side of the case in return for money covering the defense costs. Naturally, this aroused the ire of rival papers, one of which, Hearst's *New York Journal*, succeeded in breaking up the arrangement and substituting one of its own, gaining thus, for a price greater than the morning paper had paid, the right of exclusive interviews with the defendant's family and attorneys. Hence, all through the trial and for weeks before and months after it, no reporters save Hearst's could have a word with Mrs. Anna Hauptmann, who was jealously guarded by *Journal* representatives night and day.

Came at last the day of the judge's charge to the jury. The "greatest courtroom drama in history" approached its climax. At approximately eleven in the morning, the jury retired to consider its verdict.

All through that day—as the jury remained locked in the sternly guarded jury room, as reporters and broadcasters spread speculative stories about what was taking place there—the tension mounted. In the courtroom, after night had fallen, this tension exploded into displays of anger, particularly when there was a temporary power failure and the room was plunged into darkness. Outside, a milling crowd of thousands spread through evening streets, normally so quiet and empty in Flemington, singing ribald songs and shouting "Kill Hauptmann!" in voices so loud they were heard in the cell where the accused man lay, face down, upon a cot.

Then, shortly before ten-thirty that night, the courthouse bell began to toll. The manacled prisoner was taken to the courtroom. The weary jury, strain showing on the faces of its members, filed in. Hauptmann stood up "like one of the Kaiser's soldiers, his pointed

chin held high," as the fatal verdict was announced and the jury polled. His normally pale face was flushed, however, when Justice Trenchard sentenced him to death and signed his death warrant, setting the execution for "the week beginning Monday, the 18th of March, 1935." He stumbled as his guards led him from the room. Not once did he look at his stunned, heartbroken wife, and when he reached his cell he collapsed for the second time since his arrest, and more completely than before, sobbing hysterically. . . .

It was remarked in headlines that Lindbergh, whose presence at every earlier session had had an incalculable effect upon witnesses and jury, was absent from the final scene. . . .

6

But this was by no means the end of the matter. The spectacle continued, scarcely diminished in intensity, for weeks and months, becoming increasingly obscene from the Lindberghs' point of view.

Hauptmann's attorneys filed appeals, postponing his execution. The sensational press, though it was known to be offering fantastic sums for Hauptmann's own story of "How I Killed the Lindbergh Baby!," simultaneously encouraged the uncovering of "new evidence" indicating the condemned man's innocence. Hugely publicized were the assertions of Hauptmann's advocates that this "poor immigrant carpenter" had been "framed" by the police, who had manufactured every item of evidence against him. So were the obviously phony "confessions" of cranks who claimed that they were the guilty parties. The case became political. In New York and other cities having large German-American populations, demonstrations against Hauptmann's impending execution were held—and at some of these, pro-Nazis distributed anti-Semitic literature. In New Jersey the political ambitions of Attorney Wilentz, Democrat, and Governor Harold G. Hoffman, Republican, met head on.

The latter began a personal investigation of the case. In October he paid a secret visit to Hauptmann in the death house of the state penitentiary. In late November he was reportedly planning to replace Colonel Schwarzkopf, whom Lindbergh liked and respected, as head of the state police, appointing to that post the present warden of the state penitentiary. And on December 5, 1935, he made under pressure the sensational disclosure that he *had* visited Hauptmann, that he was by no means convinced of Hauptmann's guilt, that the crime

was not one which could in his opinion have been committed by one man alone, and that his personal investigation of the case would continue.

For the Lindberghs, this latest development was in the nature of a last straw.

From the moment of Jon Lindbergh's birth, his parents had been the recipients of a stream of letters containing clear or implied threats against the child's life. Sometimes this stream was large, sometimes a mere trickle, depending upon the amount of publicity the Lindberghs happened to be getting at the moment. It had increased sharply, and the threats had become more serious, following Hauptmann's conviction; there was a further increase following Governor Hoffman's sensational pronouncements. Moreover, there had been two frightening incidents in the last year. One day, as Jon emerged from the nursery school in which he was enrolled, the rear curtains of a parked truck suddenly parted to reveal two round metal objects pointing directly at him. The truck then drove hurriedly away. Not until police captured it hours later did the Lindberghs learn that the truck had contained news cameramen. On another day, a car in which Jon was being driven from nursery school was forced to the curb by one containing news photographers. The child and his teacher were terrified as men leaped from the car and thrust cameras close to the boy's face.

In the weeks following Governor Hoffman's public intervention in the Hauptmann case, the hero, in Washington, obtained passports for himself, Anne, and Jon. Passage to Liverpool was booked on a small freighter, the *American Importer*; the Lindberghs would be the only passengers on the ship when it sailed on Saturday, December 21. Plans for their arrival in England were worked out with Aubrey Neil Morgan, who had been living at Next Day Hill since the death in December 1934, following an appendicitis operation, of his wife Elisabeth, Anne's elder sister. It was decided that Morgan, too, would sail for England on Saturday the twenty-first, but on the *Westernland*, a faster ship than the *American Importer*; he would thus be enabled to arrange a temporary haven for the Lindberghs in Wales until a permanent home for them was found. In the latter enterprise, Harold Nicolson, the British diplomat and author, would be helpful. Nicolson had spent much time in Englewood and North Haven with Mrs. Morrow and the Lindberghs, while writing his biography of Dwight Morrow, published a few months before. . . . All these arrangements were made in utmost secrecy, with the co-operation of American and British governmental officials. Not even the port police were aware that the

Lindberghs were sailing that Saturday night—and not until the *American Importer* was far out at sea was the world informed that the Lindberghs had gone.

The initial announcement was made by one of Lindbergh's few friends among working newspapermen, Lauren (Deac) Lyman of the *New York Times*. The story, exclusively his, would win for Lyman a Pulitzer Prize a few months later, and it sparked immediately such cries of *mea culpa* as had seldom been heard throughout the hero's native land.

In Washington several national legislators called for new, more stringent laws to curb crime. In Englewood, friends of Mrs. Morrow said that "the entire family has been fearful for Jon's safety for months" and expressed "relief" as well as "bitter regret" that the Lindberghs had departed. In Chicago, the president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers said it was "unbelievable that conditions should make it impossible for people as valuable as the Lindberghs to live here." In Little Falls, citizens were reportedly "angry" and "indignant." (Martin Engstrom, however, was sure that "Charlie will come back . . . as soon as he thinks it's safe" because "I do not think that Charlie ever will be satisfied to live in England.") And all over the country, leading newspapers printed bitter editorials blaming America for "driving from her shores her most famous citizen."

"The excesses of American habit and temperament are an old story," editorialized the *New York Herald-Tribune*. "They have yielded prime virtues such as hospitality and generosity. But they have produced not less barbarism and cheapness and it is high time that the nation viewed these facts candidly, and accepted the truth about its faults. The slow, hard task of curbing the violence of its public moods cannot be too speedily begun." Said the Trenton (N.J.) *State Gazette*: "What reason would [the Lindberghs] . . . have for confidence in security when the Chief Executive of the State manifests such extraordinary concern in the welfare of a felon convicted of the most heinous of crimes?" Asked the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*: ". . . is it not the culminating touch on the disgrace of American criminality . . . ?" The Dallas News blamed "yellow journalism," asserting that "the newspapers who have made [Lindbergh's] . . . private life hideous have no place in self-respecting communities." Said the Portland *Oregonian*: "We confront our American shame more directly than ever and have full benefit of its accusing countenance." The *Oregonian* added that "nothing gratifies the dictators of Europe more than seeming proof that democracy is at the mercy of criminals."

A few lonely voices of dissent from this breast-beating were raised. The Dayton (Ohio) *News*, published by James M. Cox, the Democratic presidential candidate in 1920, asserted that "there is something of the quitter in this running away from the woes of one's own country." The Milwaukee *Journal* expressed "shame and regret," but did so only "after making due allowance for the somewhat peculiar personality of Colonel Lindbergh." And in Chicago, Mayor Edward J. Kelly termed Lindbergh's action "ridiculous" and "un-American."

The mayor's words called down upon him much public abuse, it being widely asserted that the Kelly-Nash "machine" which ruled the nation's second largest city was a combine of politics and crime. Nevertheless, he might derive some slight sense of vindication from the fact that the initial reception given the fleeing family by the British press was as luridly sensational as any ever given them by American journalism. The ultrarespectable London *Sunday Times*, two days prior to the Lindbergh arrival in Liverpool, printed in its main news section a two-column cut of the most recent photograph of Jon, the one whose taking had so frightened the child. The *Sunday Dispatch* of London devoted a half page to this photograph. (Said its caption: "This picture was [the Lindberghs'] . . . last straw, friends declare.") And for two days and nights before the *American Importer* arrived in Liverpool on the last day of 1935, the Gladstone dock there was "besieged by the largest international gathering of newspaper representatives and photographers ever assembled at an engagement in Liverpool," according to the Liverpool *Daily Post*. On the day of arrival, the London *News Chronicle* gave Lindbergh some familiar advice. "If Colonel Lindbergh is wise, he will satisfy at once by a frank and full statement the public desire to know his immediate intentions," the paper editorialized. "Mystification will merely serve to sharpen curiosity. Not nearly so much attention would have been attracted to his arrival had it been less shrouded in a mystery which has excited instead of allaying the general curiosity. That done, Colonel Lindbergh may rely upon it that he is very unlikely to be pestered with a publicity he does not desire. . . . In a week or two he may be sure of all the privacy he can desire. . . ."

Such advice was, as before, unheeded. The morning on which the Lindberghs came down the gangplank and along a lane carved by police through a clamorous throng was so dark with rain that photographers used flash bulbs. Jon, carried by his father, blinked as the bulbs flashed, then buried his face in his father's shoulder, while Anne smiled weakly, unhappily. Ignoring newsmen's questions and requests,

the hero led his family quickly to a limousine which drove them to the Adelphi Hotel. They were followed by five cars carrying press representatives, and for three days they were besieged by newsmen as they hid themselves in a three-room suite, whose door was guarded by a private detective, and refused to meet even a single selected representative of the press. On the fourth day they were driven by auto to the Morgan home at Llandaff, near Cardiff, Wales, where all the entrances were guarded and all the servants pledged to silence.

Thereafter, however, the famed family was left alone by the press to a degree unprecedented in their experience. For a solid week after their arrival at Llandaff, their names were not so much as mentioned in English papers, and mentions of them were few and far between in the weeks that followed. In late February, Lindbergh and Anne visited the House of Commons as guests of Lloyd George and Harold Nicolson. This, of course, was news. In early March, they leased a house in a Kentish village from Nicolson and his wife, the famous novelist Victoria Sackville-West, who lived nearby in Sissinghurst Castle. This, too, was news. . . .

Meanwhile, the sordid spectacle of the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case continued.

In mid-January 1936, New Jersey's Court of Pardons denied clemency to the condemned kidnap-murderer, whereupon Governor Hoffman "reopened" his investigation and granted Hauptmann a thirty-day reprieve, though his legal right to do so was questionable. Soon Gaston B. Means, now in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, made a "full confession" of his own "guilt," thereby "exonerating" Hauptmann. New Jersey's governor was the only responsible official who gave even pretended credence to Means's obvious lies, and even he had soon to reject them. Then a disbarred lawyer named Paul H. Wendel signed a "full confession," delivered to one Ellis Parker, Burlington County detective, who in turn informed the governor of it. Wendel, however, repudiated his "confession" as soon as it had been made public, charging and eventually proving in a court of law that he had been kidnaped by five men who took him to the basement of a house in Brooklyn and there tortured him until he signed the statement they wanted from him. (Later, Ellis Parker, his son, and three other men were sentenced to lengthy prison terms for the Wendel kidnaping.) On March 30, the Court of Pardons refused a second petition for clemency.

The last scene was on April 3, 1936.

At approximately eight-forty that evening, Bruno Richard Hauptmann entered the execution chamber of the state penitentiary of New Jersey, walked quickly to the electric chair, and sat down with seeming eagerness; he gripped the chair arms as if he welcomed the death so long postponed. His face was expressionless and he spoke not a word, having protested his innocence for the last time some hours before. He had done so dully, mechanically. His guards said he had been as one "already dead" for three days before his execution and psychiatrists claimed he was stunned by the realization, submerged for months by the false hopes Hoffman had encouraged, that his omnipotence, after all, was a myth. He, the great Hauptmann, was being done to death by "little men, little pieces of wood, little scraps of paper". . . .

At 8:44 P.M., the electric current shocked through his body. At 8:47½ P.M., precisely, he was pronounced dead. . . .

FOURTEEN

European Years

1

THE house stood at the far end of the village. Behind it rose a steep ridge of hill, part of The Weald of Kent, from which the village took its name. Before it passed Breeches Lane, a lonely road curving slowly from the village to nowhere. Four miles away was Sevenoaks, a town of ten thousand; just thirty miles to the northwest, but light-years away in the texture of its life, sprawled grimy London.

One wing of the house was ancient. A half-timbered structure whose tile roof sagged upon its rafters like flesh on the ribs of a starving man, it had been built in the fourteenth century and was one of several houses in The Weald where William Caxton was alleged to have been born: local legend had it that on moonlit nights the ghost of Caxton operated a ghostly hand press in the room next door to Jon Lindbergh's nursery. The other wing of the house was new, though its red brick walls and moss-grown tiled roof had been so cleverly antiqued that it looked as old, almost, as the Caxton wing. It had been built by Nicolson to replace a barn (the house was called "Long Barn") which crumbled with age. Four terraces descended from the south side of the house and here, as spring came on, banks of flowers bloomed above clipped green grass between living walls of shrubbery. Surrounding the yard was a high brick wall.

At Long Barn the Lindberghs could live completely private lives. In one wing of the house he established his laboratory where, with Bunsen burner and tubes of glass, he struggled to give concrete shape to his ideas for solving the problem Alexis Carrel had put to him, that of developing a "mechanical kidney" which would drain away the wastes of living organs placed in the perfusion pump. In another part of the house, Anne wrote and rewrote the pages which would become at last the book, *Listen! the Wind*. In the nursery, Jon played by himself or with his governess, or in the out of doors he played, swinging

often in a swing hung from a great tree beside the house; when his mother emerged from her study to work in the gardens of spring, he worked beside her, using miniature garden tools. His parents could permit him now the freedom normal to a child his age, without anxiety, for there had been no kidnaping in England during all the years that crime statistics had been kept.

The villagers left them alone. Centuries-old custom decreed that they know nothing of the goings on in the "big house," and the natural British instinct and respect for privacy prevented any violation of custom in these present special circumstances. No one pounded Lindbergh upon the back; no one asked for his autograph; no one so much as stared at him in rude curiosity as he walked to the village post office with his letters, bought newspapers at the village store, chatted with the mechanic in the local garage, or attended Sunday morning services with his family in the small, white-towered church of Weald, whose vicar found him "a thoroughly good fellow." Nor were he and his family disturbed by representatives of the press. No photographers lurked in parked cars or behind the hedges of Weald, and no reporters appeared at the front door of Long Barn with requests, arrogant or pleading, for interviews.

His purely private affairs—his travels for business or pleasure, his family and social life—were no longer deemed important news in themselves. They became news, now and then, only in terms of their circumstances, some of which might seem to the cynical a deliberate product of his talent for making headlines.

It was news, of course, when he and Anne dined on May 27, 1936, at York House, with King Edward VIII, whom he had known as Prince of Wales in 1927 and whose accession to the throne, upon the death of George V, had occurred three weeks after the Lindberghs landed in Liverpool. But the dinner became important and even historic, not because the Lindberghs were present, but because the other four guests were Prime Minister and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson. Wallis Simpson's name had long been linked in disapproving gossip with that of the Prince now King. Not before, however, had it appeared in the *Court Circular*. Its appearance now, side by side with that of the King's first minister, was clearly an act of defiance by the new monarch, and it set in train those events whereby England soon suffered one of the greatest of her constitutional crises and Edward, the playboy Prince Charming of the Roaring Twenties, was forced to renounce his throne.

It was news, too, when Lindbergh flew to Ireland in November

1936 to join with Juan Trippe, president of Pan-American Airways, in the inspection and testing of an unfinished landing field in County Limerick—a field to be used in a few years by transatlantic commercial planes. (He flew a new black and orange low-wing Miles Mohawk, built for him at Reading.) The story became news, however, not because of Lindbergh's private business but because he took up for an airplane ride the President of the Irish Free State, Eamon de Valera, who had never flown before, and dined that evening in Dublin Castle with the President, other top officials of the Irish government, and the American Minister. It did not become really big news until Lindbergh, returning from Ireland, failed to land on time at his announced destination, which was London's Croydon Field, but instead came down at Sealand military field just across the Irish Sea (a fog was closing in) where he asked the officers to make no announcement of his presence. For twenty hours the cry, "LINDBERGH LOST!" dominated the American and European press and radio while frantic searches were made for him by ships at sea.

Again he and Anne were news when they made a flight by easy stages to India and back in February, March, and early April 1937, but again this was not because they were taking a vacation but because they did so in ways bound to attract public attention. He failed to notify British officials of their safe landing in Pisa after a stormy flight across France (this flight became the basis for Anne's novel *The Steep Ascent*), provoking a flurry of headlined anxieties on February 2. Next day he arrived in Rome and accepted an invitation to visit Fascism's air hero, Marshal Balbo, the governor of Libya. Some two weeks later he was again "unreported" for a day or so after leaving Jodhpur, India. On the way home, in Belgrade, he made a headline by locking up a reporter in a room for thirty minutes after the reporter had climbed through a window in quest of the interview which Lindbergh, as usual, had refused to newsmen who covered his landing after a flight from Athens.

Yet again it became news when, just a month after their return to England, Anne gave birth to her third son, whom they named Land Morrow. But no gossip columnist had made his reputation by predicting Land's birth four months in advance, as Walter Winchell had done with the first Lindbergh baby; there had been no news at all of Anne's pregnancy, and the birth itself would have been but a routine news item had it been announced in a routine way. Indeed, it might then have been totally submerged in the flood of British coronation news, for it took place on the evening of May 12, 1937, the day

George VI was crowned King in Westminster Abbey. Lindbergh, however, prevailed upon British officials to suspend the usual rules governing the registration of births and it was not until May 24 that he himself released the news by telephoning it to the American Embassy. It then received much attention in the press, more than half of the allotted space being devoted to the hero's efforts to achieve secrecy. Told of in some detail was the frantic automobile ride from Weald to London whence, because of coronation traffic jams, the Lindberghs arrived at the Mayfair nursing home (Anne was registered as "Mrs. Charles") "in the nick of time." Reporters were dispatched to Weald where they found the villagers totally incurious about the new baby and where, as expected, Lindbergh refused to see them. They stared at the high brick wall surrounding Long Barn; they noted the police car parked before the gate; they reported the appearance at an upstairs window of a head that "looked like Lindbergh's". . . .

But when Anne had returned from the nursing home, the Lindbergh lives were again as private as they could wish for. A zone of silence surrounded them, a country quiet of living things: bird song and insects humming, leaves that whispered in a fragrant wind, the distant sounds of workers in the field. No one paid heed to the visits of Mrs. Dwight Morrow that spring, nor to Constance Morrow and Aubrey Morgan (they were to be married on June 22, he thus remaining Anne's brother-in-law), nor to Anne and Alexis Carrel, nor to the tall slender figure of the hero himself as he strode alone down Breeches Lane or hiked for hours, as he liked to do, across the empty hills. . . .

Even this solitary quiet was surpassed by that of the home they made for themselves in the late spring of 1938.

For many years the Carrels had lived for a part of each year on a tiny island they owned off the coast of Brittany. St. Gildas, it was called, and the Lindberghs first saw it in the summer of '36. Adjacent to it, actually joined to it by a narrow neck of rock at low tide, was the islet of Illec, a barren rock heap of perhaps four acres topped by a three-story gray stone Breton manor house with conical towers at two corners. It contained nine big rooms furnished in Second Empire style and had, the Lindberghs were told, an interesting cultural history. Ambroise Thomas had built it about 1865 and had composed in it his opera *Mignon*; Madame Adelina Patti had lived there, often pouring from it her golden voice, as if in siren song, across the sea; Henryk Sienkiewicz had lived there while he wrote *Quo Vadis*? Most

interesting of all to the Lindberghs, however, was the possibility that this solitary castle, whose only neighbors were the Carrels, might become available for purchase in the near future.

When the possible became an actual opportunity in April of '38, the Lindberghs seized it at once. They moved there in June of that year, having terminated their lease on Long Barn. Their new home was without running water; indeed, there was no fresh water at all on the islet save such as was collected from rainfall or brought (as the bulk of it was) from the mainland a quarter of a mile away. Neither were there electric lights nor any other modern conveniences. But the house did have that remote and gloomy solitude which seemed to appeal so strongly to Lindbergh, and its privacy, rendered nearly perfect by geography, was ferociously defended by Carrel against invasions real or imaginary. "I pray you, do not try to see him," said the scientist to a reporter for *Paris-Soir* a few weeks after the Lindberghs had come. "Since the great misfortune and trial that befell him, Colonel Lindbergh has changed a great deal. He is hypersensitive and wants only quiet and to be forgotten. Do not harass him. He has suffered enough." If people insisted on "pestering" the colonel "we may have to set wolf traps for the unwary," Carrel went on, "and get fierce dogs to guard us. . . ."

He would admit, however, that no guards need be posted against those who lived nearest them, the mainland being inhabited by Celts (mostly fishermen along the coast) who were normally as taciturn and aloof as ever the hero had been. Reputedly they remained racially unchanged from Roman days, and in many ways they had closer vital ties with the distant past than they had with the bustling present: there was even an active Druid society around nearby Perros-Guirec whereby vestiges of the ancient pagan religion—some of the weird ritual, some of the wild songs of two thousand years ago—were kept alive. In the picturesque fishing villages, time stood still. The men wore wooden shoes upon rough stone streets and wide-brimmed hats with velvet streamers. The Breton women wore long full velvet skirts on holidays, with richly colored embroidered aprons and coifs of old, fine lace. . . .

In the barn of St. Gildas, whence he rowed when the tide was in and walked when the tide was out, Lindbergh established a small laboratory. Here, often alone, sometimes with Carrel, his hours were absorbed into his work. In those hours when he was not working and Carrel was not at work on his sequel to *Man, the Unknown* (he planned to call it *The Conduct of Life*), the two were very often in

each other's company. Their relationship was that of teacher and pupil, almost that of father and son, and the younger man's admiration for the elder grew worshipful. He admitted a decade later that "at times" Carrel "used such sweeping statements to emphasize his points that only those who knew him well were able to draw the kernels of fact from the husk of fantasy and apply them to the instances he had in mind." But his principal remembrances would always be of Carrel as "an extraordinarily great man" whose "mind flashed with the speed of light . . . between the logical world of science and the mystical world of God." Carrel, said he, "could act with an abandon which laid him open to the thrusts of enemies he both tactlessly and fearlessly created," but there were also "hours when one could imagine him a monk, deep in contemplation, as he paced quiet paths below the high walls of his cloisterlike garden."

The two men walked along the beach, the salt wind in their faces. They sat beneath fantastically eroded towers of rock, watching evening suns go down into the sea. And the moods of the sea spread over their spirits as they conversed in words or in silence about Life and Time and Destiny; about the transformation of man through eugenics, and the application of a unified biophysical science; about the "liberation" of men from the "cosmos" of matter into a world "beyond the frontiers of the body"; about the nature of God, and His design that the strong should rule the weak and the unfit be eliminated; and about the urgent need for increased "discipline" and "heroism" in the Western world to preserve white civilization from the tide of color which rose against it out of Asia.

Sitting upon their rock, soaked through and through with the pathos of distance, they, with Anne Lindbergh, could take a mystically long view of history. They could see it across the centuries as recurrent waves of energy, one of which rose now in Germany and Italy to wash against the East and South while spreading also through the West as a cleansing, strengthening force. In this broad perspective, they might determine the roles they themselves should play in that future which bore down upon them relentlessly, even in this silent, lonely place. . . .

Others, unable to take so long a view and unblessed by the mystic vision, saw current history in simpler and uglier terms.

As they saw it, Mussolini, the renegade socialist, had come to power in Rome, during the intellectual and moral confusion and the physical turmoil which were war's aftermath, because Lenin had seized power in St. Petersburg. He represented blind reaction in its purest form. True, the "energy" by which he triumphed was in part released by a typically modern fission of the soul; it derived from a splitting away of the "feeling" from the "thinking" self, followed by an explosion of those dark desires whose inhibition had been a first step in the civilizing process. But the initially determining factor had been no more typical of modern than of ancient times. It was, indeed, one of the dreary constants of history, being the callous selfishness which privilege breeds in the privileged and which is always manifest in its ugliest form during periods demanding radical social change. These people in Italy had been presented by the Communist threat with a choice between a liberalized, socialized democracy, whereby their privileges would be curtailed, and a "disciplined" State in which their privileges would be maintained by force. With no undue hesitation they chose the latter—tyranny for the majority. And if they now embraced in mystical ardor the concept of a corporate state, it was chiefly because they did not wish to admit to themselves what Fascism actually meant in practice: lies, corruption, tortures, murders, international treachery, and ruthless aggressive war. The "future" which Mussolini would hustle into the present was but a repetition of ancient evil and to the extent that it succeeded, humane values must be extinguished.

Similarly with Hitler and Nazi Germany. Only more so. There was in the Italian soul a sunlight absent from the German: the difference in mood was almost as great as that between the Bay of Naples and the Black Forest, and it restrained the Fascisti from those excesses of power lust which the Nazis at once displayed. Sadism was a chief organizing principle of the Third Reich, nourished by a ruthless egotism which had long been more evident in German philosophy than in that of any other land. ("Thou goest to woman?" spake Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*. "Do not forget thy whip." And Hitler's heavy riding whip became notorious during his Munich days.) Of Nazism as "culture" the proper image was the bloody boot of an SS man kicking in the face of a Jew. Of Nazism as government the proper image was the concentration camp, where youths having the mentality and morality of American gangsters could be trained in toughness through the torture and murder of their natural superiors. And what made this so terrifying to truly civilized men and women, and so threatful to the very survival of Western civilization, was the fact that it was organi-

cally linked to the German genius for efficient organization and to an advanced and dynamic technology.

By 1938, the year of decision, Nazi-Fascism's true nature was abundantly clear to all who had eyes to see. (Strange that 1938 should be the year selected in 1905 by a gloomy Henry Adams as one in which he, if he could return from death, might "find a world that sensitive and timid natures could regard without a shudder!") Clear, too, was the impotence of the European democracies in the face of Nazi-Fascist aggression. Less clear, but clear enough to analytical minds, was the reason for this impotence—a reason having nothing to do with the alleged falsity of democratic theory nor with the alleged incapacity of free men to rise to great challenges. On the contrary, realists who truly cared for humane values might see demonstrated in current history the crying need for a *further extension* of democratic controls into areas of society where they now too feebly operated. They might see that political democracy was contradicted by the rise of monopoly capital whose power must somehow be made responsible in democratic terms if human liberty—the truly essential freedoms of inquiry and expression and movement—were to survive for long.

For witness the tragic course of events since Hitler's conquest of power!

In March 1935, Hitler boldly proclaimed German rearmament, tearing up the Treaty of Versailles. France and Britain made disapproving noises. In October 1935, Mussolini invaded Ethiopia. Public opinion forced the governments of Britain and France to vote economic sanctions in the League of Nations, but they refused to apply the only such sanction that was truly vital, the sanction on oil. In March 1936, an inwardly trembling Hitler, denouncing the Locarno Pacts of 1925, reoccupied the Rhineland. France protested loudly—and did nothing. In July 1936, Franco's Fascist insurgents attacked the Popular Front government of Spain and were openly supported by both Mussolini and Hitler who, between them, sent from 60,000 to 85,000 troops and an abundance of matériel. Britain and France, sustained by the United States, proclaimed their "neutrality" and even joined in an embargo which effectively prevented desperately needed arms from reaching the Loyalists. In the fall of 1936, Hitler and Mussolini formed the Rome-Berlin Axis and joined with Japan in an anti-Communist pact. Britain and France did nothing. In March 1938, Hitler invaded and annexed Austria. Britain and France were dismayed. In May 1938, Hitler began an intense agitation, accompanied by dire threats, over alleged "persecutions" of Germans in the

Sudetenland of Czechoslovakia. This time Britain and France took a stand strong enough to cause Hitler to relax the pressure while he fortified his western frontier, but the agitation continued and was mounting toward a climax as the Lindberghs established themselves upon their rocky isle.

This policy of Fascist appeasement was not followed because the makers of Franco-German policy had no choice in the matter. They had a clear choice even after an initially disarmed Germany, as a consequence of their policy, had been enabled to transform herself into a major power. . . .

All through this period, Soviet Russia struggled with increasing desperation to shape with Britain and France a strategy of collective security whereby the decisions of the League of Nations could be implemented with effective sanctions, economic and military. One might be as dubious as one pleased concerning the merits of Marxism and the motives of Russian leaders. One might abhor the brutal tyranny of Stalin and be convinced that Stalinism was clearly implied by the anti-humanism of dialectical materialism. But one could hardly doubt that the Russians, in their perilous circumstances, were intensely anxious to establish defensive alliances and might be prevailed upon, if dealt with realistically, to pay for such alliances with needed modifications of domestic as well as foreign policy, the two being inextricably linked. There were many indications, after all, that Marxism was not so much a guide to policy for the Soviet leaders as it was a propaganda weapon.

Indeed, there were some, all through the '30s, who thought they saw in the present situation a golden opportunity for exploiting the common-enemy technique in ways hopeful for the future of civilization. Two very different social and economic systems, each having much to learn from the other, might be drawn together. From the democracies Russia might learn values of individual freedom which had never been a part of her political tradition and which she could never develop so long as she was ringed about by enemies. From Russian socialism the democracies might learn ways of economic planning and control which, without sacrifice of genuine individual freedoms, would enable them to prevent such depressions as the one in which they yet wallowed and from which they could lift themselves only through vast expenditures for armaments. Simultaneously the foundations of a minimum world government, so obviously needed for the creation of world peace, might be firmly laid.

Alas, it was precisely the possibility of basic economic reform which

was most feared by powerful capitalists; these were determined to act, and they did act, as Marxism said they should do. Again and again, Litvinov was rebuffed at Geneva—and with each rebuff, Stalinism became harder, colder, more bitter and ruthless in its domestic and foreign affairs. If he were rebuffed in this present crisis over Sudetenland, there could be no doubt that he and all he stood for in Stalin's regime would be discredited and repudiated. There would be a fundamental shift of Soviet foreign policy. For Russia must then accept as absolutely proved what she had long believed to be true, namely that the settled policy of Britain and France was to build up Hitler and Mussolini, not merely as a "bulwark against Communism" but as military aggressors against the Soviet Union, whom they hoped thus to destroy.

Czechoslovakia, after all, was by no means a completely negligible power. She had a well-trained and -equipped army of a million and a half men; she had the vast Skoda armament works with much other heavy industry; she had an air force with brave and skilled pilots, and she had the will to defend herself in any case where there was the slightest possibility of her doing so successfully. She had also a firm treaty of alliance with France (1924) and a mutual-assistance pact with Russia (1935). In the latter, which Stalin was prepared to honor in the present crisis, the Russians promised to come to the aid of the Czechs in case of attack, *provided* the French did so.

Thus the choice was put up to Daladier's France, who in turn put it up to Chamberlain's England—and by August 1938 it appeared that this choice might go either way. (On August 16, Field Marshal Hermann Goering claimed to have "definite information" that if Germany attacked Czechoslovakia "Britain will not lift a finger," but this was doubtless a bluff designed to terrify the Czechs into passive submission.) Certainly, in both countries, the forces pressing for full aid to the Czechs were then increased to such an extent that they very nearly balanced the forces of appeasement; a very slight shift of opinion upon a single factor in a very few key minds would determine the issue. By September, as the crisis mounted to its climax, the factor which had emerged as crucial was that of air power. A decisive importance had become attached in London and Paris to estimates of the relative air strengths of the Axis powers, the democracies, and the Soviet Union. . . .

This, then, is the historic context in which we must judge the general ideas Lindbergh was shaping, with Carrel, on his rocky isle in the

sea—and these are the circumstances in which we must view the political role he chose to play in the lurid, tragic scenes which impended.

3

In point of fact, he had begun to play this role, secretly, not long after his arrival in England. . . .

We have seen him in his English garden and in some of his private business and recreational activities—a figure remote, as it seemed, from the turbulence of power politics. And the general public of the democracies then saw him so: it continued to regard him as a glowing but essentially passive symbol, influenced by historic forces without being, in any active way, of those forces. This public was, therefore, only mildly disturbed when, in the summer of 1936, he and Anne spent several weeks in Nazi Germany hobnobbing with Nazi bigwigs and giving every appearance of enjoying themselves more thoroughly in public than they had done for years in their own country.

Certainly his popularity was not increased, but neither was it notably decreased, by his evident warm friendship with Hermann Goering, with whom he and Anne were photographed in happy mood at Goering's home by Heinrich Hoffman; by his equally warm friendship with the great war ace, Ernst Udet, now chief of the technical section in Goering's Air Ministry; by his and Anne's literally royal entertainment on the great estate of the former German Crown Prince; by the ovation given them when they appeared at the Olympic Games (some American athletes, in protest against Nazi barbarism, refused positions on the U.S. Olympic team because the games were to be held in Berlin); by his attendance at a luncheon given in his honor by the German Air Ministry; and by his acceptance of a German Aero Club emblem presented by Lieutenant General Milch. True, there were some who thought all this indicated a moral insensitivity deplorable if not unforgivable in a democratic hero, and there were many who thought it indicated an ignorance of world politics astonishing in one who had had his opportunities for education. ("Ideologies," said *Time* Magazine, "are not his meat.") But everyone applauded the little speech he gave at the Air Ministry luncheon in which he deplored the horrors of modern air war and proposed a toast to the frustration of bombers ("may they grow slower and slower") by pursuit planes ("may they grow faster and faster"). Moreover, whatever "bad" publicity he received from his Nazi associations was immedi-

ately offset by the immense favorable publicity accorded him at the cytological congress in Copenhagen, whence he went directly, with Anne, from Berlin. In Copenhagen he was lionized, and again made news by ostentatiously "avoiding crowds," as he demonstrated his perfusion pump. . . .

Not until nearly three years had passed, and Lindbergh's relations to the public were vastly changed, was it revealed that his German visit of 1936 and subsequent ones of '37 and '38 were by no means as divorced from power politics as they had appeared.

One spring morning in his Kentish retreat, only a few weeks after he and his family were established there, he had received a letter from Major Truman Smith, military attaché in the American Embassy in Berlin. Smith asked if Lindbergh would accept an invitation from Goering to visit Germany and there view Nazi aviation progress; he added his hope that Lindbergh would do so, indicating that such a visit might add greatly to American military intelligence concerning German air power. The proposal had been cleared with and approved by the War Department. When the hero arrived in Berlin, he and Smith, who became good friends, worked out together the tour itineraries—and when all these had been completed, Lindbergh, accompanied in most or all cases by Smith, had visited over half the major aircraft factories in Germany, the greatest of Germany's aeronautical research centers, and most of the major air bases. "No such access was ever before given a foreigner," wrote the *New York Times's* Arthur Krock who, in his zeal to defend Lindbergh's "invaluable service to his country by his reports on air power abroad" (this was early in 1939), did not trouble to ask why such access was given this particular foreigner at this particular time.

A less exalted view, both of Lindbergh personally and of the service he was performing, was taken by some of the American press and radio correspondents in Berlin at the time. William L. Shirer, for instance, the famous "voice" of the Columbia Broadcasting System in the Nazi capital, was chiefly impressed by the hero's cold arrogance, his "lecturing" of trained and critical observers who had been living among the Nazis for years, and his curt refusal to put himself in contact with sources of information concerning the obscenities and long-term power weaknesses of the Nazi tyranny. Shirer and some of his colleagues were disgusted with the amount of weight apparently assigned by the State Department and by the British and French to Lindbergh's views; they wondered among themselves if the hero

served American intelligence anywhere near as well as he did, unwittingly, Hitler's calculated terror propaganda.

Certain it is that he was impressed to the point of awe by what he witnessed in Germany. He was amazed when Goering, in the Goering home, showed him a large album containing photographs of Germany's "first seventy" military flying fields and still more amazed when, in October of '37, flying a straight compass course from Munich to Stuttgart, he crossed over a military airfield with aircraft on it, some of them identifiable as monoplane bombers of the newest type, on an average of once every five minutes. In the final assembly shop of one of the largest bomber-manufacturing plants (Heinkel's), his conception of Nazi plane-making capacity was inflated by his view of "twenty modern bombers altogether at one time!" He was impressed, too, by the number of trained airmen the Nazis were producing to man their huge flocks of planes: Germany had over half a hundred pilot-training centers as compared with a dozen or so in England and only three in the United States. Finally, he was thoroughly convinced that the Nazis had ample fuel and raw materials of all kinds to supply and reinforce their air fleet.

Against these manifestations of the Nazis' disciplined energy, of their "virility" and "efficiency," Lindbergh had to measure the torpor, the "softness," the "stupidity" of the British. Immediately after his return from Germany in '36, he sought and obtained audience with Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin. Full of what he had seen and heard, convinced of its importance, he expected Baldwin to listen with close attention, to ask eager questions, to express gratitude for new information, and to give some indication of vigorous response to a recognized challenge. Instead, the Prime Minister, sucking his pipe, listened affably but indifferently, asked no questions, and changed the subject as soon as possible. Lindbergh, feeling personally humiliated, left No. 10 Downing Street in a cold rage and thereafter often expressed in private conversation his belief that Britain's "best brains" had been killed off in the war and that a second-rate people was rapidly becoming a second-class power.

Other officials, however, particularly those of America's State and War departments, continued to evince great interest in what Lindbergh had to say. Intensely interested, too, were certain powerful private individuals whom he met in Paris and London and on Lady Astor's country estate, where he and Anne were guests several times during this period when Cliveden was deemed synonymous with "appeasement" if not "pro-fascism."

By the summer of 1938 he "had reached the definite determination to gather all the data possible on comparative air strength among the major powers," according to his friend, C. B. Allen. "In this he had the assistance of U.S. embassies in the European capitals and their military or air attachés. In turn, he co-operated with these attachés by reading and discussing the reports which they prepared and he supplemented them with his own observations and conclusions." (Wrote Britain's Sir John Slessor, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, in 1957: ". . . American Intelligence was extremely bad. . . . They had really no such thing as a secret Intelligence Service, and . . . [had a] weakness for 'hot news' which more often than not was entirely unreliable. This was particularly embarrassing in the matter of the strength of the German Air Force. . . . They were constantly receiving the most wildly inaccurate estimates, sometimes no doubt deliberately planted by the enemy. . . .") It was evidently as part of this project that he decided, in the late summer of '38, to visit the Soviet Union. Allen writes that Lindbergh "accepted an invitation to visit the country and find out at first hand about its air force"; he doesn't say who issued the invitation. An open letter signed by angry Soviet airmen and published in *Pravda* in October of '38 said that "nobody asked him to come here and he was only allowed to do so because the United States authorities asked for that permission." At any rate, he flew to Moscow with Anne in his Miles Mohawk on August 17 and was there greeted by the American chargé d'affaires, the American military attaché, and high executives of the Soviet civil air force. In the next ten days, during which they lived in the American Ambassador's residence on Spassopeshovski Square, the Lindberghs witnessed a monster air festival at Tushino, thirty miles north of Moscow, visited Soviet plane factories, and inspected biological research laboratories. On August 28 he and Anne were in Kiev; two days later they flew to Rumania, and the following day, forced down by fog, they made an unscheduled landing at Olmütz, Czechoslovakia. They spent a full week in Czechoslovakia, during which he "avoided crowds," visited with high Czech officials, and observed at first hand the agony of a free people who were under Hitler's gun and knew well the fate in store for them if their ally in the West, unsustained by Britain, failed to fulfill her clearly defined treaty obligations. On September 8, the Lindberghs arrived in Paris.

Here Daladier's government, joined by Chamberlain's in England, was engaged in putting their principal pressure not on Hitler to deter

his aggression but upon the Czechs to capitulate. At the same time, Daladier sought firm assurances from Chamberlain that, if France did fulfill her treaty obligations, Britain would support her. These assurances were not forthcoming. In these circumstances, the devious Georges Bonnet, who was thoroughly committed (for whatever reason) to the strategy of "driving Hitler eastward" and who was perfectly willing to sacrifice the free people of Czechoslovakia to this strategy, was employing all his powers as Foreign Minister to sway those who knew that the present crisis was a last opportunity for meeting Hitler with a power immensely greater than his in all arms save the air arm.¹ It was, therefore, upon calculations of air strengths that the decision turned. To make certain that his view prevailed, Bonnet had to convince a majority of the French Cabinet (a) that German air superiority over France was overwhelming, and (b) that Soviet air power was negligible. He welcomed the arrival of Lindbergh. . . .

On the following evening, September 9, at the request of Premier Daladier, William C. Bullitt, American Ambassador to France, invited Lindbergh to dine at his house in Chantilly with M. Guy La Chambre, French Undersecretary for Air. La Chambre said frankly that the French Air Force, over which he had had civilian control for barely eight months and which had been neglected for years, was wholly unprepared for war. French planes were obsolete and French factories were producing only forty-five to fifty planes a month (Britain produced perhaps seventy) as compared with a production of from five hundred to eight hundred a month in Germany. These gloomy views were abundantly sustained by Lindbergh who expressed the further conviction that the German Air Force was stronger than those of all other European countries combined. (In London, he said that "the stuff they [the French] are now flying is so obsolete it should have been burnt ten years ago.") He believed the Soviet Air Force to be equipped with planes of imitative design, generally inferior to the German planes in quality and quantity, and staffed with pilots inferior to the German. More depressed than ever, M. La

¹ At the Nuremberg trials, the Czech representative asked Marshal von Keitel a specific question: "Would the Reich have attacked Czechoslovakia in 1938 if the Western Powers had stood by Prague?" Replied Marshal Keitel: "Certainly not. We were not strong enough militarily. The object of Munich was to get Russia out of Europe, to gain time, and to complete the German armaments." Documents captured in the war reveal that the German General Staff was terrified by the bluff Hitler was running and "utterly abashed" (in Churchill's words) when he won it. The event served to convince them of his "genius" and "intuition" in power-political matters.

Chambre, made a full report of this conversation to Daladier and Bonnet—and the latter promptly used it to great effect.

"In the Cabinet and outside, he [Bonnet] consistently maintained that no firm stand could be expected from Britain, and that, even if Russia should fight, she was of no use at all. . . ." writes John W. Wheeler-Bennett in his *Munich: Prologue to Tragedy*. "He recapitulated the view of Lindbergh and Vuillemin [Chief of the Air Staff] on the German Air Force and added to them the highly unfavorable report of the Japanese Military Attaché on the Soviet Air Force. He deliberately misrepresented the assurances given him recently by M. Litvinov, and though he maintained the *convenances* with regard to the Czechs, he made no secret of his real views to the friends of Germany."

A little less than two weeks later, Lindbergh was summoned to London by the American Ambassador to Britain, Joseph P. Kennedy. He arrived on September 21 and at once reported to Kennedy, orally, his views on the vast preponderance of German air strength over all the rest of Europe's, including the Soviet Union. It was, in the circumstances, a "truly terrifying report," in the words of Pierre Lazareff of *Paris-Soir*, and Kennedy asked Lindbergh to submit it in writing. Lindbergh did so and it was cabled in code to Washington next day. That evening (September 22), Kennedy's secretary telephoned Group Captain John Slessor (as he then was), Deputy Director of the Air Staff in Britain's Air Ministry, to say that Lindbergh was in London and, as Slessor later wrote, "would be willing to meet someone from the Air Staff and discuss the situation with him." "I at once asked him to dine with me in my rooms in Ebury Street, and had an interesting evening with him—the only other person present being Ronnie Melville, then private secretary to Newall [Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, Chief of the Air Staff]," Slessor continues. "Lindbergh is an extremely likeable person, transparently honest and sincere—however wrongheaded his subsequent views may have been on Germany and the 'wave of the future' and all that sort of thing. It was partly his very decency and naïveté that led me, in submitting my report of our conversation . . . to express the view that while he himself was absolutely honest, he was also a striking example of the effect of German propaganda."

In his lengthy note to his chief on the evening's talk, Slessor said in part: "In general his [Lindbergh's] attitude struck us as being entirely sympathetic to the British, so much so that one occasionally forgot that one was not speaking to an Englishman. He has an enor-

mous admiration for the Germans and likes them personally, though he says of course there is much in their policy and method which he cannot forgive. He dwelt especially on the magnificent spirit in Germany of refusal to admit that anything was impossible, or that any obstacle was too much to be overcome; he said that this was the spirit which had formerly prevailed in the United States, but he was very much afraid that they were losing it in that country."

Lindbergh was "convinced that our only sound policy is to avoid war now at almost any cost. He spoke with admiration of Mr. Chamberlain, said he felt that he had taken the only possible course; he felt that the present situation was largely the fault of the unwise attitude of France, Great Britain and the United States at Versailles and in the years since the peace treaty. And he said that he felt that the United States was just as much to blame as ourselves and France."

It was seven days later, on September 29, 1938, that Neville Chamberlain made his third flight in two weeks to Germany to beg for peace from Hitler. The two earlier trips had been made on his own initiative. This time he was summoned by the Fuehrer on a few hours' notice, as was Daladier. Next day in Munich, with Hitler and Mussolini, and in the absence of any Czech or Russian representative, these heads of democratic states agreed to strip the Sudetenland from Czechoslovakia and hand it over, with its defensive terrain and ring of defensive fortifications, to Hitler. Naked and bleeding, a truncated Czech nation was thus exposed to that thrust of German armor which soon must carry to Prague and destroy utterly the freedom of fifteen million people. . . .

Daladier and Chamberlain were cheered by great crowds when they returned to their respective capitals. People who had been plunged, psychologically unprepared, into desperate crisis—who had dug trenches, received gas masks, evacuated their children from target cities—now went wild with joyous relief.² With every energy of wishful thought, they sought to believe the British Prime Minister when he said he had brought back from Germany "peace with honor."

"I believe it is peace in our time," he said.

Winston Churchill in the House of Commons held a different view. "We have sustained a total and unmitigated defeat," said he. ". . . And do not suppose that this is the end. . . . This is only the first sip,

² It is significant, however, that a Gallup Poll showed only fifty-seven per cent of the British public supporting Chamberlain's policy at this time—a very small majority in view of the passion for peace which prevailed.

the first foretaste of a bitter cup which will be proffered to us year by year unless, by a supreme recovery of moral health and martial vigor, we arise again and take our stand for freedom as in the olden time."

4

Just ten days after Daladier returned from Munich, Charles and Anne Lindbergh flew to Berlin to attend the Lilienthal Society's Aeronautic Congress. On that same day, October 10, *Pravda* in Moscow published the letter already mentioned. Signed by eleven of the Soviet Union's most famous aviators, this letter denounced Lindbergh as a "liar" who had deliberately misrepresented Soviet air strength, of which in fact he knew nothing, in order to persuade the British government to capitulate to Hitler at Munich. The *Pravda* attack derived in part from remarks Lindbergh was alleged to have made at a dinner given by Lady Astor at Cliveden, summarized in a mimeographed London periodical called *The Week* which purported to give the "secret history" of current affairs. According to *The Week*, Lindbergh had told Lady Astor and her distinguished guests that "the Soviet air fleet is now without leadership and is in a chaotic condition"; that the German Air Force "could defeat the combined air fleets of Britain, France, the Soviet Union, and Czechoslovakia"; and that, during his visit in Moscow, he had been offered the "position of head of civil aviation." These were fantastic falsehoods, the latter a laughable one, asserted the Soviet aviators, and the man who told them was a "hanger-on and lackey of German Fascists and their aristocratic English patrons." Lindbergh refused comment on all this when asked about it by newsmen in Berlin.

Following the Lilienthal meeting, he spent several days in what was announced as an "extensive tour" of German aircraft factories, during which he was accompanied by Major Arthur Vanaman, Assistant Air Attaché in the American Embassy. On October 19, he was back in Berlin.

That evening he was the guest of honor at a stag dinner attended by high Nazi officials, given by Hugh R. Wilson, U. S. Ambassador to Germany, in Wilson's home. He had been informed that Hitler had ordered the bestowal upon him of the Service Cross of the German Eagle with Star, the second highest of all German decorations, created especially to honor distinguished foreigners who "deserved

well of the Reich." He must have known that the "general assumption" among diplomats and newsmen in Berlin would be that the controversy over his role in the pre-Munich crisis was, in the words of the *New York Times*, "one factor in Chancellor Hitler's action" of awarding the medal. Yet he did not demur. He asked only that there be no public ceremony. (His apologists later claimed that he could not have refused the award without causing an "international incident.") Field Marshal Hermann Goering was the last guest to arrive at Wilson's party. He went at once to Lindbergh and, "by order of the Fuehrer," hung round his neck the Service Cross, suspended from a ribbon, and pinned upon his chest the six-pointed silver star. "Colonel Lindbergh," said the *Times* dispatch, "appeared surprised, displayed an embarrassed smile [but] thanked Marshal Goering . . . [and] proudly wore the decoration during the evening." He frankly stated, later, that he was as pleased to receive this decoration as he had been to receive any other honor from a foreign government.

The immediate published reaction to this in Britain, France, and the United States was a mingling of shocked surprise and angry indignation, soon followed by apologies for the hero from those who were personal friends or who, for other reasons, wished to continue to think well of him. The apologies, as they developed through the following months, took alternative forms: (a) that Lindbergh was engaged in secret service to his country and incurred his medal in line of duty (these defenses took the familiar form of "someday it can be told—" etc.) or (b) that he knew not what he did (he is "not much interested in public affairs," said the *New York Times*, but greatly interested in technology). The shock was all the greater because, at this time, the Nazi persecutions of Jews reached a new scale of brutality following the assassination in Paris of a Nazi Embassy official by a seventeen-year-old Jewish boy driven temporarily insane by his broodings over organized anti-Semitism.

Disgust with the Lindberghs mounted among anti-Fascists when an Associated Press dispatch datelined Berlin, November 15, said that they planned to move to the Nazi capital as soon as they could find suitable quarters; the aviator wished to remain near the world's center of aviation progress. "The Colonel's German friends were particularly anxious to find a house with a garden for him so his two small sons might have a place to play," said the dispatch. ". . . Friends said that the recent abandonment of many Jewish homes might make available apartments for rent."

On that same day, President Roosevelt issued a statement almost

unprecedented for one in his position: "The news of the past few days from Germany has deeply shocked public opinion in the United States. . . . I myself could scarcely believe that such things could occur in a twentieth century civilization." On that same day, Ambassador Hugh Wilson left Berlin for the United States, having been called to Washington for "consultations"; he never returned to the Nazi capital nor was he replaced there by another. On that same day, too, the bodies of several Jews arrested in the general roundup of the preceding week were returned to relatives for burial. The fate of hundreds of others remained unknown; they were "believed to be in the concentration camp at Dachau."

The Beaverbrook press in England, which had previously questioned Lindbergh's European activities, now criticized him strongly. *Everybody's Magazine* in Britain suggested that he "go home." Left-wing publications in Paris excoriated him. In New York, C. R. Miller, director of the Institute of Propaganda Analysis, pointed out that by accepting a Nazi medal, Lindbergh "expressed approval of the Nazi" regime, "whether he knows it or not"; since the decoration was obviously made for propaganda purposes, the only effective "counter-propaganda" would be for Lindbergh to return the medal. In Moscow, in a major foreign-policy address given by Premier Molotov in Stalin's presence at the Bolshoi Theater, Lindbergh was denounced as a "paid liar," a Fascist, and a "spy" or "rat" (the word he used might be translated either way). In Cleveland, Secretary of the Interior Ickes asked in public speech: "How can any American accept a decoration at the hand of a brutal dictator who, with that same hand, is robbing and torturing thousands of fellow human beings?" And in Kansas City, on December 5, TWA issued a calendar and other promotional literature for 1939, omitting from these its famous slogan, "The Lindbergh Line." The decision was taken by TWA because of "mounting complaints" against Lindbergh, editorialized the *Kansas City Star*; these had sharply increased in number and intensity following the announcement that the Lindberghs were planning to move to Germany. The slogan was never used again. . . .

As it turned out, the Lindberghs did *not* move to Berlin. They moved instead to a Paris hotel in late November and, two weeks later, rented an apartment in the French capital. It was explained by those allegedly "close" to the Lindberghs that the Illiee home had proved to be impractical for winter living and that suitable living quarters had not been obtainable in Berlin.

FIFTEEN

The End of the Hero

1

BUT though Lindbergh's popularity among Americans was greatly decreased by the reports which came to them of his European activities—though he had become a center of emotional controversy and was viewed with contempt and even hatred by those who most loathed and feared the Nazis—he yet remained a hero to a majority of his fellow countrymen when, on April 14, 1939, he returned to the United States.

He had sailed April 8 on the Cunard White Star liner *Aquitania*, leaving his family in Europe and refusing as usual to divulge any information concerning the purpose of his voyage or his future plans. His crossing was stormy, his landing equally so. He flatly refused to meet the crowd of newsmen assigned to cover him, to answer any written questions they submitted to him, or to pose for photographs ("You have no idea how unkind the American press has been to me," he explained to ship's officers)—and he sat in his cabin for a solid hour, chatting with Alexis Carrel, while reporters and photographers awaited his appearance and grew steadily more angry. Particularly furious were the photographers. The ship docked on the night of the annual newspaper-photographers' ball in New York, and Lindbergh's keeping them from their pleasure seemed to them a particularly needless and nasty practical joke. (He later said he had not known of the ball.) One of them managed to get into Lindbergh's cabin by passing through a bathroom between it and the cabin next door; flinging open the door he flashed his camera as Lindbergh sprang to his feet and started toward him. Thereafter, the bathroom door was locked. When at last Lindbergh came out with his party and pushed through the crowd, his way lighted by flash bulbs, he appeared "pale and thin" and his face was grim. He hurried to a waiting limou-

sine. He was driven to the Morrow home in Englewood, whose gate had been guarded all day by policemen. . . .

He arrived shortly after eleven o'clock. An hour later he was talking on the phone to Major General H. H. (Hap) Arnold, Chief of the U. S. Army Air Corps, with whom he had communicated by radio while aboard ship. Arnold and his wife were spending the night at the Fountain Inn in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, en route from Washington to West Point, where their son was a cadet. The general was eager to talk with Lindbergh about the German Air Force and suggested that Lindbergh come to lunch next day at the Thayer Hotel in West Point, where he would be well-guarded against the press and the curious. Lindbergh accepted the invitation.

It is significant of the hero's continuing immense prestige that the hotel manager closed the main dining room of the Thayer that Saturday noon, sending customers to the grill in order that Arnold and Lindbergh might converse in privacy. They did so for three solid hours, by which time it was evident that the waiters were growing anxious to prepare the dining room for the evening trade. The two men and Mrs. Arnold then went to the baseball field on the Plain, where the Army team was playing Syracuse. "For the rest of the afternoon," writes Arnold in his memoirs, "while he continued to tell us about Hitler's air force, we sat unnoticed in the grandstand, surrounded by rooting cadets, and right behind a row of reporters from the New York papers, which were trying desperately to locate him all over the East. Lindbergh gave me the most accurate picture of the Luftwaffe, its equipment, leaders, apparent plans, training methods, and present defects that I had so far received. . . . Lindbergh felt that Hitler held the destruction of any major city on the continent, or in Britain, in his hands." Arnold asked Lindbergh that afternoon if he would serve on a special board to determine changes the United States should make in its own air equipment. Lindbergh said he would.

Four days later, he reported for active duty to the Chief of the Air Corps. For several days he was in continuous conferences with War Department officers and the directors of civilian research agencies. The most important of these meetings was that of the National Aeronautics Advisory Committee on April 20, whence issued strong recommendations for a greatly accelerated and expanded program of aeronautical research and aircraft manufacture for the United States. A few days later, the Congress voted and the War Department immediately spent some \$46,400,000 for new planes, the first step, it was announced, toward a goal of six thousand planes for the Air Corps.

On the morning of April 22, Lindbergh took off from Washington in an Army P-36 for an inspection tour of the nation's existing research and manufacturing facilities, a tour he interrupted briefly to meet Anne and his two sons when they landed from Europe for what was announced as a "visit" on April 28. All through that summer he remained on active duty, touring the country from coast to coast, engaging in technical consultations in Washington, preparing reports, and meeting with the board on which Hap Arnold had asked him to serve—a board whose other members were General W. G. Kilner (chairman), Colonel Carl (Tooley) Spaatz, Colonel E. L. Naiden, and Major A. J. Lyon. "The value of the findings of that Board was inestimable," wrote Arnold after the war. "I can still see poor stolid Lindbergh being trailed through the hall of the Munitions Building by excited clerks and predatory newspapermen as he did his job."

Among his aviation colleagues he seemed the old likeable Slim. At thirty-seven his hair was thinner, his cheeks fuller, but his grin was as boyishly charming as ever, his blue eyes as sharply probing, his hard lean figure as youthful. There was also, as of old, a sharp demarcation of demeanor and basic attitude between the Slim they knew and the "stolid" colonel whom others saw. The two distinct personalities were apparent during a night boat trip from Washington to Norfolk, where Langley Field is located, shortly after his return to the United States. The trip had been arranged by Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada, and on it were several congressmen whom Lindbergh, among others, was trying to impress with the urgent need for more federally financed aeronautical research. (He testified before the House Appropriations Committee that this country had fallen very far behind Germany but not, in his opinion, hopelessly behind: we *might* catch up in from three to five years if ample funds were made available for concentrated research.) With the congressmen, Lindbergh was coldly polite and aloof. But his old newspaper friends, Lauren (Deac) Lyman, now with United Aircraft, and C. B. Allen, now with the Civil Aeronautics Authority, as well as his mother's cousin, Admiral Land, were also on the boat, and with them Lindbergh was wholly relaxed, genial, likeable.

Evident that summer was his gain in maturity—he was less diffident, far more sure of himself in the realm of general ideas—but evident, too, was the fact that the shy boy remained alive at the core of him, the boy who liked to lie alone in a nest of grass, walled away from all watchful eyes. On a soft warm night, walking under rustling leaves in a Washington suburb with an old friend, he suddenly threw his

arms high above his head and cried out exultantly: "Isn't it great to be where nobody is looking?"

Everywhere he went, he emphasized and re-emphasized in private talk his earnest conviction that the Nazis were invincible in the air and unconquerable on the ground, that they were animated by a new and vital spirit (he sometimes deprecated the organized anti-Semitism), that Britain and France had gone soft and decadent, and that it was imperative for the United States to remain aloof from the developing European quarrel. Japan and Russia were our real enemies, he sometimes said—though he also regarded Russia as a second- or third-rate military power, especially in the air.

He was quoted in the press as saying, in early May, that Russia imitated the plane designs of other nations and was, therefore, always behind the others in the quality of her aircraft; she was, he added, "an unimportant factor in aeronautic research." This judgment would later appear to most aviation experts to be borne out by the performance of Russian aviation in battle. But Brigadier General Vladimir Kokkinaki, pilot of a Russian transatlantic plane which arrived on May 2 and one of the men who had shown Lindbergh around during the Lindberghs' Russian visit, replied at the time that "Colonel Lindbergh's statement is bold" and that Russia was "as forward in development as any other" country. "Although we scrutinize the developments through research in other lands, we are not lacking in . . . ideas which originate in the Soviet Union," said he.

One evening in July, having just returned to Washington from his air-inspection tour, he dined in the home of William R. Castle, who had been Undersecretary of State under Hoover and had helped arrange the Lindberghs' Far Eastern flight in 1931. Castle was a man of the political right, bitterly opposed to Roosevelt; his only other guest that evening was Fulton Lewis, Jr., the right-wing radio commentator. As a matter of fact, the dinner had been arranged so that Lewis and Lindbergh could meet one another. Lindbergh expressed freely and forcefully his views on European affairs and on the need for America's isolation from them. Less freely, he discussed the observations he had made during his American air tour. He revealed some of the basic principles which guided his political thinking. Lewis, listening intently, liked what he heard.

"Colonel," he said at last, "I'm going on vacation soon. I'm asking a number of prominent people to fill in as guest commentators on my show. Why don't you be one of them? The American people ought to know how you feel about things."

He said later that he half-expected a curt negative. Instead, Lindbergh sat silently for a moment, then said with a smile that he could hardly broadcast his opinions while still on active duty.

"But I'll take a rain check on the invitation," he said. . . .

Meanwhile, events in Europe moved rapidly toward the tragic conclusions implicit in the Munich Pact.

In mid-March 1939, Nazi troops had overrun helpless Czechoslovakia. Hitler, who in Munich had proclaimed the Sudetenland to be "the last territorial claim which I shall have to make in Europe," proclaimed in Prague a German protectorate over all the Czechs; his Nazi gangsters began at once their roundups of Jews, intellectuals, anti-Fascists. Two weeks later, Mussolini sent his troops into Albania which, incorporated in his Fascist empire, became the obvious springboard for an invasion soon of Greece. Chamberlain's Britain—having "gained time" at Munich in which to fall still farther behind the Germans in tank and plane production (though the crucial Spitfire came into production during this period), having yielded up also to Hitler the Skoda works whose output by itself nearly matched the total arms production of Britain between August of '38 and September of '39—now made a drastic shift in foreign policy, offering "guarantees" to Greece, Rumania, and Poland which, though accepted, of course, were clearly worthless unless Russia joined in them.

But at this late date, negotiations which were opened for the first time with Russia, aiming toward a united "peace front" against further Nazi-Fascist aggressions, could make little headway against Stalin's belief that Russia was being called upon to face a Nazi attack with no assurance of effective aid from the West. Stalin had no reason to trust Daladier's France and Chamberlain's Britain. He had what seemed to him sufficient reason to believe that, pact or no pact, neither country would actually aid him against a Hitlerian drive to the east. France, huddled behind her Maginot Line, was prepared to fight only a defensive war; Britain seemed unprepared for any war at all, save one upon the seas. Accordingly, Litvinov's position *vis à vis* Stalin became daily more precarious—and on May 3 he was abruptly dismissed from his post as commissar for foreign affairs. His place was taken by Premier Molotov. At once the Russian attitude toward Britain and France hardened. Molotov demanded "guarantees" against internal revolt in the Baltic states, demanded also the authority to send troops into Poland if Poland were invaded by Germany. He was refused.

For British and French diplomacy continued to be based upon the belief that Russia, after all, had no alternative to a Western alliance save that of standing alone against Hitler's might. The Western leaders accepted as an absolute in world affairs the implacable hostility between Fascist and Communist—and the political right in both countries could view with equanimity the increasing pressure which Hitler applied to Poland through June, July, and August. Poland would be invaded in the late summer? Too bad for Poland. But beyond Poland lay the land of the Communists. . . . Then the shock! Without warning it was announced on August 20–21 that a trade pact had been concluded between Nazi Germany and Communist Russia and that a non-aggression pact was being negotiated. On August 22, the non-aggression pact was concluded. Stalin, in Moscow, actually proposed and drank a toast to the Fuehrer!

At dawn on September 1, Germany invaded Poland. On September 2, England and France declared war on Germany.

Three days later, on a hot Sunday, Fulton Lewis, Jr., weekending on his Maryland farm, received a long-distance telephone call.

"This is Charles Lindbergh," said a pleasant, reedy voice. "I want to talk to you about the radio broadcast you suggested."

2

As soon as it became known that Lindbergh planned to speak, pressures were put upon him either to cancel the broadcast or to alter it in such a way as to conform with administration foreign policy. He was yet on active duty in early September, though he had requested to be relieved, and was thus still subject to the orders of the commander in chief of the armed forces. Even after his request had been accepted on September 14, he remained in an ambiguous position with relation to the nation's defense establishment: he was a technical consultant on aviation matters and continued as active member of a crucially important Air Corps committee. All this lent plausibility to reports, emanating from Lindbergh's friends, that pressures put upon the hero to inhibit his free speech came directly from the White House.

Certain it is that Roosevelt wished Lindbergh to be silent. Remembering the air-mail controversy, convinced that the present issue was literally one of free-world survival, the President was fearful of the

persuasive power which Lindbergh, or his popular image, exerted over the multitude. Here might be the one leader of isolationism—glamorous, courageous, tenacious, deeply in earnest—who could fight the President of the United States to a standstill in a battle for public opinion. Here, too, in the judgment of some close to the President, was a personality who lusted for power, whether he knew it or not, whose mind was totalitarian in all its salient ideas and tendencies, and who might therefore become himself a menace to liberties at home in case of Nazi triumph abroad. Finally, here was precisely the kind of man to whom Roosevelt was personally least sympathetic, possessed of a gritty mineral quality which abraded the Roosevelt temperament. Lindbergh, said Robert Sherwood, “had an exceptional understanding of the power of machines—as opposed to the principles which animate free men. . . .” Roosevelt, on the other hand, with little interest in machinery per se, had a great interest in human beings and a passionate commitment to the vital, the spontaneous.

Add to this the fact that the President was in tactical matters an exceptionally devious politician, and one may be inclined to believe C. B. Allen’s story that “the White House sent an emissary, promising Lindbergh that if he would ‘play ball’ . . . he could be named Secretary for Air”—a new cabinet post to be created if the administration succeeded in establishing a separate Air Force coequal with the Army and the Navy. The bribe refused, there were allegedly veiled threats that the White House might feel forced to take other steps, whatever other steps were necessary, to counteract Lindbergh’s “poison.” Such tactics, of course, to the extent that they were actually employed, would merely harden Lindbergh’s resolve and confirm him in his view that Roosevelt was cheap and dishonest. . . .

He broadcast from the studios of WOL in Washington, over the networks of all three major radio systems, on the evening of September 15, 1939. He reached an audience as large as that which could be commanded by the President.

His position was made crystal clear in his three opening sentences: “In times of great emergency, men of the same belief must gather together for mutual counsel and action. If they fail to do this, all that they stand for will be lost. I speak tonight to those people in the United States of America who feel that the destiny of this country does not call for our involvement in European wars.” This sounded as though he designed to head an organized movement. Then, within his central argument, he sounded an ominous racist note: “These wars in Europe are not wars in which our civilization is defending itself

against some Asiatic intruder. There is no Genghis Khan or Xerxes marching against our Western nations. This is not a question of banding together to defend the white race against foreign invasion. This is simply one more of those age-old struggles within our own family of nations—a quarrel arising from the errors of the last war—from the failure of the victors of that war to follow a consistent policy either of fairness or of force. . . .” He espoused that “hard realism” typical of those who would eschew moral principles as a guide to political action: “We must not permit our sentiment, our pity, or our personal feelings of sympathy, to obscure the issue, to affect our children’s lives. We must be as impersonal as a surgeon with his knife.”¹ He opposed “foreign propaganda to the effect that our frontiers lie in Europe,” saying that “one need only glance at the map to see where our true frontiers are” and that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans were sufficiently formidable barriers to any foreign invasion, “even [with] . . . modern aircraft.” He argued that our “safety . . . lies in our own internal strength and the character of the American people and of American institutions,” saying that “as long as America does not decay within, we need fear no invasion of this country. . . .” America’s task was to “preserve those things which we love and which we mourn the passing of in Europe.” He closed: “The gift of civilized life must still be carried on. It is more important than the sympathies, the friendships, the desires of any single generation. This is the test before America now. This is the challenge—to carry on Western civilization.”

The broadcast drew more mail to WOL than any other ever made from a Washington station. It provoked a storm of reaction. Administration spokesmen denounced Lindbergh in bitter personal terms, sneering at his “presumption” in “posing” as an “expert in foreign affairs,” reminding Americans of his Nazi medal, repeating the charges that he had aided the forces of appeasement prior to Munich. Many others deplored his failure to define the “Western civilization” of which he assumed the Nazis to be an integral part and deplored even more strongly his evident espousal of a racism which, totally discredited by science, was only too consistent with the views of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Lothrop Stoddard, and Adolf Hitler. But he was also fervently supported, and by a strangely heterogeneous group: isolationist politicians and Roosevelt-haters, Christian pacifists (the *Christian Century* was eloquent in his defense while attacking the administration’s “smear tactics”), socialists, business leaders, Commu-

¹ This last sentence, which seemed so perfect an expression of the Lindbergh mind, was suggested by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, according to report.

nist party members and fellow travelers, German-American Bundists, Father Coughlin with his *Social Justice*, the Silver Shirts and all other organized American Fascist groups, and uncounted thousands if not millions who continued to worship "Lindy."

Highly pleased, Castle, Lewis, and other isolationists urged Lindbergh to broadcast again. He did so on the evening of October 13 over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Poland was now destroyed, her eastern territory occupied by the Russians, her western by the Nazis whose two-week blitzkrieg had alarmed Stalin and might well have carried on into the Soviet Union had not a Russian show of force indicated that the cost of doing so at that moment would exceed the cost of a western thrust. French troops huddled passively in the Maginot Line; British troops crouched south of the Belgian border, all four divisions of them; and there was, on the western front, no action at all.

Said Lindbergh: "Our Congress is now assembled to decide upon the best policy for this country to maintain during the war which is going on in Europe. The legislation under discussion involves three major issues—the [repeal of the] embargo on arms, restriction of shipping, and the allowance of credit." Lindbergh opposed all three proposals. He said he didn't believe that repealing the arms embargo would assist democracy in Europe because he didn't believe that this was a war for democracy. Instead, "this is a war over the balance of power in Europe—a war brought about by the desire for strength on the part of Germany and the fear of strength on the part of England and France." He said: "Our bond with Europe is a bond of race and not of political ideology. . . . It is the European race we must preserve; political progress will follow. Racial strength is vital—politics a luxury. If the white race is ever seriously threatened, it may then be time for us to take our part for its protection, to fight side by side with the English, French, and Germans. But not with one against the other for our mutual destruction."

In *Reader's Digest* for November 1939 appeared an article by Lindbergh, entitled "Aviation, Geography, and Race." "It is time to turn from our quarrels and to build our White ramparts again," he wrote. ". . . It is our turn to guard our heritage from Mongol and Persian and Moor. . . ." Our civilization, said he, depends "on a united strength among ourselves; on a strength too great for foreign armies to challenge; on a Western Wall of race and arms which can hold back either a Genghis Khan or the infiltration of inferior blood; on an English fleet, a German air force, a French army, an American nation,

standing together as guardians of our common heritage, sharing strength, dividing influence." What did these strange words mean? Evidently the hero pleaded for a negotiated peace in Europe in preparation for a war (defensive or offensive) against Asia (including Russia, in his view), for he also said that aviation "is a tool specially adapted for western hands . . . another barrier between the teeming millions of Asia and the Grecian inheritance of Europe." And from what principles should negotiation between Allies and Nazis proceed? He indicated their nature when he said that "men must be accorded rights equal to their ability rather than to their numbers or to their inheritance from the past" and that "no system of representation can succeed in which the voice of weakness is equal to the voice of strength." In the present context, what could such words mean save that Hitler should dictate the peace terms in Europe?

Amidst the storm of controversy which now rose higher about him, Lindbergh resigned from the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. He was at the time (late December) hard at work on an essay which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March 1940 under the title, "What Substitute for War?" In it he repeated in virtually the same words several of the ideas he had previously expressed, adding some remarkable definitions of "democracy" and "totalitarianism" whereby the former was deprecated and the latter justified. Wrote he: "[Those] countries which, like England and France, are well satisfied with their position and possessions follow the types of political ideology that come with luxury, and stable times, and the desire to enjoy rather than acquire. The countries which, like Germany, have recently gone through great hardships and chaotic times have the types of political systems that spring from such times, and which involve rigid discipline and the subordination of individual freedom to the strength of a recuperating state—a state whose people must acquire before they can enjoy."

He also "explained" the European conflict and the need for a negotiated peace in a way that accorded perfectly with Goebbels's propaganda line at that time. He said that the English and French "claim they are right in fighting to maintain their possessions and their ethics" whereas the Germans "claim the right of an able and virile nation to expand—to conquer territory and influence by force of arms as other nations have done at one time or another throughout history." In other words, this was not a war between "right" and "wrong" but rather between "differing concepts of right." It was, he added, a conflict "in which the 'defenders' are represented by the static, legal

'right' of man, and the 'aggressors' by the dynamic, forceful 'right' of nature." He then called for "the co-operation of a group of Western nations strong enough to act as a police force for the world." Germany, he went on, "is as essential to this group as England or France, for she alone can either dam the Asiatic hordes or form the spearhead of their penetration into Europe." He took a long view of history: "That intangible eastern border of European civilization, which Germany holds today, has fluctuated back and forth for over two thousand years. Persia pressed against the Greeks. The Huns rode their ponies from Central Asia into the Roman Empire. The Mongol Khans penetrated Poland and Hungary. Turkish armies nearly took Vienna, and now Russia is pushing Europe's frontier slowly eastward again, while Germany, France, and England carry on their suicidal quarrels."

3

At the time this article appeared, all remained quiet on the western front. There was intermittent war upon the seas, but the only active land war was that of Russia upon Finland, who had been attacked on November 30 after she failed to hand over at gun point the Karelian Isthmus and other territory which Russia deemed vital to the defense of Leningrad. On March 12 Finland accepted Russian peace terms. Then the explosion. . . .

In April, Denmark was occupied, Norway invaded and conquered with the aid of the traitor Quisling. In May, the Nazi blitzkrieg burst upon Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, France. Within a week the French front was broken. Within three weeks the French Army was destroyed as a fighting force and the British Expeditionary Force driven to the sea at Dunkirk. Here occurred the "miracle" of the evacuation across the Channel of 340,000 troops despite incessant air attacks, but thereafter Britain stood alone, her ground troops virtually disarmed, against a Nazi Europe joined now (on June 10) by Mussolini's Fascist empire. German planes by the hundred roared over England, fighters in daytime battle at first, as well as bombers day and night, then huge fleets of bombers night after night for weeks and months on end, concentrated upon London. To millions of Americans it appeared that the cause of freedom in Europe was hopeless—

And to and for these millions, Lindbergh spoke.

On May 19 he talked over the Columbia Broadcasting System on "The Air Defense of America," neatly reversing the argument he had

used in Europe concerning the crucial importance of air power. The world had just been stunned by a blitzkrieg whose triumph very largely depended upon dominance of the skies, but Lindbergh said: "The power of aviation has been greatly underrated in the past. Now we must be careful not to overestimate this power in the excitement of reaction. Air strength depends more upon the establishment of intelligent consistent policies than upon the sudden construction of huge numbers of airplanes. . . . It is true that bombing planes can be built with sufficient range to cross the Atlantic and return. . . . But the cost is high, the target large, the military effectiveness small." He said: "If we desire peace, we have only to stop asking for war." In mid-June, as Britain stood in her terrible, heroic loneliness (a different Britain now, headed by Winston Churchill) against imminent invasion, Lindbergh chided American politicians for "making gestures with an empty gun after we have already lost the draw." He said: "The dribble of munitions we have sold to England and France have had a negligible effect on the trend of the war. And we have not sufficient strength available to change that trend." He said: "We must face the fact, regardless of how disagreeable it is to us, that before we can take effective action in a European war the German armies may have brought all Europe under their control. In that case, Europe will be dominated by the strongest military nation the world has ever known, controlling a population far greater than our own." He predicted that if we became involved in such a war, "we must turn to a dictatorial government, for there is no military efficiency to be lost."

On August 4, in Chicago, at a time when Churchill was pleading desperately behind the scenes for "forty or fifty of your older destroyers" and Roosevelt was struggling desperately for a politically possible way of providing the ships, Lindbergh spoke on "Our Relationship with Europe." He said: "There is a proverb in China which says that 'When the rich become too rich, the poor too poor, something happens.' This applies to nations as well as to men. When I saw the wealth of the British Empire, I felt that the rich had become too rich.² When I saw the poverty of Central Europe, I felt that the poor

² Dorothy Thompson, commenting on Anne Lindbergh's *The Wave of the Future*, objected to the designation of Germany as a "have-not" nation and Britain as a "have." If Germany "is a 'have-not' . . . how is it possible for her to conquer the whole of Europe with the most monstrous amounts of steel, oil, and aluminum ever assembled in one place for the purposes of war?" Britain, she went on, was no longer the British Empire, which "was effectively abolished with the Statute of Westminster." "In terms of tangible, usable wealth the British Isles today are the most 'have-not' nations on earth, depending wholly on liquidable securities and good will for their supplies. Should even good will fail, Britain would perish."

had become too poor. That something would happen was blazoned, even on the skies of Europe, by mounting thousands of fighting aircraft. By 1936 to 1939, as I traveled through European countries, I saw the phenomenal military strength of Germany growing like a giant at the side of an aged and complacent England. . . . In England, there was organization without spirit. In France, there was spirit without organization. In Germany, there were both." He viewed with complacency what he obviously regarded as an inevitable Nazi victory. "In the past we have dealt with a Europe dominated by England and France," said he. "In the future we may have to deal with a Europe dominated by Germany. But whether England or Germany wins this war, Western civilization will still depend upon two great centers, one in each hemisphere. . . . [W]e are often told that if Germany wins this war co-operation will be impossible and treaties no more than scraps of paper. I reply that co-operation is never impossible when there is sufficient gain on both sides, and that treaties are seldom torn apart when they do not cover a weak nation."

With this speech ringing in ears that heard, in the background, the ominous roar of the Battle of Britain, even those informed observers who had struggled to give Lindbergh the benefit of every doubt—who had tried to view him as a goodhearted but ignorant young man engaged in a misguided emulation of his father—were driven toward the conclusion that he was pro-Nazi. Thus James Truslow Adams, writing in *Current History* for September 1940, found it "evident that Lindbergh's sympathies are with Germany and that he is strongly biased against England." Adams also found it "strange and sad that this man of thirty-eight, who has never pretended to be a statesman, has made five talks in a little over a year telling the American people what they should do and what policies they should pursue"—particularly so since, if one carefully read all five speeches, one could not but be struck by their glaring inconsistencies. For instance, Lindbergh, deprecating air power as a menace to the United States, had asserted that no foreign power "could conquer us by dropping bombs" but would have to have ships to transport great armies. It would have to have, in other words, control of the sea. But what if Germany should win, as Lindbergh obviously believed she would? Where, then, would be the American sea defense? In that case, Hitler would have the British Navy and the whole of the European merchant marine, whereas the United States would have only a one-ocean Navy, desperately needed in the Pacific. Consider, too, said Adams, the contradiction of Lindbergh's position on armaments. In one breath he asserted we could never be attacked; in the next he asserted that we "should rearm

fully for the defense of America." But against whom should we rearm if we were immune against overseas attack? Adams wanted to know. Were we in any danger from Canada or South America? Of course we *might* be endangered from South America if Hitler won: as a result of conquest of France, Hitler was already in technical possession of French Guiana and several islands in this hemisphere and was prevented from physical possession of them only by the British Navy.

Michael Williams analyzed this Chicago speech in *Commonweal* for August 16, 1940. He was particularly struck by Lindbergh's use of the word "spirit"—the statement that England had "organization without spirit," France "spirit without organization," and Germany "both." But what of this Nazi "spirit?" Williams wanted to know. Was it a "good" spirit or a "bad" spirit? Though Lindbergh declined to say, he obviously thought the spirit not bad, since he was perfectly willing to co-operate with it in order to maintain that supreme if undefined value, "Western civilization." Said Williams: "That really seems to be the main point of the Colonel's argument. This nation must arm on a scale at least comparable to German armament. Then we would be one of the two great centers of Western civilization, Germany being the other. Smaller and weaker and defeated nations, obviously, can have no place in the sort of 'Western civilization' envisaged . . . by Colonel Lindbergh than the place determined by the 'dominant nation' in each hemisphere." What this obviously meant, Williams pointed out, was that there would be "co-operation" between these "centers of Western civilization" and Russia and Japan in the Orient, or else a conquest by the West of the East. In other words, Lindbergh accepted point by point the geopolitics which the "State 'intellectuals' of Germany and Fascist Italy" had devised "as the basis for the race mysticism of Hitler." Most Americans, said Williams, would consider co-operation with Hitler "in upholding the sort of Western civilization prized by Nazi Germany . . . [as] a calamity beyond adequate measurement for the United States." It would be "a proof of moral weakness . . . and a betrayal of the genuine spirit animating the character of the American nation." He closed with the question: "Does [Lindbergh] sincerely believe that the Nazi dominance of Europe and of a large part of the rest of the world would insure with American co-operation the civilization based upon the teachings of Christianity which the Nazis seek to destroy? This is the fundamental question, and Colonel Lindbergh should deal with it sincerely."

He should have, of course. His "sincerity" and "moral courage," which reminded Father Coughlin of the elder Lindbergh's (chanted

Social Justice: "Cheer up, brave son of a brave father!"), were his greatest assets as public speaker—apart, of course, from the glamour of heroism which, for many, yet invested him. But he never answered Williams's "fundamental question" nor any other having to do with moral imperatives. His sincerity no one questioned, but its peculiar nature became increasingly evident as the months roared by. H. R. Knickerbocker, the famed foreign correspondent, finally concluded that the very core of Lindbergh's sincerity was cynicism. Like Hitler, Lindbergh was a "sincere cynic." "His policy shamelessly declares we should withdraw aid from Britain, coolly watch her fall, and then as quickly as possible trade with Hitler and make what we can out of the defeat of civilization," said Knickerbocker. "Lindbergh genuinely sees nothing to be ashamed of in advocating such a policy, and that makes him deserve the title 'sincere.' It is nevertheless as cynical as any Nazi could invent."

And this quality of sincere cynicism or cynical sincerity, joined to a cloying sentimentality, permeated Anne Morrow Lindbergh's little book, *The Wave of the Future*, which was issued in the autumn of 1940 and became a national best seller. It was clearly (or perhaps one should say "vaguely" since her argument consisted of poetic metaphor) an apology for Germany, all the more outrageous of moral sensibilities because it was couched in "moral" terms. Witness the manner in which she faced, oh so boldly, the "moral" problem! "Are persecution, aggression, war, and theft sins, or are they not?" she quoted her "friends," who believed the Nazis "evil." "They *are* sins," she replied; "there is no doubt about it, and I stand against them. But there are other sins, such as blindness, selfishness, irresponsibility, smugness, lethargy, and resistance to change—sins which we 'Democracies,'³ all of us, are guilty of." (As if lying abed too late of a morning were a sin of the same order as torturing a Jew!) She went on to reveal that, in her conception, the morality of the future as of the most ancient past was simply that "might makes right." She revealed this by the manner of her denying it: "I cannot see this war . . . simply and purely as a struggle between the 'Forces of Good' and the 'Forces of Evil.' If I could simplify it into a phrase at all, it would seem truer to say that the 'Forces of the Past' are fighting against the 'Forces of the Future'. . . . To make this statement is not to say that 'might makes right'. . . . It is not to claim that the things we dislike [sic] in Nazism *are* the forces of the future. But it is to say

³ She placed quotation marks around "Democracies" whenever she used the word.

that somehow the leaders in Germany, Italy and Russia have discovered how to use new social and economic forces; very often they have used them badly, but nevertheless, they have recognized and used them. . . . They have felt the wave of the future and they have leapt upon it. The evils we deplore in these systems are not in themselves the future; they are scum on the wave of the future."⁴

Britain's cause, Lindbergh continued to assert all through the fall and winter of 1940-41, was utterly hopeless. Without our active intervention she must certainly go down—and indeed she would fail even if we did intervene, for we were now too late and too weak to be effective against the German might. Testifying against the Lend-Lease bill before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in early February 1941, he claimed that the American Army and Air Force "are but poorly equipped [by] . . . modern standards, and even our Navy is in urgent need of new equipment. If we deplete our forces still further," he went on, "as this bill indicates we may, and if England should lose this war, then, gentlemen, I think we may be in danger of invasion, though I do not believe we are today. If we ever are invaded in America, the responsibility will lie upon those who send our arms abroad." He also said: "Personally, I do not believe that England is in a position to win the war. If she does not win, or unless our aid is used in negotiating a better peace than could otherwise be obtained, we will be responsible for futilely prolonging the war and adding to the bloodshed and devastation of Europe, particularly among the democracies."

A week earlier, testifying against Lend-Lease before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, he was asked point-blank: "Whom do you *want* to win the war?" (The hearing room was packed with pacifists and Lindbergh-worshippers who hissed Representative Wirt Courtney of Tennessee for asking this "loaded" question.) Lindbergh replied in icy calm: "I want neither side to win." He favored a negotiated peace—and the fact that Hitler would dictate the terms did not disturb him. He admitted that "what we here think of as a just peace probably can't be worked out, but I ask what the alternative is." (He testified before the House committee as an aviation expert, advocating for the U.S. an air force "of about 10,000 . . . modern fighting planes

⁴ Dorothy Thompson objected to this interpretation of political and economic movements in terms of natural phenomena. "Communism, Fascism, and Nazism are not 'waves,'" she wrote. "They are not floods or tides. They are undertakings of men, for specific purposes, governed by definite aims and dominated by definable ideas. . . . [To] treat them as natural forces induces a feeling of fatality—one can do no more about them than one can about earthquakes."

plus reserves"—which was something less than two months' production of planes in this country three years later.)

But as he spoke, it was clear that the Britain of Winston Churchill would never negotiate a peace with Hitler on Hitler's terms: if Hitler were to impose peace on Britain he must conquer her, and to conquer her he must invade her with ground troops. Everyone, Hitler included, had expected her to be invaded within weeks after the fall of France. Why had she not been? The answer, obvious to all knowledgeable observers at the time, should have been especially meaningful to an expert on air power and might well cause a drastic revision of estimates on the part of one who had repeatedly asserted, in ways influential of high policy, that the German Air Force was invincible. Over Dunkirk the "invincible" formations of Goering had been met head on by a vastly outnumbered Royal Air Force, armed with the new Hurricanes and Spitfires, and had been decisively defeated. Scores, finally hundreds of Nazi planes were shot from the skies, insuring a sufficient dominance of the air above the beaches and harbor to make possible the removal of the 340,000 troops. In the air Battle of Britain, this performance had been repeated. Hitler could not invade because he could not obtain supremacy in the sky. Nor could his incessant night bombing of London beat the British to their knees, as Lindbergh assumed it had already done. Said Winston Churchill a few months after Lindbergh's congressional testimony: "Statisticians may amuse themselves by calculating that, after making allowance for the working of the law of diminishing returns, through the same house being struck twice or three times over, it would take ten years at the present rate for half the houses in London to be demolished. After that, of course, progress would be much slower. Quite a lot of things are going to happen to Herr Hitler and the Nazi regime before ten years are up. . . ."

In April 1941 Lindbergh, who up 'til then had been waging his battle without organized backing, joined the America First Committee and accepted membership on its executive committee.

America First had been started in the summer of 1940 in answer to William Allen White's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Its national chairman was General Robert E. Wood of Chicago, chairman of the board of Sears, Roebuck and Company, and its influential membership included, among others, R. Douglas Stuart, Jr., General Hugh S. Johnson, Janet Ayer Fairbank, Kathleen Norris, John T. Flynn, Chester Bowles, Norman Thomas, Eddie Rickenbacker, Henry Ford, John P. Marquand, Lillian Gish, Edward

L. Ryerson, Jr., and the William R. Castle who had arranged Lindbergh's meeting with Fulton Lewis, Jr. This was a well-financed organization with access to such powerful mass media as the Patterson-McCormick press, the *Reader's Digest*, the *Saturday Evening Post*. It was also a prestigious group and could feature at its rallies some influential and crowd-attracting speakers—Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Philip La Follette, Norman Thomas, the motherly and pacifistic Kathleen Norris, Representative Hamilton Fish.

But from the moment he joined it, the undoubted star of the show was Charles Lindbergh. The crowds he drew were immense. True, significant portions of them tended to drift out of the halls when his talks were done, to the discomfiture of succeeding speakers, causing some America Firsters to wonder how deeply he had committed his listeners to his cause. Moreover, there was a marked tendency to applaud irrelevant gestures on his part: he once provoked a storm of applause in Madison Square Garden by pulling out a handkerchief to wipe his brow. Nevertheless, he was, from the standpoint of interventionists, frighteningly effective. "Because Lindbergh had something that appealed so profoundly to America that he has not lost it all yet," wrote H. R. Knickerbocker in late 1941, ". . . he towers in influence above our other isolationists. . . . Lindbergh . . . is, I am convinced, mainly responsible for the long hesitation of this country to go to war to defend its life." Said Robert Sherwood, "He was undoubtedly Roosevelt's most formidable competitor on the radio."

He made his first speech under America First auspices in Chicago on April 17, 1941, predicting that Britain would lose the war and opposing all American aid to her. He made his second on April 23 in New York. "France has now been defeated," he said, "and, despite the propaganda and confusion of recent months, it is now obvious that England is losing the war. [Britain by then had scored decisive victories over Italy in the North African desert; her Navy had wrested control of the Mediterranean from the Italian fleet.] I believe this is realized even by the British Government. But they have one last desperate plan remaining. They hope they may be able to persuade us to send another American Expeditionary Force to Europe." He asked his listeners to "look at the map of Europe today and see if you can suggest any way in which we could win this war if we entered it." He wanted to know where we could send an army to fight in Europe, even if we had one large and well trained. "The campaigns of the war show only too clearly how difficult it is to force a landing, or to maintain an army, on a hostile coast." And if we took our Navy from the Pacific

and used it to convoy British shipping, that "would not win the war for England." At best, it would "permit her to exist under the constant bombing of the German air fleet. Suppose we had an air force that we could send to Europe. Where would it operate? Some of our squadrons might be based on the British Isles; but it is physically impossible to base enough aircraft in the British Isles alone to equal in strength the aircraft that can be based on the continent of Europe." He was aware that such "realism" would cause interventionists to brand him "defeatist" and to say that "we are giving comfort to Germany by talking about our military weakness." But "I say it is the interventionist in America, as it was in England and in France, who gives comfort to the enemy. . . . I charge them with being the real defeatists, for their policy has led to defeat in every country that followed their advice since the war began. . . . With their shouts of defeatism, and their disdain of reality, they have sent countless thousands of young men to death in Europe. . . . And they have led this country, too, to the verge of war."

4

By this time it had been widely noted that Lindbergh's arguments and phraseology had some striking parallels with Hitler's, and even more with those of Lawrence Dennis, the leading if not sole intellectual of the American Fascist movement. Dennis and Lindbergh were now in frequent contact and there could be no doubt that the flier had read and been strongly influenced by Dennis's *The Coming American Fascism* and *The Dynamics of War and Revolution*, as well as by Dennis's *Weekly Foreign Letter*. (*The Dynamics of War and Revolution* made the "have" versus "have-not" argument which both Lindbergh and Anne used, and contained also Anne's "wave" metaphor.) For instance, Dennis said: "Wars are fought between right and right, not between right and wrong." Lindbergh said: "This war in Europe is not so much a conflict between right and wrong as it is a conflict between differing concepts of the right." Dennis said: "The issue of the redistribution of territory and resources is one which has ultimately to be determined by power." Lindbergh said: "There is no adequate peaceful way for a nation to expand its territory and add to its colonies. . . ." Hitler said: "The State [is] only a means to an end, and as its end it considers the preservation of the racial existence of men." Lindbergh said: "Racial strength is vital—politics, a luxury."

Hitler said: "The parliamentary principle of decision by majority . . . sins against the aristocratic basic idea of nature." Lindbergh said: "No system of representation can succeed in which the voice of weakness is equal to the voice of strength." The instances could be, and were, multiplied in publications by those opposed to Lindbergh's views.

A few weeks after the April 23 speech,⁵ excerpts from Lindbergh addresses, translated into Chinese, were dropped by Japanese bombers upon Chungking, along with high explosives and incendiaries. (The Japanese aggression upon China was reportedly viewed by Lindbergh with indifference. He expressed in private talk the view that the white race had nothing to lose in the long run from the slaughter two yellow peoples imposed on one another. On the other hand, he would have few "misgivings" about an all-out war of the United States against Japan, provided Germany and Europe were not allied with her. Such a war would be "practical" in that America could easily win it.) It was also noted that translations of Lindbergh's speeches were being issued as Nazi propaganda in Latin America and were prominently displayed in the press of Germany, Italy, and Spain. . . .

Always present in America (more so than in Britain) is a large group of people who, "believing" in democracy, have no very clear understanding of its basic tenet whence comes its basic long-term strength. To these people there is inconsistency in granting free speech to those who, if their views prevailed, would extinguish free speech. This "inconsistency," which they are generally willing to tolerate in times of calm, becomes intolerable to them in times of trouble. They then seek to express in action the opinion which Lindbergh had expressed in words when he said that individual liberty is a "luxury" which can be "enjoyed" only in "stable" times.

So it was in the spring of 1941. A large majority of Americans were by then convinced that Britain's war was our own, for if she went down our freedoms, our very survival as a nation, would be gravely imperiled. As early as January 10, 1941, a Gallup Poll showed that sixty per cent of the American people believed it less important for America to stay out of the war than to help Britain win it, even at the risk of involvement by the United States. In the Midwest, stronghold of isolationism, fifty-five per cent of the people expressed this view. But Lindbergh, it was widely believed, nevertheless controlled

⁵ Lawrence Dennis sat on the platform with Lindbergh during the April 23 America First rally in Manhattan, as did "Jafsie" Condon, John T. Flynn, Senator David Walsh, Kathleen Norris, and Anne Lindbergh.

the balance of decisive power: by holding together a hard core of isolationism, which would otherwise disintegrate from obvious internal stresses, and by confusing and dividing a significant minority of the people as a whole, he was able to prevent truly effective action by the administration. Ergo, Lindbergh should be muzzled. And the means of doing so, without violation of legal guarantees of free speech, were at hand. Colonel Lindbergh was a reserve officer, and other reserve officers were being called into uniform all the time. Why not call the colonel, who would then be subject again to the orders of the commander in chief?

President Roosevelt was asked this question at his White House press conference on Friday, April 25, 1941. Obviously prepared for it, he replied very carefully that during the Civil War numerous foreigners, liberty-loving people, fought on both sides, but that at the same time both sides "let certain people go, that is, did not call them into service." The people who were thus ignored, he went on, were the Vallandighams. (Newsmen, consulting history books, learned that Clement L. Vallandigham, an Ohio congressman, had in 1863 made "violent speeches against the administration" and argued that the North could never win its war against the South; as the most dangerous leader of the "Copperheads," he had been arrested and banished to the Confederacy, whence he made his way to Canada and returned to the North to continue his agitations. Lincoln refused to jail him for treason.) The President said, too, that there were many appeasers at Valley Forge, trying to persuade George Washington to quit and arguing that the British could not be defeated. He urged newsmen to read what Thomas Paine wrote at that time on the subject of quitting. ("These are the times that try men's souls," said Thomas Paine in December 1776. "The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it *now* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered. . . .")

"Are you still talking about Colonel Lindbergh?" a reporter asked.

The President said, emphatically, that he was.

R. Douglas Stuart, Jr., of the America First Committee promptly issued a temperately worded statement: "President Roosevelt's remarks about Colonel Lindbergh today do not exhibit the spirit of tolerance, or of respect for freedom of conscience and freedom of belief that the American people have admired in him. The President of course knows, and the American people know, that Colonel Lindbergh is an American first, last, and always." Many newspaper edito-

rials and distinguished people expressed their agreement with the Stuart view, asserting that the President was attempting to "gag" the hero. Lindbergh himself, hurt and angry, brooded through a long weekend, writing and rewriting letters to the President. On Monday, April 28, he sent one of them to the White House, releasing it simultaneously to the press. (Stephen Early complained that this was the "second time" that Lindbergh had shown the President "discourtesy" by releasing a communication before the President had received it.)

Wrote Lindbergh:

"Your remarks at the White House press conference on April 25 involving my reserve commission in the United States Army Air Corps have of course disturbed me greatly. I had hoped that I might exercise my right as an American citizen to place my viewpoint before the people of my country in time of peace without giving up the privilege of serving my country as an Air Corps officer in the event of war.

"But since you, in your capacity as President of the United States and Commander in Chief of the Army, have clearly implied that I am no longer of use to this country as a reserve officer, and in view of other implications that you, my President and superior officer, have made concerning my loyalty to my country, my character, and my motives, I can see no honorable alternative to tendering my resignation as colonel in the United States Air Corps Reserve. I am, therefore, forwarding my resignation to the Secretary of War.

"I take this action with the utmost regret, for my relationship with the Air Corps is one of the things which has meant most to me in my life. I place it second only to my right as a citizen to speak freely to my fellow countrymen, and to discuss with them the issues of war and peace which confront our nation in this crisis.

"I will continue to serve my country to the best of my ability as a private citizen."

Thereafter, his speeches became less temperate, more demagogic, frequently bitter in their denunciations of "idealists" and "college presidents." The presidential election of 1940 had been a fraud, he asserted, because the people had had no choice on the most crucial issue: both Willkie and Roosevelt stood for all-out aid to Britain. "A refugee who steps from the gangplank and advocates war is acclaimed a defender of freedom," he said. "A native-born American who opposes war is called a Fifth Columnist." (*Life Magazine* noted that on May 29, in Philadelphia, Lindbergh said: "If we say our frontier lies on the Rhine, they [the Germans] can say theirs lies on the Missis-

ssippi." A few days before, but in an interview published *after* Lindbergh's speech, Hitler had told a *Life* correspondent in Berlin that he had not yet heard "anybody in Germany say the Mississippi River was a German frontier." *Life* hastened to add that this did not indicate direct communication between Hitler and Lindbergh but only that the two thought alike.) When Hitler, having conquered Greece and all the Balkans, suddenly invaded Russia on June 22 with unprecedented masses of troops, planes, tanks, when Churchill promised all possible aid to Stalin and Roosevelt extended Lend-Lease to the Soviet Union, and while swift Nazi advances made plausible Hitler's boast that Russia would be totally destroyed within weeks, Lindbergh said flatly that he would prefer Germany to Russia as an ally. He also exploited with skill the possibilities for mental confusion which the European scene now presented, pointing out that "the interventionists [had] demanded that we send all possible aid to Finland" after Russia, now on our side, had attacked her less than two years ago.

5

All during these stormy months, Lindbergh maintained and guarded his private life as jealously as before. Few were his contacts with rank-and-file America Firsters. He dealt personally with a bare handful of the top people, paid only two or three visits to the organization's New York headquarters at 515 Madison Avenue, and no more than four to the national headquarters in Chicago, during all the months of his battle for isolationism; and on his travels he remained himself as isolated as possible from his worshipers, save during his staged appearances. He stayed generally in the home of a wealthy member of the local chapter sponsoring his address. In Chicago he stayed with General Wood in the latter's house in Highland Park, the two often talking together 'til midnight—a remarkable breach of the general's usual routine, he being notorious in Chicago society for his early bedtime. (He habitually left parties at nine-thirty and was in bed usually by a little after ten.) At home, privacy was complete. He was then, wrote Roger Butterfield in *Life*, "as remote as Hitler in Berchtesgaden."

The Lindberghs lived at Lloyd Neck, Long Island, a small peninsula reaching into Long Island Sound and so narrowly joined to the North Shore as to have an insular quality. The house they rented from the wealthy Mrs. Willis Delano Wood had been built in the eighteenth century and, like Long Barn in Kent and the house on Illiec, had a

history: in Revolutionary War days, it had been headquarters for Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford), the Tory leader heroized by Kenneth Roberts's best-selling novel, *Oliver Wiswell*. Called the Manor House, it beautifully blended into a rolling green landscape much like England's, overlooking the road onto the Neck and a small bay whose edges were overgrown with tall marsh grass. Around it and its yard, which was constantly patrolled by a huge black German police dog named Thor, was a thick hedge. From one side extended a screened porch over which wisteria climbed and beyond which spread a terraced flower garden. Behind the house rose a gentle hill where grazed a pair of ponies for the children and at whose foot were sheds with wire cages for the boys' rabbits and goat.

Jon, who was eight that year (he attended the Lloyd Neck public school a mile inland during the school year), and Land, who was four, now had a baby sister, Anne Spencer, born October 2, 1940, simultaneously with the publication of *The Wave of the Future*. Others in the household included a nurse, a "couple" (performing the roles of butler and cook), a chambermaid, and two secretaries, one of whom struggled with Lindbergh's huge daily load of mail. Their lives, in all outward manifestations, flowed quietly, pleasantly through the warm summer and early autumn days. Nearby was Mrs. Wood's private swimming beach where, protected against strangers, the Lindberghs spent much time in water and sun. Lindbergh, who remained in perfect physical shape, swam almost every day out to and around an old lighthouse a half mile from shore, braving treacherous tides which kept all others from swimming so far. He derived pleasure from this demonstration of superior daring, skill, and stamina. He also spent much time on the beach, talking and playing with his and the neighbors' children. There were many of the latter, for the neighbors were nearly all young married couples, prolific of offspring. He was, as people say, "good" with children: he was perfectly at ease with them and they with him, as he talked to them about rocks and shells and stars and clouds, and (sometimes) about airplanes. He himself flew a good deal, for pleasure, in a Monocoupe he had recently purchased and which he kept at the Long Island Aviation Country Club at Hicksville, a few miles away. Sometimes, especially in chilly weather, he took long solitary walks along the sea.

But for all the seeming placidity of their lives, there could be no doubt of his and Anne's inner turmoil. They fought a hard battle, and a lonely one, being now spiritually and physically isolated from nearly all their former friends and even from blood relatives. Colonel Henry

Breckinridge, having tried in vain to change Lindbergh's granite-hard mind and will, strongly and publicly opposed the stand taken by his former client and friend. The two ceased to see one another. The Harry Guggenheims no longer considered themselves Lindbergh friends and did not see them socially. Thomas W. Lamont, asked why he didn't visit "Anne and Charles" sometime, they being "lonesome," said curtly, "I have nothing to do with them." Mrs. Dwight Morrow, in widely publicized opposition to her daughter's stand, worked hard on the organization of aid to Britain and China, while Anne's younger sister Constance naturally stood firmly with her husband, Aubrey Neil Morgan, who was assistant to the director general of Britain's information service in New York.

According to Roger Butterfield, Morgan and Lindbergh "engaged in friendly arguments" and Morgan was fond of saying that his stubborn brother-in-law was an "eternal refutation of the invincibility of British propaganda." No personal friendship remained, however, between Lindbergh and Harold Nicolson, who was Parliamentary Secretary to the British Ministry of Information in 1940-41 and who took to sending Lindbergh a post card after each heavy air raid on London, asking, "Do you still think we are soft?" To *The Spectator* in London, Nicolson contributed an interpretation of the hero's mind and personality as these developed after 1927. "It was almost with ferocity that he struggled to remain himself," Nicolson wrote. "And in the process of that arduous struggle his simplicity became muscle-bound, his virility-ideal became not merely inflexible, but actually rigid; his self-control thickened into arrogance, and his convictions hardened into granite. He became impervious to anything outside his own legend—the legend of the young lad from Minnesota whose head could not be turned."

As for Admiral Land, he reportedly grew angry when Lindbergh's name was mentioned. As Chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission, the admiral struggled with heavy burdens during this period; he had neither time nor inclination to argue against a young man who asserted that the heaviest tasks were worse than needless.

"He's got into the wrong hands," the admiral asserted. "I just can't talk about him any more. He's all wrong."

Nor was the chief of these "wrong hands" now present to soothe or sustain Lindbergh through such hours of need as he must inevitably suffer. Alexis and Anne Carrel were in France.

Carrel had left the United States in the summer of 1939, the Rockefeller Institute having retained him for a full year beyond the normal

retirement age of sixty-five so that he might complete experiments of "vital importance," as newspapers and magazines announced. He had come back to the United States in 1940 to organize a mobile field-hospital division and had cheered the Lindberghs then in their battle for the future, but early in '41 he had gone back to his now-prostrate native land. "I was living tranquilly in the United States when I decided that France needed me," he later said. In July of '41 he was establishing in Nazi-occupied Paris an Institute for the Study of Human Problems, financed by subventions totaling 40,000,000 francs from Marshal Pétain's Vichy government. It was to be modeled after the great institute he had envisaged in *Man, the Unknown*. He proposed to send researchers to all parts of the world to gather information and compile data "in such a way as to furnish the means of guiding men toward higher and better destinies."

The Lindberghs' social life was therefore limited, almost exclusively, to key people in America First. Quite often, he saw Lieutenant Colonel Truman Smith who, when Lindbergh began his broadcasts, had found himself in dire trouble with the administration because he was assumed to be one of those writing the Lindbergh scripts. (Others credited with this enterprise were Castle and Fulton Lewis, Jr.) Even now Smith paid in painful ways for his continuing friendship with Lindbergh: he was under orders not to talk about Lindbergh nor to discuss military matters with Lindbergh. On several occasions, in Smith's home, Lindbergh met and talked with Colonel Albert C. Wedemeyer who, nearly two decades later, would remain convinced that Lindbergh had been right in 1941 and would say so emphatically in a book, *Wedemeyer Reports*.

It was now generally known, however, that nobody "ghosted" or censored Lindbergh's speeches. He wrote them out in longhand, working long hours at his desk; he submitted them to no one for approval before he gave them; and a psychologist might sense in them the solitary anguish in which they were composed. Increasingly he overstated his case and engaged in sophistries to overcome the doubts which must now and then gnaw even at such a mind as his. Increasingly he used words as weapons with which to revenge himself upon those who hurt him. For he *was* hurt. Deeply hurt. How could he fail to be who—looking up from scribbled sheets of paper, his nerves frayed by the hardest kind of labor—must contemplate on every hand, as his labor's reward, the ruin of his fame and the growing virulence of his enemies?

In Little Falls the water tower which had proclaimed in painted

letters that *this* was the hero's home town was given a new coat of paint—and to it Lindbergh's name was not added. In Chicago it was announced that the world's tallest airplane beacon, atop the Palmolive Building, would no longer be known as the Lindbergh Beacon. Near Lake Village, Arkansas, a stone shaft had long marked the field whence the hero had made his first night flight in April 1923; in the summer of '41, "unknown persons" dumped yellow paint upon it and toppled it into weeds which had been permitted to grow up around it. In Charlotte, North Carolina, the city council changed the name of Lindbergh Drive to Avon Avenue. In Paris, in May of 1940, the Escadrille Lafayette, which had made him an honorary member in '27, ousted him from membership. In New York the flag mounted on the wall of the Hotel Lafayette's restaurant in commemoration of the Paris flight was removed because the sight of it angered customers. . . .

What sustained him, psychologically, against all this?

Anne no doubt indicated part of it when she remarked at a dinner party that "Charles . . . has the memory of his father with him." (She added, "I'm entirely alone.") His father's experience could remind him of the sufferings usual for prophets and messiahs, sufferings which later added to the power and the glory accorded them by history. He might also draw sustenance from that contempt for the masses, that conviction of the incapacity of common men to engage in "abstract reasoning," which permeated the arguments of Lawrence Dennis⁶ and Alexis Carrel. But probably what did most to keep him going through August into September was sheer inertia, the momentum of a commitment made in circumstances where its revocation was virtually impossible. He must go forward blindly, on cold nerve, trusting blindly in the fate which ruled him.

It had been remarked by many in recent years that his inclination toward Germany and totalitarianism was "fatalistic." Certainly there was a fatal logic in his situation. Fascist totalitarianism, deriving wholly from the feeling self, presented every man with a total choice:

⁶ Wrote Lawrence Dennis in the introduction to his *The Dynamics of War and Revolution*: "[This] book is addressed not to the masses but to the elite. . . . It is the governing minority of wealth, prestige and power, economic and cultural, present and future, which determines whether, when, where, how, and whom we fight. . . . If and when a majority of the elite . . . decide that the time has come for us to go to war, the masses will be made overnight to cry as lustily, sincerely, and innocently for war as a baby cries for milk." Dennis used Pareto's distinction between the "in-elite" and the "out-elite," the latter being the group "which would be running things if there occurred a shift of power." In Dennis's view, he himself belonged to this group, and so did Lindbergh.

one must be for or against it *in toto*. There was no possibility of successful negotiation with Hitler, either as external strategy or within the confines of one's own soul. And Lindbergh was driven step by step toward an at least tacit acceptance of those elements of Nazism which were most distasteful to him.

In early September 1941, this progress approached a moment tragic for him and for all who yet cherished in their hearts the image he had impressed upon them, fourteen years before, with his magnificent, lonely flight. . . .

6

The same logic had been operating inexorably upon America First as a whole.

From its inception, the organization had been bedeviled by the anti-Semitism which animated a significant portion of its supporters. A public effort to avoid it had been made in September 1940, when, at General Wood's insistence, Lessing J. Rosenwald, a Jew and a director of Sears, Roebuck, became a member of the executive committee. But Henry Ford, whose anti-Semitic campaign through the *Dearborn Independent* in the 1920s was not forgotten, was announced as a member of the executive committee at the same time,⁷ and Rosenwald had been forced by this fact to resign in early December of '40. Ford was then dropped from the top committee. With imperfect success, committee leaders had sought to prevent infiltration by, or alliance with, Father Coughlin's anti-Semitic followers (they were a core group of the Boston chapter) and to prevent notorious anti-Semites from speaking or joining in America First rallies. When the notorious Joe McWilliams, Jew-baiting Christian Mobilizer, appeared at the great Madison Square rally, John T. Flynn told Lindbergh backstage that he was "going to let that — have it!" Lindbergh replied that this was a "good idea, but don't be too violent." Whereupon Flynn called out from the platform: "We don't want McWilliams here—we are asking him to leave." There was loud applause, some of it obviously for McWilliams.

But at the same time, an investigation of war propaganda in motion

⁷ According to Wayne S. Cole's book, *America First: The Battle Against Intervention, 1940-41*, Stuart "deliberately" announced the two appointments simultaneously because he "hoped in this way to demonstrate that persons with different views were able to put aside differences and unite under America First to oppose intervention!" Ford, like Lindbergh, had accepted a Nazi decoration and been similarly attacked for doing so.

pictures was launched by isolationist senators Gerald P. Nye and Bennett Champ Clark, with America First support, and this was obviously designed to indicate that Jews, who owned more than half the picture industry, were trying for "racial" reasons to propagandize America into the conflict. Wendell L. Willkie became counsel for the motion-picture industry, branded the investigation anti-Semitic, and so embarrassed the senators that they soon discontinued their hearings.

Against this background, Lindbergh's frequent references to race and his use of the word "foreigner" in public speech had disturbed those who loathed and feared the rise of religious and racial prejudice which Hitler's example had stimulated in America.

He now took the fatal one step further.

Speaking in Des Moines on September 11, 1941, he declared that "the three most important groups who have been pressing this country toward war are the British, the Jewish and the Roosevelt administration." These "war agitators," he went on, "comprise only a small minority of our people; but they control a tremendous influence." He elaborated. "It is not difficult to understand why Jewish people desire the overthrow of Nazi Germany," he said. "The persecution they suffered in Germany would be sufficient to make bitter enemies of any race. No person with a sense of the dignity of mankind can condone the persecution the Jewish race suffered in Germany. But no person of honesty and vision can look on their pro-war policy here today without seeing the dangers involved in such a policy, both for us and for them." The threat in that last phrase was thinly veiled. He proceeded to tear the veil off entirely as he went on: "Instead of agitating for war the Jewish groups in this country should be opposing it in every possible way, for they will be among the first to feel its consequences. Tolerance is a virtue that depends upon peace and strength. History shows that it cannot survive war and devastation. A few far-sighted Jewish people realize this and stand opposed to intervention. But the majority still do not. Their greatest danger to this country lies in their large ownership and influence in our motion pictures, our press, our radio, and our government."

And that was the end of the hero. . . .

Up 'til this moment the bulk of his opponents had regarded him as pro-Nazi only because he had come (in the words of Robert Sherwood) "to the seemingly logical conclusion that Nazi Germany was invincible and that Britain, France, the United States and everyone else should wake up and, facing the facts of modern life, yield to the 'wave of the future.'" Now they felt forced to conclude that he was

playing with utter ruthlessness, and with the coldly cynical calculation of a Goebbels, for the highest stakes of power. They could not believe that his injection of the "Jewish problem" into the debate, in circumstances where it might mean abuse and even death to innocent people (for Father Coughlin's followers were daily beating up Jews on city streets in those days), was to the slightest degree inadvertent—and many of them pointed out that one of the most notable characteristics of Lindbergh had always been his forethoughtfulness, his careful detailed planning of every enterprise.

Even so, they agreed, he may have been astonished by the storm his words aroused—a storm greater than had ever before swirled about him. And blacker. Certainly other leaders of America First were disturbed by it.

Editorialized the *Des Moines Register*: "[It] may have been courageous for Colonel Lindbergh to say what was in his mind, but it was so lacking in appreciation of consequences—putting the best interpretation on it—that it disqualifies him for any pretensions of leadership of this republic in policy-making. . . . [The speech was] so intemperate, so unfair, so dangerous in its implications that it cannot but turn many spadefuls in the digging of the grave of his influence in this crisis." Said a Hearst editorial: "Charles A. Lindbergh's intemperate and intolerant address in Des Moines, in which racial and religious prejudices were incited—especially against the Jewish faith—should arouse universal protest and denunciation." Said Thomas E. Dewey: "Charles A. Lindbergh, in a national broadcast, injected religious and racial prejudice into a discussion of our foreign policy. That, I declare, is an inexcusable use of the right of freedom of speech which 130,000,000 Americans, regardless of their views, will wholly reject." Said Alfred E. Smith: "I greatly regret that Mr. Lindbergh has seen fit to inject anti-Semitism into his campaign against our foreign policy. It strikes at the very basis of our national unity. . . ." Said Wendell Willkie: "The most un-American talk made in my time by any person of national reputation."

Within the ranks of America First, motives were clarified. The national executive committee of the Socialist Party, which opposed intervention, termed the speech a "serious blow to democracy and to the movement to keep America out of the war." Socialist Norman Thomas, though he said that Lindbergh was "not as anti-Semitic as some who seize the opportunity to criticize him,"⁸ branded the speech

⁸ Dr. Gregory Mason, chairman of the Department of Journalism at New York University and chairman of the Stamford-Greenwich-Norwalk America First Chapter in Connecticut also found a "great deal of hypocrisy" on the part of "smug

as "amazingly hurtful" and refused thereafter to speak at America First meetings. John T. Flynn called the speech "stupid" and was sure it gave interventionists a golden opportunity to launch an "all-out smear campaign" against the isolationists. There were several protest resignations of influential people from local chapters. But between eighty-five and ninety per cent of the letters received at national headquarters supported the Des Moines statements, most of them asserting their belief that Lindbergh was not anti-Semitic but that what he said about the Jews was true. Anti-Semites in the New York chapter who had long agitated for the removal of Flynn from chapter chairmanship now redoubled their efforts, and one West Coast leader was sure that "for the first time hundreds will come in that otherwise have felt we were evading the truth as to who is largely responsible for the war push." Into national headquarters came dozens of letters so ugly and vicious in their anti-Semitism that they were stamped "Crank-Ignore." Thus developed the over-all view of the organization, which was that Lindbergh *perhaps* made a tactical error in saying what he did, that what he said was nevertheless true, and that in the long run it might do more "good" than "harm."

Not until two weeks had passed could the national committee agree on a public statement. This declared, on September 24, that "Colonel Lindbergh and his fellow members of the America First Committee are not anti-Semitic." "We deplore the injection of the race⁹ issue into the discussion of war or peace," the statement went on. "It is the interventionists who have done this. . . ." They did so, it seems, by attacking Lindbergh's explicit statements. . . .

A few days later, in Fort Wayne, Indiana, Lindbergh himself made oblique and ambiguous reference to the anti-Semitic charges against him. He had only tried to tell the "truth" as he saw it, and meanings and motives had been "falsely ascribed" to him. Actually he did not "speak out of hate for any individuals or any people." But he also gave evidence in this speech of a species of paranoia which must have

citizens . . . who sounded off to condemn Lindbergh on the basis of a hasty reading of two or three sentences" of the Des Moines speech. Many such citizens, Mason pointed out, "*practice* anti-Semitism every day of their lives" in that they belonged to "exclusive" clubs and lived in "exclusive" neighborhoods from which "Jews are strictly barred." He also pointed out that the Greenwich (Conn.) Real Estate Board opposed the renting or selling of houses to Jews in a section of Greenwich which had subscribed in a few weeks "enough money to buy England six ambulances . . . and from which comes the loudest local denunciation of Lindbergh."

⁹ It is a rule of thumb, to which exceptions must sometimes be made on grounds of ignorance, that those who speak of Jews as a "race" rather than a religion either are or tend to be anti-Semites.

frightened his personal friends. He spoke darkly of the possibility that "free speech" would soon be ended in this country (this in a meeting to which the representative of an interventionist magazine was refused a press pass and from which he was ousted when he entered anyway); asserted that the Congress "like the Reichstag" was not consulted on foreign policy matters; urged his listeners to "face the fact that you and I and our generation have lost our American heritage"; and more than hinted that future America First meetings might be prohibited by the administration. "If the time comes when we can no longer meet face to face as free men in a free country, we will meet together at the elections next year. . . ." he said, adding ominously: "But what if there are no elections next year?" This, said he, "may be my last address." (In Madison Square Garden in New York, a few weeks later, he addressed approximately 20,000 people. New York police were on hand to protect the meeting against riotous disturbance.)

Dorothy Thompson was encouraged by all this to publish in *Look Magazine* for November 18, 1941, an article which had six headings: "(1) I am absolutely certain that Lindbergh intends to emerge as America's savior; (2) I am absolutely certain that Lindbergh intends to be President of the United States; (3) I am absolutely certain that Lindbergh hates the present democratic system; (4) I am absolutely certain that Lindbergh intends to remake the democratic system; (5) I am absolutely certain that Lindbergh is pro-Nazi; (6) I am absolutely certain that Lindbergh foresees a new party along Nazi lines." She cited in support of each assertion specific public actions and statements by Lindbergh since 1938 and concluded: "If Hitler and his regime are defeated, or collapse, with or without active American participation in that defeat, Lindbergh may disappear from public life or change his line. But should Hitler win or force a negotiated peace with Britain, we may learn . . . that only the British fleet has stood between us and Lindbergh."

Certainly the closing sentence of the reference to Jews at Des Moines seemed to indicate a willingness if not a deliberate plan to use anti-Semitism as a means to political ends. Lindbergh had said that the Jews were a "danger" to this country—and not only through their "large ownership and influence in our motion pictures" but also because of their "large ownership and influence" of press, radio, even "our government." Easily ascertainable was the fact that Jews, in so far as they were an organized force at all, had considerably less national influence over the latter three enterprises than had several other pressure groupings whose alienation could adversely affect advertising

revenues and the election campaigns of politicians. Wrote W. W. Waymack of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune*: "Colonel Lindbergh's implication seems to be that they [the Jews] must curb themselves or alternately be curbed wherever the isolationists consider they have influence, including 'our government.' This is ominously close to the proscriptive policies—exclusion of Jews from public employment—applied from the first by the Nazis. . . ."

But now approached the end of the Great Debate.

The Battle of the Atlantic had been won by Britain; the British life line remained open and shipping losses were drastically reduced. Iceland had been occupied by U.S. troops. The President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain had met at sea to shape a joint declaration of war aims. In Russia, where the most extensive and intensive struggle of the war was being fought, the military strength under Stalin's command proved vastly greater than had been estimated by Allied intelligence; the Nazis were within thirty miles of Moscow, but everywhere their lines were overextended as the cruel Russian winter closed down and in the south they were forced to retreat from Rostov. In the far Pacific, the threat of Japanese aggression grew as Japan, capitalizing on the German invasion of Russia, forced Vichy France to give her bases in Indochina (July 23) from which to launch attacks against Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines. In mid-October, military extremists in Japan ousted the relatively "moderate" Premier Konoye and installed in his place General Tojo. The Pacific crisis grew acute. . . .

On Sunday, December 7, 1941, Japanese bombs rained down on Pearl Harbor.

The Lindberghs were living at Seven-Gates Farm near West Tisbury, on Martha's Vineyard. What did he think and feel as he sat that day, like so many millions of his fellow Americans, before the radio? It was at once clear that the United States would not, could not confine its war effort to a suppression of the yellow peril. Indeed the major effort at the outset would be directed against Nazi Germany whose total defeat would be deemed prerequisite to the ultimate war effort against Japan. And in the public mind, Lindbergh's image was stamped with the swastika, his name linked to "Copperhead" by the commander in chief himself. . . .

But we *could* have stayed out of this war! We *should* have! We had been pushed in and dragged in by the Roosevelt administration. He

remained convinced of that, on Pearl Harbor Day and ever afterward.

Within a few minutes after the news flash from Hawaii, reporters were trying to see him. They were refused. He also refused to answer the telephone or reply to any telegrams questioning him about his present position and future plans. He continued to do so during the weeks that followed.

Through the national headquarters of America First, however, he released on December 8 the following statement:

"We have been stepping closer to war for many months. Now it has come and we must meet it as united Americans regardless of our attitude in the past toward the policy our government has followed. Whether or not that policy has been wise, our country has been attacked by force of arms and by force of arms we must retaliate. Our own defenses and our own military position have already been neglected too long. We must now turn every effort to building up the greatest and most efficient Army, Navy, and Air Force in the world. When American soldiers go to war, it must be with the best equipment that modern skill can design and that modern industry can build."

On December 30, General Arnold disclosed in Washington that he had received a letter from Lindbergh volunteering his services in the Air Corps. Arnold wanted to accept the offer. "Lindbergh's act indicates a definite change from his isolationist stand and expresses his deep desire to help the country along the lines in which he trained himself for many years," Arnold said. But when it was hinted to Lindbergh that he must publicly admit he had been wrong if the White House were to permit his resigned commission to be restored to him, he in his pride of manhood flatly refused. It was then clear that the White House was adamant in its refusal to forgive and forget. "You can't have an officer leading men who thinks we're licked before we start," a Roosevelt intimate had said to a writer in the summer of '41, "and that's that." There were, no doubt, other considerations in the mind of a master politician who must take a long view. Suppose that Colonel Lindbergh emerged from the conflict into postwar chaos as an heroic General Lindbergh. Might he not then become the rallying point for political reaction of a kind dangerous to free institutions? He had certainly demonstrated his willingness to use whatever popular prestige he possessed for political ends opposite those of the New Deal. . . .

At any rate, citizen Lindbergh soon found that even his civilian services in any important capacity were not wanted by the White

THE END OF THE HERO

House: when United Aircraft sought to employ him, he reportedly insisted upon obtaining Washington clearance, whereupon United was told that his employment was frowned upon. He finally, in the spring of '42, went to work as consultant at Ford's Willow Run plant, where B-24 bombers were to be built.

SIXTEEN

Envoi

1

WHEN the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the central story which this book set out to tell was brought to its conclusion. This story was conceived to be that of a great popular hero; it was to show how he was created and how undone in twentieth century America. By the same token it was to be the story of a public mind and mood and, to a degree, of the forces which made and destroyed these. For heroism is the property of a relationship rather than of a person and has, as such, a double nature. On the one hand is the man who performs brave deeds, or seems to have performed them, and who possesses distinctive personal qualities. On the other hand is a certain kind of mass attention which focuses upon him and for which he is only partially (sometimes hardly at all) responsible. Both are needed to produce the phenomenon known as "hero." Withdraw the attention and the hero *qua* hero collapses.

So it was with Lindbergh. The heroic phenomenon bearing his name, which had loomed immensely over the American scene for thirteen years, had ceased to exist by the end of 1941. He, of course, continued to be admired by many and worshiped by a small minority of Americans. But those focused energies of mass adulation which had conditioned every aspect of his life were all dissipated, and they could never again be gathered together in the same way. Lauren (Deac) Lyman would write with truth in 1953 that "the special atmosphere and circumstances which generated [mass emotion over Lindbergh] are in the past" and that, though people continued to be interested in him, "the contagious crowd hysteria with its ghastly fringe of morbidity and crime is gone with the days that begot it." The diminution of his fame may be measured by reference to the New York *Times* Index. Almost every volume of this, from 1927 through 1941, contained columns of fine-print indexes to news stories about him.

More than three and a third columns were devoted to him in 1941. But in all the seventeen years which followed, the total number of references to him added up to only a column and three fourths, about half of 1941's, and in two of these years, 1951 and 1958, there was no mention of him whatever!

Yet the man who survived his heroism continued intensely alive, intensely active. He performed deeds no less brave than the one which had first made him famous. And he continued to be a remarkably interesting mind and personality. Indeed, he became more interesting than ever to those who would view his life as a process of education, for he himself began to view it so and to provide a kind of Greek chorus for the drama of his youth and young manhood. . . .

Few Americans served their country as valiantly and effectively as he during World War II. Having turned away from world politics to the field of his professional competency, for which his equipment was superb, he did everything he personally could to prove he had been a bad historical prophet, wholly mistaken in his estimates of the power potential of the Western democracies. Irony was here, surely. But there was also honorable expiation (not that he would ever confess the need for expiation) in the service he began to give with immense skill and energy and courage at Ford's Willow Run plant in the spring of 1942. He became a key figure at Willow Run as mass production of B-24s was initiated. He helped to solve the thousand problems which inevitably arose out of an unprecedentedly huge effort—and though assembly-line rigidities severely limited the number and range of improvements which could be made in the big bombers, several of these derived from the data he accumulated on test flights and from his trained talent for aeronautical engineering.

He also engaged in high-altitude ignition-breakdown tests of a Thunderbolt fighter plane. Characteristically, he prepared himself for these by going to the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota, which maintained an aero medical unit with an altitude chamber. In this he put himself through a series of tests during which he precisely noted his mental and physical reactions as the air was progressively thinned out until he fainted for lack of oxygen. He learned to spot the symptoms of an approaching black-out—a darkening of vision, a blurring of mind, an inability to "catch breath"—and that fifteen seconds of consciousness remained to him after the first such symptom appeared. The knowledge saved his life one day. Coming down from above 41,000 feet in the Thunderbolt he was testing, he felt at 36,000 feet the approach of a black-out and knew that the oxygen system had

failed, despite the fact that its gauge registered fifty pounds. He barely had time to jerk off the oxygen mask and turn his plane straight down before he fainted. At 15,000 feet, after a screaming dive of four miles during which he was brought to the very brink of death, he was sufficiently revived by thickening air to level out his flight. He came down to a safe landing. It was then discovered by a mechanic that the gauge was indeed defective: the oxygen tank was empty.

In the fall of 1943 he transferred from Ford to United Aircraft Corporation whose Connecticut plant was producing Corsair fighters for the Navy and Marine Corps. No protest against his employment by Ford had issued from Washington; none now came against his service to United where he was designated a technical consultant and performed a various role of test pilot, instructor, and aeronautical engineer. Again and again he proved that he was still a phenomenally skillful and accurate flier, his reflexes and stamina more than equaling those of perfectly conditioned youngsters half his age. Deac Lyman had been a United executive since 1938, and Deac was among those who told the postwar world how Lindbergh, demonstrating at pilot-training centers, habitually put a Corsair through tricks that aroused astonished admiration among his most knowledgeable observers. Once he went up with two of the best pilots in the Marine Corps and, in a high-altitude gunnery contest, outflew and outshot them both.

In the spring of 1944 he went into the Pacific as a technical representative of United, authorized to "study" under combat conditions the planes he had helped to make and test. What did "study" mean in these circumstances? Lindbergh's answer was simple: it meant flying planes in combat. And how could he, a civilian, engage in combat flying? He couldn't, not according to military regulations and international law; if he did so and were forced down behind enemy lines he could be shot as a spy. His colleagues in the Air Corps, however, solved the problem for him by placing an extra plane on the line when a mission was being staged. Into it Lindbergh would climb just before take-off, his action studiously ignored by the base commander. He then "went along for the ride," which was frequently a rough one. After a few missions from one island base he would move to another. His roving commission required him to do so, and he thus distributed among several commanders such blame as might be provoked by his illegal combat.

Altogether, he flew some fifty missions, thoroughly convincing his young comrades that he was a valuable asset to their hazardous enterprises despite his advanced years. (He was forty-two, and a man of

thirty was "old" for a fighter pilot.) He flew through flak so thick over Rabaul that one might, it appeared, step out of the cockpit and walk upon it. He flew fighter-bombers into target runs so steep they produced "gray-outs" as he pulled out of them, while on all sides the sky flickered with shell bursts and tracers. He engaged in ground-strafting missions requiring him to fly within a few feet, sometimes a few inches, of the jungle's treetops.

Twice, at least, he shot down Japanese Zeroes. Once he flew in a fighter formation accompanying a bombing raid on Japanese oil installations. Early in the fight a Zero roared in upon an American bomber directly in front of Lindbergh's P-38 Lightning. He swerved onto the Zero's tail, fired a short burst from his four .50 caliber machine guns, and watched the smoking Jap go down. On another day, over Japanese-held Amboina, his P-38 roared toward a head-on collision with a Zero. Both pilots fired steadily, both held stubbornly to course. It became a contest of cold nerve. At the last instant, Lindbergh saw smoke pour from the Zero, knew he had scored a fatal hit, and pulled his plane up to graze the Jap so narrowly that his plane's tail was jarred by the air bump. Behind him the Zero arched downward, trailing smoke, into the sea.

He himself later told of his brush with death while returning from an attack on the Japanese islands of Palau to Biak, off New Guinea—his thirty-sixth combat mission. A Zero dove out of a cloud to attack his wingman, and he turned too soon to go to his defense. "I should have climbed and made a wider circle," he admitted. As it was, the Jap promptly swerved and fastened on his tail, so near that gunfire could not possibly miss. Lindbergh, banking his plane steeply, calling on the last reserve of power in his motor, knew that death was but seconds away; he huddled behind the armor plate of his cockpit, waiting. The seconds, however, stretched out endlessly, as if world and time were frozen in eternity, until he saw to his astonishment that the Zero had somehow missed him after all and was now climbing steeply toward the clouds while a P-38 piloted by Captain Danforth P. Miller, firing full deflection, poured a stream of tracers toward it. Just before the Zero disappeared into a cloud, smoke streamed from it. . . .

This Palau raid, involving Lindbergh and three officers of the 475th Fighter Group, Fifth Air Force, was a demonstration of the greatest single contribution he made to his country's air war in the Pacific. Ground crews had noted with surprise that he consistently returned from his missions with much more gasoline in his P-38's tanks than did his companions. How did this happen? they asked. They learned

that Lindbergh, retaining habits of fuel economy from the days when he perforce operated to the very limit of his gasoline supply, habitually set his RPM lower and his propeller bite higher while cruising than his companions did. But didn't this damage the engine? Mechanics found it did not. They ran careful tests of the engine Lindbergh flew and found it to be in at least as good shape as those of his companions. The Lindbergh methods were thereupon broadcast throughout the service, adding some 500 miles to the P-38's range. "Lindbergh, in effect, gave us a new, much better airplane," said Colonel Charles H. MacDonald, who led the four-plane attack on Palau, an attack which completely surprised the enemy (three Jap planes were destroyed in addition to the Zero probably destroyed by Danforth) because the Japanese had assumed Palau to be far beyond the range of P-38s based at Biak.

He made other contributions toward more effective use of the planes on hand while simultaneously, in his reports, suggesting improvements to be built into planes of the immediate future. For instance, until he went to the Pacific it had been believed that the top bomb load for a Corsair, when used as a fighter-bomber, was approximately 2000 pounds. But one day Lindbergh took off with 4000 pounds of bombs, in addition to his machine-gun ammunition—and in a cross wind! Probably this was the heaviest load ever lifted by a single-engined fighter up 'til then and it was almost as great a test of nerve and flying skill as the take-off of his Paris flight had been. He had the narrowest margin of safety. But he did get his plane into the air, flew it through foul weather to Wotje, and dove it at a 65-degree angle toward Japanese gun installations there. He released his bombs on target and returned safely. . . .

One September day, 1944, Anne Lindbergh told Deac Lyman of a letter she had just received from her husband, enclosing a photograph of him broadly smiling as he had seldom done into a camera's eye since June of 1927. The photograph confirmed the impression Anne derived from his letters, that he was happier now than he had been for years. It was like the old days, Lindbergh had written—the days at Brooks and Kelly, of flying circuses and barnstorming and a pioneering air mail. He again belonged to the wild free fraternity of the air. . . .

He returned from the Pacific in late September 1944.

Meanwhile, in war-blasted Europe, where Nazi Germany reeled toward total collapse under such a concentration of destructive power as had never before been focused on any people, a major strand in the pattern of Lindbergh's life during the last dozen years was coming to its end.

In the third week of August 1944, Paris was liberated from the invaders. Four days later, Paris radio and transatlantic news dispatches announced that Dr. Alexis Carrel had been dismissed from his post as head of the Institute he had founded under the auspices, and with the financial aid, of Vichy France. Dr. Pasteur Vallery-Radot, Minister of Health in De Gaulle's Free French government, stated his intention to modify the Institute "deeply" and that Carrel's dismissal was a first step toward a necessary "purification" of its functions. Shortly thereafter, Dr. Radot's ministry announced that it had discovered "important new evidence conclusively showing . . . [Carrel] to have been a collaborationist." The assertion by officers of the F.F.I. (French Forces of the Interior) that he had been placed under arrest were, however, denied by De Gaulle's government.

Carrel himself, now seventy-one and desperately ill with a heart ailment which had been aggravated by the lack of proper food, vehemently denied the charges against him.

"I came and founded my institute for the children of my country and to put my theories into practice," he was quoted as saying. "I had one aim and I reached it. I am convinced I did not do anything against France."

His friends said he was "heartbroken over the accusations."

On the morning of November 5 he died in his home. Lengthy obituaries of him were printed in leading American papers. Stressed in them was the "artificial heart" Lindbergh had developed and for whose use such immense hopes had been aroused by Carrel a half dozen years before. "[The] high expectations . . . failed to materialize," said the *New York Times*, "and the experiments were discontinued after Doctor Carrel's retirement from the Rockefeller Institute in 1939." As for his great Paris Institute where, with two hundred colleagues, he was to "lay the groundwork for development of a superior type of human being along the lines indicated in . . . *Man, the Unknown*," it was not heard of again.

But the deep impress of Carrel's mind and personality upon Lindbergh remained operative in the world. Essential portions of the scientist's world view had become integral to Lindbergh's own and could not but color the flier's vision when, in May of 1945, he visited Germany as one of a group of engineers and military men to study the latest jet engine and rocket developments of German science. He returned two months later, profoundly depressed by the utter ruin of that Third Reich whose "spirit and organization" he had so much admired.

He had seen old women and young children hunting for scraps of food in army garbage pails; he had driven past miles of heaped rubble where once had stood houses, factories, office buildings, schools; and he "realized," he later wrote, "that a civilization had collapsed, one which was basically our own, stemming from the same Christian beliefs, rooted in similar history and culture." To executives of the *Chicago Tribune*, with whom he met a few days after his return, he made it clear that, in his view, the destruction of Nazi Germany had been a disastrous error. Seldom if ever before had a nation been as completely defeated as Germany, but "the disturbing fact remains that . . . we have not so far accomplished the objectives for which we went to war," he asserted. "There is less security there now than perhaps ever before, and less democracy." He was asked by a *Tribune* executive if he favored a withdrawal of the United States from Europe into "hemispheric isolation." He replied that always before he had favored a divorcement of America from Europe's "endless quarrels" but that, in the present circumstances, "to make ourselves independent of Europe's welfare is impossible."

Eleven days later, on August 6, 1945, a United States warplane dropped an atomic bomb on the Japanese city of Hiroshima, killing 50,000 men, women, and children outright and dooming thousands of others to slow, agonizing deaths. The event made a more profound impression on Lindbergh than it did on most, shocking though it was to all men, for he was at once acutely aware of the threat to mankind's survival presented by intercontinental rockets armed with atomic warheads. . . .

Never would he admit, or perhaps believe, that he had been mistaken in his world political stand from 1938 through 1941. He now indicated that his purpose had been to let Hitler and Stalin destroy one another while the Western democracies stood by as preservers of "Western civilization." (His actual speeches, of course, revealed a very different aim, namely the destruction of Communism by Nazism;

obviously he had believed that Russia would swiftly collapse under Hitler's attack and had been prepared to accept with equanimity the consequences this Nazi triumph must inevitably impose on "Western civilization.") He now expressed horror of "a ruthless dictatorial system" developed in Soviet Russia, in which millions were "denied justice" and "unknown numbers" labored as slaves, and by which a "record of bloodshed and oppression never equaled" had been made. (One searches his public speech in vain for a horror of such wickedness in Germany during the years of Hitler's triumphs, or for any later recognition of the fact that this "civilization" which was "basically our own" had maintained extermination camps in which six million men, women, and children were murdered.) And he pointed out that a principal consequence of our "stamping out" of the "menace" of Nazi Germany had been the "creation" of the "still greater menace of Soviet Russia."

But he did now publicly recognize, as he had not done before Pearl Harbor, that moral feelings and moral ideas are effective forces in history. He recognized that Nazi Germany had lacked "morality" and that this lack was a principal reason for her fall. He even indicated a vague awareness that profound insights into the condition of modern man might be gained by putting together two common sayings: "Knowledge is Power" and "Power tends to corrupt."

In a speech before the Aero Club in Washington on December 17, 1945, marking the forty-second anniversary of the Wright brothers' first airplane flight, he asserted that "the developments of science, improperly guided, can result in more harm than good." True, science gave power into the hands of men and nations. "But power alone has a limited life," he said. "History is full of its misuse. There is no better example than Nazi Germany. Power without moral force to guide it invariably ends in the destruction of the people who wield it. Power, to be ultimately successful, must be backed by morality; just as morality must be backed by power." The morality he referred to was synonymous with "Christian ideals." "To those who say such ideals are impractical, let us point out the failure of the Hitlerian regime. The philosophy of Christ may have been too intangible for the Nazi government to understand, but the rubble of Berlin is a sufficiently tangible result of their failure." His proposal for fusing "power" and "morality"—a proposal initially shocking to doctrinaire isolationists—was that a world organization be formed which would possess overwhelming military might and be guided by Christian ethical principles. The basis of this organization, however, was not to be the idea of

human "equality." Men were obviously *not* equal in ability and to give an equal governing power to all would be to give world control into the hands of Russians, Chinese, Indians, they being the most numerous peoples. No, the world organization must be dominated by peoples of "ability," namely "Western peoples, who developed modern science with its aviation and its atomic bomb."

Thus his proposal, which began by dismaying many isolationists, ended by dismaying those who hoped that a Punic War situation between Russia and the United States might be avoided and that a United Nations Organization might ultimately be developed into a genuine world government. "No believer in naked force, but in power tempered by morality, Lindbergh points to the fate of the Nazi regime as a horrible example of what happens when Christian virtues are forgotten," commented the *New Republic*. "Indeed, he is saddened by the lack of Christian qualities in the postwar world as shown by our 'complacency' at the hanging of Mussolini, at the 'court trials of our conquered enemies,' and in 'our attitude toward the famine-stricken peoples we have defeated.' There is no similar concern for the victims of Nazism. Lindbergh is so eager to forgive the enemies of mankind that he seems to have little sympathy for mankind itself. Through 'an organization led by Western peoples,' including a forgiven Germany, he is actually proposing to gang up on Russia as a Christian crusade. This is the real meaning of the speech and is in fact the new America First line. Not their ends but their means have changed."

He repeated and enlarged upon the ideas of this speech in a little book he published in 1948, entitled *Of Flight and Life*. In it he asserted flatly that a doctrine of universal equality among the peoples of the earth would be, for Americans, "a doctrine of death"; clearly we were a people of superior quality who would, by this pernicious doctrine, be overwhelmed by our inferiors. Not the "equality" but the "quality" of peoples, with a recognition of our own rare quality, must be emphasized as we worked our way into an unprecedentedly hazardous future, threatened every step of the way by a Soviet Russia which denied "human rights . . . even to a greater extent than they were denied in Nazi Germany." He seemed to find no contradiction between this restatement of the concept of a "master race" and the teachings of Jesus Christ to which he said he was committed: it was as if the New Testament and *Thus Spake Zarathustra* presented to his mind the same ethical message. He inveighed almost savagely against that "scientific materialism" to which he himself, as he con-

fessed, had formerly subscribed. He now realized, he said, that the survival of mankind in the dread atomic age required modern men to eschew the arrogance of intellectualism, to recognize the limitations of science, and to turn again, in prayerful humility, to God. "Our salvation, and our only salvation, lies in controlling the arm of western science by the mind of western philosophy guided by the eternal truths of God," he concluded. "It lies in the balanced qualities of mind, spirit, and body of our people."

The latter note in his published statements became increasingly dominant, his political pronouncements more recessive, during the years which followed. Some suspected that this shift of emphasis resulted from the disappointment of political ambitions, vague but strong, which had long been secretly nurtured in Lindbergh's breast. They pointed out that in the year after the war's end he made several gestures indicating his availability for the leadership, actual or symbolic, of whatever right-wing political movement might emerge from expected chaos. For instance, on November 13, 1945, he attended a "secret meeting" arranged by fifteen Republican congressmen from the Midwest in a private dining room of a Washington hotel. A North American Newspaper Alliance dispatch next morning said Lindbergh favored keeping the atomic bomb a complete American secret, advocated maintaining a U.S. air power superior to that of all the rest of the world, expressed a "strong mistrust of Russia," and "did not feel America should place trust in the United Nations Organization but should rely on our own strength." But if this were a political lightning rod shoved up into stormy skies in the hope lightning might strike, it failed in its purpose and was quickly drawn down again. Indeed, it was drawn down in such a way as to cast doubt on the belief that it had been originally inspired by any personal political ambition. On November 19, Lindbergh issued a statement saying he had been misquoted: the atomic bomb made "imperative" a world organization for the control of destructive forces and he supported President Truman, Prime Minister Attlee, and Canada's Mackenzie King in "a stand based on the preservation of our civilization, offering justice to all nations and asking only justice in return. I have not changed my belief that World War II could have been avoided," he said, "but the issue between so-called isolationists and interventionists is past. . . . We fought the war together and we face the future together—a future that is more fraught with danger than the war itself." He did not again place himself publicly in a position where his words and deeds must inevitably have partisan political implications.

As his public interest in politics waned, he spoke somewhat less of "Western man" and "Western civilization," somewhat more of mankind as a whole and of the problems of survival common to all. He became increasingly concerned to understand the inward meaning and philosophic implications of his own experience. He looked back over his own life—so strange a life in so many ways—and he asked himself what it meant. What had he learned?

In 1953 he published an autobiographical work, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, wherein he mingled the story of his life up to the spring of 1927 with the story of his Paris flight. He realized and said to a friend that "the man who made the flight is not the man who wrote this book"; it was the latter who, looking back upon the "lonely boy" of 1927, precariously suspended between sky and sea, put into that boy's mind a stream of consciousness whereby the Lindbergh life was viewed as a pilgrimage from "scientific materialism" toward God. It was the mature man who, through many vicissitudes, had come to believe that fragmented modern men, so disastrously torn between emotion and intellect, between externalism and inwardness, could be made whole again only through the worship of God. Balance. Wholeness. A full exercise of all the faculties. A living awareness of oneself in relation to the natural world. These were ends which all men should pursue, which were with great difficulty pursued in the world our science had made, but which must somehow be reached if we were to survive the age of total destructive power we ourselves had devised. Everything was now overbalanced on the side of materialism, and materialism, unchecked, was certain to kill us sooner or later. Our survival over the long run required us to realize that scientific truths are partial and properly subordinate to those glimpses of the whole which the mystic vision of religion alone can give us. . . .

On the evening of January 25, 1954, Lindbergh was awarded the Daniel Guggenheim Medal at the Honors Night Dinner of the twenty-second annual meeting of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences in New York's Hotel Astor. In his acceptance speech he spoke nostalgically of the days "most of us remember when the requirements of living enforced a more balanced life." In those days there was far less efficiency and specialization than now, but there was a better balance of mind and body. "As a lawyer, my father harnessed a horse to carry on his business. As a young pilot, I unlashd my wings from fence posts, and pulled through my own propeller." Thus his father and he knew the feel of rain and the smell of earth as few men may know these in a time emphasizing efficiency above all else, an efficiency

"which immobilizes the muscles and the senses while it overactivates the brain." He regretted the loss of those sensations of flying which were obtained in an open cockpit plane, and he indicated that this loss was symptomatic of a scientific "progress" which had forgotten the human ends it ought to serve.

"Within the bounds of natural law, man's destiny is shaped by man's desire," he said. "We desired a mechanistic civilization; that set the trend, and we achieved one. To achieve a civilization based on human values requires the desire within ourselves. If we actually have that desire, our scientific, industrial, and military forces will fall, automatically, into line behind it, supporting with material strength the human qualities essential to over-all power and permanent survival. But we must have more than an intellectual desire, filed away in the archives of idea. It must enter the roots of our being until it shapes our action instinctively as well as through the conscious mind, until we see the producer as more important than his product, and find it no sacrifice to renounce material standards of success—until we realize in our bones as well as in our brains that the character of man still forms the essential core of a lasting civilization."

One may sense in all this a latent anti-intellectualism extremely dangerous in an age possessing weapons of total destruction and only too prone to yield to totalitarian passions. One may wonder why it is that men of action, who make a fetish of hard common sense, accuracy, and precision in their vocational fields, so often incline toward a cloudy mysticism when they turn to philosophy, a mysticism in which all definitions are blurred and in which flatly contradictory concepts are presented (if vaguely) as equally true. But at the same time one cannot but sympathize with this earnest groping for answers, this struggle for meanings. Here, we feel, is a serious man. He remains unsatisfied by creature comforts and sensual pleasures. He rebels against that triviality of mind which advertising men generate as a prerequisite of mass purchasing and consumption. He demands to know *why*: he concerns himself with essential questions. No doubt they are questions which can never be finally answered in a continuously evolving universe, but they are nonetheless questions every human being must strive to answer if he would be truly human. . . .

He continued to serve his country's armed forces in the area of his professional competency, his missions being always confidential, never widely publicized, and often highly secret. "Some of his services cannot be discussed even in a general way," General Carl Spaatz, former chief of the Air Force, told Deac Lyman in 1953. "I will say he has rendered extremely valuable service, [and] not only in technical matters. . . . Many of his flights and some of his missions were of the difficult kind." When the armed forces were unified, he served for a time as special consultant to the Air Force's chief of staff. He made a survey of U.S. troop morale in Germany and the NATO countries. He visited air bases all over America, Alaska, Japan, the Philippines; flew the newest jet planes; went on bomber training missions over Arctic wastes; and again and again engaged in fact finding and evaluating assignments influential of high defense policy. He was a member of the Air Force Academy Site Selection Board, traveling across the nation for many months with General Spaatz, Hubert Harmon, and President Virgil Hancher of the State University of Iowa, the Board's other members.

In 1953, when the Eisenhower administration took office, steps were taken to correct the injustice alleged, by Republicans, to have been done Lindbergh by Roosevelt. In February of 1954 he was nominated by the President for appointment to the rank of brigadier general in the United States Air Force Reserve, a nomination which was confirmed in April of that year. At about the same time he was appointed to a panel of the Air Force's Scientific Advisory Board whose special assignment was ballistic-missile defense. Reportedly, he was seriously considered by the Eisenhower administration for appointment as Secretary of the Air Force to succeed Harold Talbott after Talbott's forced resignation in 1955 but rejected the idea categorically when it was broached to him. "He said he would not serve in a high and conspicuous public office," one of his friends explained, "though he was ready to serve in any capacity that would not disturb the relative quiet and anonymity of his present mode of life."

The center of this life now was a house at Scott's Cove on the outskirts of Darien, Connecticut, purchased by the Lindberghs in 1946. Built in modified English Tudor style, it had behind it some three acres which were permitted to grow up in wilderness. Along the shore

was a sea wall, broken at one point. Through this break, Lindbergh and the children went down to the sea for swimming.

There were yet children, in the plural, even after Jon and Land had grown up and left home in the later 1950s. Teen-aged Anne had a younger brother, Scott, born in August of 1942, and a younger sister, Reeve, born in October 1945. Lindbergh spent much time with them when he was at home, often displaying a stamina and hardihood which they could not match as they all played together.

As he advanced into his fifties he began to grow bald and gray, but there were few lines on his face, his distance vision remained acute, and his weight of 175 pounds remained distributed as hard lean muscle over a tall, erect figure. His general appearance was that of a man more than ten years younger than he, his physical activities those of an athletic man in his early thirties. Skin-diving became a favorite sport of his (Jon was a Navy "frog man" for a time) and he sometimes engaged in it on winter days so cold that most men huddled into overcoats. To his longtime friends he seemed immune to the ravages of time.

The years were ruthless, all the same, and he himself was forcibly reminded of that fact whenever, in the late 1940s and early 1950s, he saw his mother. . . .

In the spring of 1942 Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh, going about her duties in Cass Technical High School, had begun to notice certain alarming physical symptoms. One of her hands seemed to be partially paralyzed. She retired from teaching the following autumn. There were no farewell parties and no gifts to her from her colleagues at Cass: none of them had known that she planned to retire, and probably there would have been no farewell ceremonies even had they known. She would have wanted none.

She had continued to be an intensely private person, virtually unknown to those who had had daily association with her during nineteen school years. Everyone had remarked her peculiarities. She invariably wore her hat in classroom and laboratory; no one knew why. She kept her chemistry supplies locked up and would not trust a fellow teacher with the key; when one of her colleagues wished to borrow from her she went to the locker herself, took the desired materials from it, then carefully locked it up again. At staff meetings, which she was required to attend, she spoke never a word; instead she sat in the quietest corner of the room and read a book or magazine until the meeting ended. She made no effort to achieve promotion from her

rank of "second assistant," the middle rank on the Cass faculty, though she was an excellent teacher and fully capable of handling the advanced chemistry courses which would have been assigned her had she become a "first assistant." Of her fellows she asked only that they leave her alone, though she was unfailingly courteous to them. After she had retired, she flatly refused to submit to an annual physical check up by a nurse representing the Board of Education, a check up required for all pensioners of the Detroit public-school system. The rule was suspended in her case.

For a dozen years, while her nervous system was slowly destroyed by Parkinson's disease, she lived in seclusion with her brother, Charles H. Land, at 508 Lake Pointe Avenue. She died there on September 7, 1954. Her will, dated October 15, 1945, was admitted to probate three weeks later. It divided her estate of approximately \$5000 equally between her son and her brother. "My son, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, is my heir and would be the natural recipient of my estate," said her will. "Such a disposition would be my preference because in an inadequate way it would recognize a devotion to me which has been full and constant and which has been expressed in many material and spiritual forms. My son, however, has stated that the disposition herein made would be his preference and I am happy to accede to his request."

Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Anne's mother, died in the following year.

Though the Lindberghs were now able to live a normal social life (they were seldom recognized when they appeared in public), they cared little for society and much for quiet family pleasures—long walks through the woods, music and games before the fireplace of an evening, picnics on the beach, and private conversations ranging over books they were reading, and current affairs, and those large questions of life and destiny with which they were both concerned. Both of them were busy with writing projects. Anne published in the mid-1950s a little book entitled *Gift from the Sea* which had a gratifying critical reception and an immense popular success, particularly among the women to whom it was addressed. Autobiographical, as were all her writings, it dealt with the necessity for an occasional solitary disengagement from the workaday world, from all family and social ties, all the normal demands upon one's time and energy, in order to come to terms again with the natural world and with oneself.

Even greater was the critical and popular success of *The Spirit of St. Louis*. Lindbergh had begun the book in Paris in 1938, and from

that moment until the completion of its final draft in 1952 it had occupied much of his thought and a good portion of his time. He had worked on it in a dozen distant parts of the world—the South Pacific, on ships crossing the Atlantic, in the Army and Navy Club in Washington, even on a bomber flying over the Arctic. He completely rewrote it eight times before he and Anne were satisfied with it. The effort received a sufficient reward, both in money and honor, though at some risk to that anonymity which Lindbergh was said to cherish. The *Saturday Evening Post* paid \$100,000 for first serial rights to it; Warner Brothers paid a reported \$1,000,000 for the motion-picture rights; the Book-of-the-Month Club made it a major selection; professional critics praised it in superlatives in top-featured reviews; it was one of the dozen or so best-selling books of its year, and it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for biography in May of 1954.

When the motion picture was released, however, in 1957, with James Stewart in the starring role, Warner Brothers made an astonishing and dismaying discovery. Despite a great deal of favorable publicity, far more than was accorded most big-budget productions, the movie version of *The Spirit of St. Louis* did poorly at the box office. A poll of “sneak-preview” audiences disclosed one reason: very few movie-goers under forty either knew or cared about Lindbergh.

Shortly thereafter, *The New Yorker* Magazine published a cartoon showing a father walking with his puzzled young son from a theater in which the picture was playing. “If everyone thought what he did was so marvelous,” asked the boy, “how come he never got famous?”

Bibliographical Essay

THE SPECIAL circumstances under which this book was written seemed to require that everything in it be documented, so far as possible, and as I wrote out my source notes I found myself making comments on them and on the story I have to tell. I did so in uninhibited fashion because I did not intend the resultant essay to be published. Indeed, I was inclined to oppose publication of it because it seemed to me a rather pretentious display of "scholarship." My editor, however, and the few others who have read the work in manuscript seem convinced that the notes are not only interesting but also add to the value of the main body of the book. I hope they do.

At any rate they indicate my specific obligations to people, publications, libraries, museums. I wish here to add my thanks to staff members of the Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois; the Lindbergh Museum, Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, Missouri; the Public Library of St. Louis; the Wisconsin Historical Society, Madison, Wisconsin; the Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, Minnesota; the John Crerar Library, Chicago, Illinois; and the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. I owe a special debt to Marvin W. McFarland, head of the Aeronautics Section of the Science and Technology Division of the Library of Congress, who found himself between two fires when I applied to him for help. He had an official obligation to the Library and its clients; he had a personal obligation to his friend, Charles Lindbergh; and he has satisfied both obligations by facilitating my research while vehemently disagreeing with certain of my conclusions, causing me to test the latter carefully and, on occasion, to modify them.

CHAPTER ONE: *"Boy in a Landscape"*

Charles A. Lindbergh's autobiography, *The Spirit of St. Louis* (Scribner's, 1953) contains, pp. 333-36, a graphic description of his

return to Little Falls as a boy after a winter in Washington, D.C. His dislike of life in Washington and facts as to what he saw and did there are recorded by him on pp. 311-13 of his book. More important to the evocation of landscape moods and details were visits I made to the boyhood scenes which Lindbergh mentions, during which much of the material in his book was repeated by, and supplemented by, interviews with Little Falls residents, notably Nels Thompson (elder brother of W. A. [Bill] Thompson) and Arthur W. Ohland, caretaker of the house (now a museum, restored to the condition it was in when Lindbergh was a boy) in the Charles A. Lindbergh Memorial Park at Little Falls.

For descriptive material in this chapter, reference was also made to the following: folders issued by the Little Falls Chamber of Commerce; No. 49 (Morrison County) of an *Inventory of County Archives of Minnesota*, prepared by the Minnesota Historical Records Project of the Works Progress Administration and published as a mimeographed document in April 1940; *Pine, Stream, and Prairie*, by James Gray (Knopf, 1945); *North Star Country*, by Meridel Le Sueur (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1945); *Vestiges of Glacial Man in Central Minnesota*, by Frances E. Babbitt of Little Falls, Morrison County (Salem, 1884); and *Minnesota, A State Guide*, by the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration (Viking, 1938).

Of particular value were *Lindbergh the Flier of Little Falls*, an illustrated pamphlet issued by Little Falls High School (Little Falls, Minnesota, 1928); and a folder, "Charles A. Lindbergh Memorial Park," issued without date by the Division of State Parks and the Department of Conservation of Minnesota, in conjunction with the Minnesota Historical Society. The pamphlet issued by the high school contains a biographical sketch of the aviator, brief but accurate, up to the time of his graduation from high school, and has a photograph of him as a baby, and as a boy with his spotted dog, as well as photographs of his parents which, more than others seen by the present writer, imply the kind of character portrayal of them given in this chapter. The folder concerning the memorial park contains a sketch of the elder Lindbergh's life and a history of the Lindbergh farm; it was personally reviewed if not in part prepared by the aviator himself and includes a description of the house and furnishings which were destroyed in the fire of August 6, 1906, and facts concerning that fire. Information on the fire was also derived from Nels Thompson, who remembers the occasion vividly, and from the Lindbergh autobiography, pp. 372-73. Strange to say, no account of the fire could be found in the *Little Falls Transcript* of appropriate date. Possibly the fact that the *Transcript* was supporting Representative C. B. Buckman for re-election to the congressional seat which C. A. Lindbergh sought

made the paper reluctant to give Lindbergh publicity of any "sympathetic" kind.

The story of the elder Lindbergh's marriage to Mary LaFond is based on an account in the Little Falls (Minn.) *Transcript*, April 8, 1887. General facts concerning the LaFond family were gleaned from interviews and a review of the local newspapers for those years, notably from an obituary of F. X. LaFond, uncle of Mary, appearing in the *Morrison County Democrat* for March 3, 1893. Especially helpful in this as in other matters was *The Lindberghs*, a biography of the elder Lindbergh by Lynn and Dora B. Haines (Vanguard and/or *McCall's Magazine*, 1931), pp. 62-63. The *Morrison County Democrat* for March 3, 1898, tells of C.A.'s return from his six-week vacation in Hot Springs and Washington, and the directly quoted words are from this story. The death of Mary LaFond Lindbergh, told in detail, with a glowing assessment of her character, provided the leading news in the *Transcript* for April 19, 1898. A similar detailed story of this event appeared in the *Morrison County Democrat* for April 21, 1898. As for the elder Lindbergh's lack of overt emotional response to personal tragedy, it is repeatedly stressed by the Haineses in their biography of him and in every article about him written by those who knew him well, as well as by older people in Little Falls who personally remember him. The Haineses write of Mary LaFond Lindbergh's death as follows (page 74): "Then in 1896 [sic] Mary died—another blow to his happiness. Yet the repression of that and all subsequent tragedy was so complete that neither the closest of kin nor intimate friends were fully aware of what it meant to him."

The Detroit (Mich.) *Free Press* for March 28, 1901, contained an account of the marriage of the elder Lindbergh to Evangeline Lodge Land on the evening of March 27. The phrases in quotation marks are from the *Free Press* story. The Little Falls *Transcript* for May 16, 1901, notes among the "Personals" that "Mr. and Mrs. Lindbergh arrived this morning from an extended wedding tour." As for the estrangement and separation of the elder Lindbergh and his second wife, it was, of course, commented upon by Little Falls residents and by officers and teachers of Cass Technical High School in Detroit, where she taught (as she had in Madison, Wisconsin) for several years before her husband's death. The Haineses refer to it on page 85 of *The Lindberghs*: "Early in their married life, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lindbergh were estranged. Charles' home was always with his mother. . . ." The assessment of Mrs. Lindbergh's character derives from interviews with people who knew her in Little Falls, Madison, and Detroit, and from numerous newspaper and magazine stories appearing just before and for years after her son's Paris flight. Arthur Ohland speaks for many, revealing the kind of village attitude which inspired Sinclair Lewis's Carol Kennicott, when he blames the failure of the

marriage upon the fact that Mrs. Lindbergh, as a "college graduate," was "overeducated"—for a woman, that is. One of Mrs. Lindbergh's water colors now (1958) hangs in the living room of the farmhouse.

The story of the boy Lindbergh's being "lost" and finding his way home by walking away from the sun was printed in *Charles Lindbergh, His Life*, by Dale Van Every and Morris De Haven Tracy (Appleton, 1927), page 25. Prior to that it appeared in a United Press syndication to scores of its newspaper clients; it derived originally (apparently) from an interview with the boy's mother. The facts that Grandfather Land gave the boy Lindbergh a .22 rifle when the latter was six, that the elder Lindbergh gave his son a Savage repeater when the son was seven and, later, a Winchester 12-gauge shotgun, are recorded on page 377 of the flier's autobiography, where he also records that his father "let me walk behind him with a loaded gun at seven." The parenthetical episode about the boy's carrying a gun cocked and accidentally discharging it, grazing his big toe, is recounted at some length by the Haineses on pp. 71-72 of *The Lindberghs*. Both *The Spirit of St. Louis* and *The Lindberghs* tell of the elder Lindbergh's supplying the August Lindbergh family with game while a boy; the price quotations on various hides are from files of the St. Cloud (Minn.) *Democrat* for autumn and early winter of 1861.

The boy Lindbergh's love of solitude is remarked upon by everyone who knew him in his early days—and it is notable that very few knew him well. W. A. (Bill) Thompson, for instance, who was probably the boy Lindbergh's most intimate playmate for several years, nevertheless, told reporters that "he was not what might be called a buddy," according to Louis La Coss in the St. Louis (Mo.) *Globe-Democrat* Magazine for June 19, 1927. (The whole of the newspaper's magazine that day was devoted to this surprisingly accurate and well-written biography of the flier.) The story of Lindbergh's threat to jump from the top of the elm is from Bill Thompson by way of his brother, Leo, who in 1927 was an undertaker in Little Falls. It was printed in the La Coss Sunday feature biography, and the direct quotations in parentheses are from it. Newspapers too numerous to mention printed wire-service interviews with Mrs. Lindbergh in which she mentioned her son's having built a boat and spent days cruising in it, alone with his dog. It is mentioned in the United Press's syndicated biography by Van Every and Tracy, during the account of Lindbergh's boyhood, pp. 40-46.

On pp. 244-45 of his autobiography, Lindbergh tells of how he liked to lie "on my back in high timothy and redtop, hidden from passersby, watching white cumulus clouds drift overhead. . . ." And of how he was reminded by this of an airplane that had flown past the house one afternoon. He gives the impression here that this was the first plane he ever saw (though he doesn't explicitly say so), but in

newspaper interviews immediately following his flight to Paris he was quoted as saying he had seen his first plane at Fort Myer, Virginia. This last would have been the Wright brothers' plane, according to Marvin W. McFarland, editor of *THE PAPERS OF WILBUR AND ORVILLE WRIGHT*, in two volumes (McGraw-Hill, 1953). The psychologically revealing facts that he had as child and youth recurrent dreams "of falling off some high roof or precipice" and that, as a child, he was "fearful of the dark" though "by the light of day" he could "wander alone, tranquilly, through the most isolated places" are from *The Spirit of St. Louis*, pages 261 and 339 respectively. The direct quotation at the chapter's end is from *ibid*, page 339.

CHAPTER TWO: "*The Family, as Background and Education*"

Among the general works consulted for background and contextual material on Ola Månsson (August Lindbergh) were *A History of Sweden*, by Ingvar Andersson (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, London, 1956), pp. 358-62, which is a history of the reform movement of which Ola Månsson was a part and pp. 344-48 of which discuss the character and performance of Charles XV, whom Ola Månsson served as secretary when Charles as Crown Prince ruled as Regent for two years prior to the death of his father, Oscar I; *A History of Sweden*, by Neander N. Cronholm (published for author, Chicago, 1902), chapters XL and XLI of which deal with the reform movement and Charles XV; *The Background of Swedish Immigration, 1840-1930*, by Florence Edith Janson (University of Chicago Press, 1931), which details the issues with which Ola Månsson as *Riksdag* member must have been concerned; *Swedish Immigrants in Lincoln's Time*, by Nels Hokanson (Harper, 1942), especially pp. 14-16 which deal with motives for Swedish emigration in the 1850s and quote an August Lindbergh letter; *Swedes in America, 1638-1938*, edited by Adolph B. Benson and Naboth Hedin (Yale University Press, 1938), especially pp. 85-86, which tell of relative attractions of prairie and forest to Swedish immigrants in Minnesota (immigrants from Skåne moved onto the open prairie "without hesitation," says Eric Englund, author of the chapter on "Farmers," which indicates psychological significance in the fact that August Lindbergh, from Skåne, chose to homestead in forest); *Swedish-Americans of Minnesota*, compiled and edited by A. E. Strand (Lewis, 1910), especially chapter VIII, giving some of the flavor of Minnesota pioneer life, and chapter XVII on the Sioux War of 1862; *Minnesota in Three Centuries*, by Lucius F. Hubbard and Return I. Holcombe (Publishing Society of Minnesota, 1908), Volume 3 of which covers the period of August Lindbergh's pioneering; *A History of Minnesota*, by William Watts Folwell (Minnesota

Historical Society, 1926), the standard four-volume history consulted on all state historical matters; *The History of Minnesota*, by the Reverend Edward Duffield Neill (Minnesota Historical Company, 1882), chapter XXXII dealing with the Sioux massacres; *History of the Upper Mississippi Valley*, by the Reverend Mr. Neill and others (Minnesota Historical Company, 1881), containing an historical sketch of Melrose (pp. 432-35) and one of Sauk Center (pp. 460-65); and *Inventory of the County Archives of Minnesota*, No. 73, *Stearns County*, prepared by the Minnesota Historical Records Survey Project of the Works Progress Administration, May 1940 (it is a mimeographed document), pp. 4-26 of which sketch the history of Stearns County.

General works consulted when writing of the career of Charles A. Lindbergh the elder included Folwell (op. cit.), of which pp. 538-48 of Volume III sketch the history of the Non-Partisan League and the birth of the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota, including the Lindbergh campaign for governor in 1918; Hubbard and Holcombe (op. cit.) which contains a brief biographical sketch of Lindbergh on page 295 of Volume 4; Benson and Hedin (op. cit.) which, pp. 538-39, sketches the history of the Lindbergh family in Minnesota; Volume XIV of the *Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society, Minnesota Biographies*, compiled by Warren Upham and Mrs. Rose Barteau Dunlay (1912), containing one-paragraph sketches of Lindbergh, his brother Frank Albert, Clarence B. Buckman (whom Lindbergh defeated for Congress), and Moses LaFond (Lindbergh's first father-in-law); *The Populist Revolt*, by John D. Hicks (University of Minnesota Press, 1931), giving a general picture of the agrarian radical movement; *Agricultural Discontent in the Middle West, 1900-1939*, by Theodore Saloutos and John D. Hicks (University of Wisconsin Press, 1951), pp. 186-87 of which deal with Lindbergh's campaign for governor in 1918, though with several factual inaccuracies; *Midwestern Progressive Politics*, by Russel B. Nye (Michigan State College Press, 1951) which, on pp. 311-15, tells of the Non-Partisan League and its invasion of Minnesota; and *The Age of Reform*, by Richard Hofstadter (Knopf, 1955) which, citing the two Charles Lindberghs as examples, points to many instances in recent American history of a "liberal" father having a "reactionary" son (pp. 20-21) and makes stimulating suggestions as to the reasons for this.

W. H. Harvey's *Coin's Financial School* (Coin Publishing Co., 1894) and Ignatius Donnelly's *The American People's Money* (Laird and Lee, 1895) were referred to as books which influenced C. A. Lindbergh's views on monetary matters and also, to some extent, the forms of writing in which he published his views. He was, for instance, fond of employing imaginary dialogues among "Mr. Farmer," "Mr. Politician," "Mr. Banker," etc., as did both Harvey and Donnelly

in their widely circulated works. Meridel Le Sueur, in her *North Star Country* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1945) presents (page 288) an anecdote about Lindbergh's escaping vigilantes, who invaded a hall where he was speaking, by hurrying out the back door and being smuggled onto the caboose of a freight train whose brakeman was a member of the Non-Partisan League. Such things happened during the 1918 campaign, but this particular story is perhaps apocryphal.

Also consulted, of course, were the standard reference works: Dictionary of American Biography, edited by Dumas Malone for the American Council of Learned Societies (Scribner's, 1933), Volume XI of which contains a biographical sketch of Lindbergh; the Biographical Directory of the American Congress, 1774-1949 (House Document 607, 81st Congress, 2nd Session); bound volumes of the *Congressional Record* for the years of Lindbergh's membership in the House; and Who's Who in America (A. N. Marquis) for the appropriate years.

The most valuable single work for a student of C. A. Lindbergh's life is *The Lindberghs*, by Lynn and Dora B. Haines (Vanguard and/or *McCall's Magazine*, 1931). It is the only book-length biography of him, and its principal author, Lynn Haines (his widow completed the book after he had died with his work barely half done), derived much of his material from personal contacts with his subject. Unfortunately, the work was not professionally done nor very seriously published: there's no evidence that it was edited, it is poorly organized, and this fault is rendered the more serious by the lack of an index. However, the breath of life is in it and from it one gets a clear sense of C.A.'s personality as well as anecdotal material not elsewhere available. The book has obviously been much used by newspaper and magazine feature writers, none of whom, so far as I've observed, acknowledges his debt to it. (Cf. Richard L. Neuberger's "The Hero Had a Father," pp. 35 et al, *Esquire Magazine*, September 1937.) Much of the original source material from which the book was written is now available in the Minnesota Historical Society library in St. Paul, among the voluminous Haines papers. These include letters from and to Dora B. Haines as she sought, from C.A.'s old friends and acquaintances, factual and impressionistic material.

Haines tells (pp. 65-68) about the cooky jar of Louise Carline Lindbergh and of the "surprise presents" given her by her grandchildren, including a mud turtle from young Charles. Among the Haines papers is a letter from P. P. Ornberg of Litchfield, Minnesota, July 22, 1930, telling of the boy's having "some Mississippi baby mud turtles he was going to give as a present to his grandma." The photograph of August Lindbergh as a "fierce-looking old man," with his wife, hangs on the wall of the room furnished as C.A.'s study in the Lindbergh homestead at Little Falls. I saw another photograph of the old

man, fierce-eyed and bewhiskered, in the morgue of the *Detroit Free Press*. The other photograph I refer to, of Ola Månsson as a younger man, can be seen on page 491 of Volume 15 (1927) of the *American-Scandinavian Review*, illustrating an article on the Lindbergh family by James Creese.

Creese refers to an article on Ola Månsson (August Lindbergh) published in early June of 1927 in *Vecko-Journalen* (Weekly Journal) of Stockholm—an article which provided the material for a quite lengthy feature story published in the New York *Evening Post* and reprinted in the *Literary Digest* for June 25, 1927, pp. 54-55. It is from the latter that I derived the facts that Ola Månsson made his maiden speech during his first term in the *Riksdag*, sat for two provinces simultaneously, and had (as I quote from the *Post* directly) “an arrogant manner.” Haines claims (page 7) that Ola Månsson began “single-handed” the struggle which ultimately abolished the whipping post in Sweden and tells of the change of name and emigration on pp. 5, 7, 10, and 11. The August Lindbergh letter quoted on my pp. 31-32 was addressed to J. E. Peterson, postmarked Melrose, and was “brought to light” as a result of a “chance meeting in the Minnesota State Historical Society,” according to Haines (page 53), who reprints it in full (pp. 54-55). It is not now in those portions of the society collections open to the public. The letter is also quoted in Nels Hokanson’s *Swedish Immigrants in Lincoln’s Time* (op. cit.), page 15; Hokanson does not say where he found it, though he cites in his general bibliography *McCall’s Magazine* for July 1931, “article on the Lindberghs.”

Grace Lee Nute’s article on “The Lindbergh Colony,” which I quote directly on Ola Månsson’s conviction for embezzlement, is on pp. 243-58 of Volume 20 (1939) of *Minnesota History*, official quarterly magazine of the Minnesota Historical Society. The bulk of this article is a reprint from *Nyaste-öresunds-posten*, August 8, 1869, of a letter to that publication from M. O. Lindbergh, the flier’s half uncle, in America, but Miss Nute frames this with biographical material on Måns Olsson Lindbergh, casting light on the change of name and migration of the flier’s grandfather. Charles A. Lindbergh in his *The Spirit of St. Louis* says merely that his grandfather had “gotten into political and business troubles, lost practically everything he had, and sailed to America to start a new life when he was over fifty years of age” (page 221). The flier’s paternal aunt June (Mrs. W. A. Butler) was quoted in the Minneapolis (Minn.) *Evening Tribune*, May 21, 1927, (she then lived in Minneapolis) as saying that her father “lost his money by securing some notes for friends, so he set out for America to recoup his fortunes.”

As for August Lindbergh’s hospitality on the Melrose farm, it became part of the Lindbergh folklore when the flier became famous,

was mentioned in newspaper and magazine features, and its accuracy is attested to by Haines quotations from "a daughter" of "August and Louise" on pp. 45-46, whence comes the direct quote I use from C.A. The story of the "New Home" sewing machine is told in some detail by Haines on pp. 46-47, quoting directly from a letter written Mrs. Haines by Mrs. J. H. Seal. Another story, widely printed in June of 1927 (sometimes attributed to Arthur Gorman, C.A.'s former secretary, who was court reporter for District Judge J. A. Roeser in Little Falls in 1927) attests to the personal honesty of August Lindbergh, lending support to Grace Lee Nute's thesis that he was "framed" by enemies in Sweden. He walked from his farm to St. Cloud with his boy Charles to pay a tax debt, the story goes, and found that he'd miscalculated the interest on it. The latter took every cent in his pockets, leaving none for food or lodging, but rather than ask anyone for help he walked the thirty miles back to his farm, with Charles, both of them arriving home famished and near exhaustion. The fact that August Lindbergh's gold medal was traded for a breaking plow, widely reported in 1927, is found on page 4 of Haines and mentioned on page 221 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*. The quotation from August Lindbergh, on my page 29, comes from Haines, page 12.

The primary printed source of the story of August Lindbergh's sawmill accident is, apparently, an article by the Reverend C. S. Harrison, York, Nebraska, published in Volume XLIV of *Trees, Fruits, and Flowers of Minnesota* (transactions of the Minnesota State Horticultural Society and the twelve numbers of the *Minnesota Horticulturist* for 1916, Harrison and Smith Co., Minneapolis, 1916), pp. 356-57. The Reverend Mr. Harrison told the story orally at the 1916 annual meeting of the society before writing it out for publication. He was living in Sauk Center in 1861, preached the first sermon ever given there, and is the source of my information that August Lindbergh's log house measured 12 x 16. He "helped the doctor, and we took off the arm near the shoulder." He adds: "How poor the people were! Every dollar had a big task before it. The good doctor [his name was Hunter] only charged \$20. I rode quite a distance—got a little here and there and paid the bill." He went on to say that August Lindbergh's granddaughter Eva "has just written to me that she is going to be married in Minneapolis in June, and she wants me to perform the ceremony" because he was "the man who saved her grandpa." "Thus, after fifty-five years, stirring memories of the past are awakened and happy anticipations of the future." (The Reverend Mr. Harrison did perform the ceremony at the Hotel Leamington in Minneapolis when, in June 1916, Eva Lindbergh became the bride of George W. Christie, editor and publisher of a weekly newspaper at Red Lake Falls, Minnesota.)

The earliest books referring to the sawmill accident are Richard J.

Beamish's *The Story of Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle* (International Press, 1927), page 130, which says merely that August Lindbergh fell into a buzz saw "and amputation of an arm was the consequence"; and George Buchanan Fife's *Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle* (A. L. Burt, 1927), pp. 41-42. James Creese, in the afore-mentioned *American-Scandinavian Review* piece, has August Lindbergh amputating his own arm! Haines tells the story, with details he apparently obtained by direct interviews with people in the Melrose community as well as from C. A. Lindbergh, on pp. 15-17. He, for instance, gives the name of the neighbor who rode for the doctor (it was Mose Adley) and says that this doctor was attending a childbirth when Mose found him. On the other hand, he has it that the arm was completely "severed," leaving a "stump" which August Lindbergh grasped as he rode homeward—an improbability which Haines himself contradicts by having the arm amputated later. There is discrepancy as to which arm was lost: Harrison says it was the right arm, as does Fife, but I take as the final authority *The Spirit of St. Louis* which tells the story on pp. 221-22 and says it was the left arm.

The story of Louise Carline Lindbergh and the Indians who stole the ax is told by Haines, pp. 29-30, and *The Spirit of St. Louis*, pp. 220-21. The story of Charles Lindbergh the elder and the flies in school is told by Haines, pp. 35-36. The view of C.A.'s personality which I give is attested to by a dozen diverse sources. George M. Stephenson's sketch of him in *The Dictionary of American Biography* says: "Lindbergh was of the type to whom statues are erected only after many years. . . . Although generous, honest, and a champion of the common people, he had few personal friends." The direct quotes I make on my page 38 are from Volume I, No. 1 of *The Law of Rights, Realized and Unrealized*, 1905. Information concerning the Industrial Development Company was derived chiefly from a letter written by Carl Bolander of Little Falls, November 15, 1930, to Mrs. Dora B. Haines, in the Haines papers. This is my source for the interesting fact (in view of the growing estrangement of C.A. and his second wife) that C. H. Land was one of the five incorporators. Haines tells of the company on pp. 93-97. See also the three issues of *The Law of Rights, Realized and Unrealized*. My source for the story of C.A.'s walking with a friend back and forth across the bridge is Haines, page 98. The friend, unnamed, may well have been Carl Bolander.

For the story of the 1906 political campaign which C.A. won, I referred to bound copies of the Little Falls *Transcript* for 1906; to a letter in the Haines papers from Ed. M. LaFond, editor of the Little Falls *Transcript*, August (?) 1930; to Haines, pp. 99-104; and to *The Spirit of St. Louis*, pp. 308-9. The latter is my source for the picture of the boy Lindbergh going to church for the first time.

Carl Bolander, in a letter to Mrs. Haines dated February 12, 1930,

(in Haines papers) mentioned the duck-hunting episode which I refer to on page 41 and which Haines writes of at some length on pp. 75-76. Haines tells of the abdominal operation without anesthetic on pp. 262-63, and since Haines himself was involved, I've accepted his account as authentic. Prior to this publication of it in 1931, however, the story had been told over and over again in newspaper and magazine features without mentioning Haines's name, also in Fife (op. cit.), page 42, and *Charles Lindbergh, His Life*, by Dale Van Every and Morris De Haven Tracy (Appleton, 1927), pp. 18-19. The latter may indeed have been the first book publication of the story since this book is made up of articles syndicated to scores of newspapers by the United Press only a week or two after the Paris flight. The letter from Victor Murdock, which I quote on my page 42 and which Haines quotes (pp. 128-29), may be seen among the Haines papers. Written from Wichita, Kansas, September 23, 1930, addressed to Mrs. Lynn Haines, it has the following significant closing sentences: "If I was sizing up Lindbergh I would do it in a single word, 'Unowned.' No one and nothing had a free title to his soul." The quotation from C.A. on my page 42 is from a letter by James Manahan, of uncertain date, (see Haines papers), addressed to Mrs. Haines and is printed by Haines, page 295. The letter from C.A. to his daughter Eva, also quoted on my page 43, is in Haines, page 263.

The direct quotation from C.A. on child raising (my page 43) is from his *The Economic Pinch* (Dorrance, 1923), pp. 162-63. The story of the visit of C.A. and his son to the Ormberg home in Grove City is from a letter to Mrs. Haines (in Haines papers) from P. P. Ormberg, postmarked Litchfield, Minnesota, July 22, 1930; so are the direct quotations about the teen-aged Lindbergh in 1917. Ormberg, incidentally, was impressed by the fact that the boy Lindbergh's "eyes was entirely closed when he was laughing" and wondered "if he closes his eyes now when he is laughing." The story of the car brakes giving out on the hill going down into Duluth appears in Haines, page 86; *The Lindberghs, The Story of a Distinguished Family*, by P. J. O'Brien (International Press, 1935), page 20; and *Six Great Aviators*, by John Pudney (Hamish Hamilton, London, 1955), pp. 125-26. It seems probable that Haines got the story directly from C.A., but none of the above authors cites any source for it. My direct quote of C.A. is paraphrased from Haines, page 86, being precisely the kind of thing C.A. *would* have said and therefore probably did say. The camping trip which father and son took from the headwaters of the Mississippi to Little Falls is mentioned by virtually every magazine and newspaper feature writer doing biographical sketches of the flier in 1927, though practically all of these have the two of them proceeding from the headwaters to the *mouth* (1) of the river. Haines tells the story on pp. 146-48 (my direct quote of C.A. is from Haines) and it is

told in *The Spirit of St. Louis*, giving the boy Lindbergh's reactions to it, on pp. 391-93.

Walter Eli Quigley, among several others, says in an article, "Like Father, Like Son," *Saturday Evening Post* (Vol. 213, June 21, 1941, pp. 21 plus), that the five-year-old Lindbergh son stood behind his father when the latter was sworn in as congressman. Fred C. Kelly, official biographer of the Wright brothers, told me of the boy's playing on the congressman's office floor. Kelly at that time (1910 and after) was writing "Statesmen, Real and Near," the first daily Washington column ever syndicated, called regularly on Congressman Lindbergh, who was "good copy," and is my source for the "blond, lanky kid" quotation. Haines, on page 209, tells of C.A.'s rebuking his son's arrogance toward the secretary, quoting a letter written by Arthur Gorman. Quigley and Haines both stress C.A.'s incredible working hours.

The *New York Times* for April 5, 1913, tells of the first conference of Progressives in the House and of C.A.'s attendance, and my quotes on page 46 are from it. The story of the Little Falls post-mastership is told in a letter to Mrs. Haines from Ed. M. LaFond of Little Falls, November 26, 1930, in Haines papers. Haines tells the story with much detail on pp. 120-22. My direct quotations are from LaFond. In my next paragraph, all direct quotations are from the *Congressional Record*. Note especially the quotations of C.A.'s speech on women's suffrage, made on January 12, 1915 (page 1417 of the *Record* for the 3rd Session of the 63rd Congress); quotes from his speech on December 22, 1914 (page 567 of above-designated *Record*); and the extension of Mr. Lindbergh's remarks on "War Propaganda—Dollar Diplomacy vs. Patriotic America," for March 20, 1916. As regards C.A.'s *personal* attitude toward the use of tobacco and alcohol, Quigley says (op. cit): "He neither smoked nor used liquor, but he never attempted to impose his ideas on these vices upon me or anybody else. If I stopped the car to have a nip, he would go on with his conversation or preparing his speech for the next town and pay no attention." This was during C.A.'s campaign for the Senate in 1923, four years after Prohibition became national law and three years after the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. The *New York Tribune* for March 22, 1912, carried a full story of Lindbergh's resolution calling for radical changes in the form of federal government; it pleased him so greatly that he included it in full in a floor speech on April 2, 1912.

The *New York Times* editorial, "Hark from the Tombs," appeared on September 24, 1914; the news report of the Commission on Industrial Relations hearings, at which C.A. testified, was on page 1 of the *Times* for February 6, 1915; and the editorial commenting on the hearings appeared February 8, 1915. That C.A.'s identification of the

"evil system" with "evil men" increased as he grew older is abundantly evident in his writings. In his first book, *Banking and Currency*, he confined himself pretty much to indictments of the financial structure; in his last, *The Economic Pinch*, he angrily indicts the men who support the "present system," especially public officials and the "kept press." He writes (pp. 66-67 of *The Economic Pinch*): "All things demonstrate what happens when we accept the kept press falsehoods for truth, believe in the adroit schemes of the wealthy and listen with open mouths to the speeches of Congressmen whose statesmanship consists in sacrificing their constituents in return for the kept press support and good committee appointments. . . . We see the national catastrophe when we measure the work of these Congressmen—some of them called 'Grand Old Men'. . . . The power of the profiteers to make such 'ten-strikes' as some of the laws give them, brands these Congressmen with a seal of either childlike innocence, criminal negligence or treason." He makes clear his belief that there is nothing "innocent" about them; they are all part of a plot to lie and steal and corrupt others.

The resolution to investigate charges leveled against the Catholic Church by the Free Press Defense League was H. J. 264 of the 1st Session of the 64th Congress. James Manahan's letter, which I quote, is printed on pp. 222-23 of Haines. Several people interviewed in Little Falls mentioned this "anti-Catholic" resolution as the major cause of C.A.'s political downfall. The first quotation from Charles A. Lindbergh's *Why Is Your Country at War?* may be seen on page 33 of that book as reissued in 1934 through Dorrance; the second comes from pp. 26-27 of it; the third from page 32; the fourth from pp. 178-80. When reissued, the book had an introduction by Walter E. Quigley in which he told (page 7) about the "Palmer Raid" on the printing plant where Lindbergh's books were plated and stocked. Quigley tells the story also in his afore-mentioned *Saturday Evening Post* article, as do J. A. Fox in a by-lined story in the *Washington Star*, June 2, 1931, and Flora G. Orr in a by-lined story in the *Washington Daily News* for June 29, 1931, page 13.

The background for and major events of the 1918 primary campaign in Minnesota are given in general books cited earlier in these notes. Quigley, in the *Saturday Evening Post* piece, tells of Lindbergh's personal role in some detail and of the role played by John F. McGee—and of course the "feel" of the campaign, as well as major events of it (the latter generally distorted when they favor Lindbergh), were reflected not only in Minnesota newspapers but also in the national press. Both Quigley and Haines (pp. 281-82) quote McGee's testimony before the Senate Military Affairs Committee, given in full in the printed hearings. (McGee's chronic psychic imbalance later led him to suicide; appointed a federal judge in the 1920s, despite his

lack of judicial temperament, he shot himself in his chambers one day, ostensibly in protest against the crowding of his docket with Prohibition cases.) The direct quote from C.A., about "slowing down" the car after he'd been shot at, comes from Haines, page 283. The story of the "adjournment" of C.A.'s meeting from southern Minnesota into Iowa is told by Quigley in his introduction to the reissued *Why Is Your Country at War?*, pp. 8-10, Quigley being an eyewitness of that event. The quotation from C.A.'s talk with Quigley on election night is from Quigley's *Saturday Evening Post* piece.

The *Catholic Bulletin* for June 15, 1918 (a leaflet in the Minnesota Historical Society), contains the attack on Lindbergh. See also the thirty-minute speech by Representative Clarence B. Miller (Republican, Minnesota) in the *Congressional Record* for June 8, 1918. Miller's vituperative speech was promptly printed and widely distributed by anti-League forces as a leaflet bearing the title "Poison Book of Lindbergh," a copy of which is in the Minnesota Historical Society. This is the same Miller whom Lindbergh, in a speech printed in full in the *Duluth News-Tribune* for October 27, 1910, supported for reelection to the Congress, as follows: "Mr. Miller is one of the Progressives and an exceptionally able man and a good fighter. . . . He is my friend and I am his. . . ." Typical Miller statements in the 1918 speech, following quotations out of context from *Why Is Your Country at War?* are: "How vicious to pour such thoughts as these into the minds of those of our people whose loyalty to this country is questionable. This states the war was caused by selfish money interests who have brought on the awful conflict for sordid purposes. No more damnable doctrine than this ever fell from the lips of a man whose country's life is in danger." See further Richard Kingsley's "Recent Variation From the Two-Party System as Evidenced by the Nonpartisan League and the Agricultural Bloc," an unpublished master's thesis, University of Minnesota, 1923—though Kingsley evidently shapes his view of C.A.'s philosophy from quotations of C.A.'s works made by political enemies, for he cites extreme statements which, in context, are considerably modified.

An editorial in the *New York Times* for May 29, 1918, comments approvingly on Duluth's refusal to permit Lindbergh to speak there, saying, "Duluth is a passionately patriotic town" whereas "Mr. Lindbergh's patriotism may best be judged by dipping into his little book *Why Is Your Country at War?*" from which the editorialist then quotes. On June 20, 1918, the *New York Times* editorialized jubilantly on "A Great Defeat for the Non-Partisan League," pointing out that Townley was under indictment for "disloyal and seditious utterance" and adding (erroneously) that Lindbergh "has, we believe, the misfortune of being under indictment himself." The editorial claims Lindbergh was defeated by 75,000 votes, a fifty per cent increase of the

actual vote against him. Far from being the crushing defeat which the *Times* portrays, C.A.'s campaign vastly encouraged the League and was integral to the process whereby a strong Farmer-Labor Party was established in Minnesota. The quotation from Quigley on my page 54 comes from the *Saturday Evening Post* piece.

The Spirit of St. Louis, page 320, is my source of the fact granduncle Edwin Lodge attended at the birth of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., and on that and the following pages are given facts about the mother's Detroit family, including granduncle Albert Lodge's appearance and fiery disposition. A letter from Mrs. Evangeline L. Lindbergh to John J. Murphy, shortly after the 1927 flight, gave succinctly essential facts about her ancestry and was widely publicized in the press at the time. She says that her mother's mother, Emma B. Kissane, was born on December 10, 1818, in Douglas, Isle of Man, whence the family had moved from Tipperary; later the family moved back to Ireland. Mrs. Lindbergh's "grandmother's brother, Reuben Kissane, took the name of Lloyd and is well known in the records and history of the City of San Francisco." She adds: "Do not thank me for revealing Irish inheritance—all Irish descendants boast of it."

For information about Dr. Charles Henry Land, the flier's maternal grandfather, I referred to *Who's Who in America* for 1912-13 (the first edition in which his name appeared) and subsequent editions; to the 1954 edition of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, whose article on dentistry, Vol. 7, pp. 222-23, tells of progress in prosthetics and (it is a measure of his professional fame) mentions Land by name as inventor of the porcelain jacket crown; *The Story of Dentistry*, by M. D. K. Bremner (Brooklyn: Dental Items of Interest Publishing Co., Rev. Third Edition, 1954), which tells of the development of porcelain dentistry and says (page 220) "there seems to be no difference of opinion regarding the suitability of plastics for jacket crowns to replace the fragile porcelain introduced by C. H. Lund [sic] of Detroit in 1889"; *History of Dental Surgery*, by various authors, edited by Charles R. E. Koch (Chicago: The National Art Publishing Co., 1909), from page 207 of Volume I of which I derive my direct quotation about Land's attempt to control materials and processes by patents; and *A History of Dentistry*, by Arthur Ward Lufkin (Lea and Febiger, 1938) which, in 250 pages, covers the history of dentistry from the earliest times and, in a chapter on "The Age of Mechanical Progress," gives a chronology of "important events in later dental history" of which one was 1889, the event being Land's development of the porcelain jacket crown.

In the Wray Scrapbook of the Minnesota Historical Society are clippings of news features quoting Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh on her son's relations with his grandfather. Van Every and Tracy (op. cit.), deriving much of their information from Mrs. Lindbergh, tell of these

relations on pp. 20-24; and the flier himself tells of them on pp. 317-19 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*. The latter is my source for the facts that Grandfather Land disliked automobiles and motion pictures and impressed the boy with his phenomenal manual dexterity. Information concerning John C. Lodge, whom the flier doesn't mention in *Spirit*, was derived from material in the morgue of the Detroit *Free-Press* and from his Who's Who in America biography. Lodge writes in the latter that he was "elected on his record, without any campaign personally" to the office of mayor, 1928-29 (he was acting mayor in 1927), and to membership on the city council in 1932. It is on pp. 318-19 of *Spirit* that Lindbergh contrasts the "certainties" of science with the "opinions" of religion and politics. An indication of the kind of views he heard expressed at his grandfather's dinner table is his statement (page 319): "You can't prove the atheists are wrong, and you can't prove the Democrats are wrong, but the arguments of science can't be denied. . . ." The juxtaposition of "atheists" and "Democrats" signifies that his mother's people viewed public affairs from the standpoint of God-fearing Republicanism.

The views I take of Mrs. Lindbergh's raising of her son derive mostly from interviews with Little Falls people, supplemented, of course, by Lindbergh's revelations in his autobiography. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* Magazine for Sunday, June 19, 1927, devoted to a biography of Lindbergh the flier, indicates in part the view of the mother's character taken by Little Falls residents, when it says, in a box: "Many persons believe that Lewis has incorporated the Lindberghs in his novel, *Main Street*, with Mrs. Lindbergh being 'Carol Kennicott' and her father-in-law the 'Swede' upon whom her husband, 'Dr. Kennicott' performed the amputation on the kitchen table." It would have been quite possible for Sinclair Lewis as a boy to have heard, through his doctor-father, about pioneer surgery in the Sauk Center area where he grew up, with August Lindbergh's case as example. However the "Swede" whose arm Kennicott amputated was actually a German ("Adolph Morgenroth") and the amputation was only of the forearm. Nor was there any similarity of personality between Carol Kennicott and Mrs. Lindbergh. What is truly significant is that Little Falls people *thought* of Mrs. Lindbergh as an alien to their village, as Carol was to Gopher Prairie, because she was "too educated" and "superior," being concerned with aesthetic and intellectual values to which the typical villager gave slight heed.

The girl in Lindbergh's high-school history class, whom I quote, was Hazel Olson (now a Mrs. Winsenberg). Martin Engstrom, Little Falls hardware dealer, is quoted on Lindbergh's lack of interest in hunting, fishing, etc. Jim Fearing, barber in the Hotel Buckman, and James K. Michie, principal of the Little Falls High School in 1936, were among those interviewed by Ward Morehouse for a feature story

syndicated by the North American Newspaper Alliance and printed in the Minneapolis *Tribune* on May 20, 1936. My quotes of these two are from this story. The quotes from Mrs. W. A. Butler are from the interview with her published in the Minneapolis *Evening Tribune* for May 21, 1927. The quote from Bertha Rothwell is from a clipping in Wray Scrapbook, and from Van Every and Tracy (op. cit.), page 37. The quote from Roy Larson, head of the Larson Boat Works of Little Falls, is from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat Magazine* for Sunday, June 19, 1927.

CHAPTER THREE: "Toward the Wild Blue Yonder"

Martin Engstrom, the Little Falls hardware dealer, was extensively interviewed by journalists after Lindbergh's Paris flight and was interviewed by me in 1957. He is now notably reticent about the boy Lindbergh as he knew him, perhaps out of respect for Lindbergh's widely advertised aversion to personal publicity and perhaps because he has already told visiting journalists practically everything he knows. He did tell me (as he had many other writers) about Lindbergh's helping him fix the farm's motor-driven pump and about the boy's adeptness with combination locks. Others interviewed in Little Falls, many of whom prefer to remain anonymous, gave me their views of the boy Lindbergh's passion for machinery. The story of the fourteen-year-old boy's driving his mother and uncle to California in the Saxon has been told in dozens of newspaper and magazine features, including the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat Magazine*, Sunday, June 19, 1927; in *Lindbergh, the Flier of Little Falls*, booklet issued by the Little Falls High School in 1928; in *The Lindberghs, The Story of a Distinguished Family*, by P. J. O'Brien (International Press, 1935), page 20; in *The Lindberghs*, by Lynn and Dora B. Haines (Vanguard and/or McCall's, 1931), page 86; and Charles A. Lindbergh's *The Spirit of St. Louis*, pp. 318-19. I also heard the story from Arthur W. Ohland, caretaker of the Lindbergh Memorial in 1957. Haines (op. cit.) tells on page 20 of the boy's letter to his father, addressed to "C. A. Lindbergh" and signed with the same name. Martin Engstrom, during my talk with him, mentioned the boy Lindbergh's persuading his father to order a tractor; the story was published in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat Magazine*, June 19, 1927, and it is from this source that I derive the story of Roy Larson in the Little Falls power plant and of Lindbergh's racing his motorcycle past it.

Newspapers and magazines by the dozen recounted the story of the five-year-old Lindbergh and the Angora cat in Minneapolis. It may be found in *Charles Lindbergh, His Life*, by Dale Van Every and Morris De Haven Tracy (Appleton, 1927), pp. 40-41; and in *The Story of*

Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle, by Richard J. Beamish (International Press, 1927), pp. 155-56. A copy of Lindbergh's high-school grade record was given me by the Little Falls High School. The Wray Scrapbook in the Minnesota Historical Society library contains an undated (though obviously summer, 1927) news story from an unidentified paper which tells of "souvenirs and mementos of Lindbergh's early life at Little Falls" gathered by one Gerald V. Cannon of St. Paul, drum major of Minnesota's American Legion Drum Corps. Among the souvenirs were "about 300 leaves from books of the [Lindbergh] library" on which Lindbergh had made notations. Said Cannon: "During his idle moments he made drawings of airplanes and machinery on the corners of the pages, and these sketches and notations reveal, in a most interesting way, what was passing through his mind when he was a student." Résumés of his work on the farm were obtained from personal interviews, *The Flier of Little Falls*, the folder on the Charles A. Lindbergh Memorial Park issued jointly by the Division of State Parks of the Minnesota Department of Conservation and the Minnesota Historical Society, and *The Spirit of St. Louis*, notably page 246, where Lindbergh tells of the gangplow's turning over. Delos Dudley, in a personal interview in Madison, told me how disgruntled Lindbergh was with farming when the market collapsed in 1919 and '20 and of the influence C.A.'s thinking had had on young Lindbergh in this respect. Lindbergh's own reactions to farming are indicated in several places in *The Spirit of St. Louis*.

C. A. Lindbergh's magazine, *Lindbergh's National Farmer*, had virtually no circulation during its brief lifetime, and copies of it are now extremely rare. The Minnesota Historical Society has a complete run of it, however, and no one can examine these, I think, without being impressed by C.A.'s sincerity, naïveté, lack of journalistic talent, and stubborn if rather self-righteous courage. He displayed, too, a remarkable ignorance of the field of agricultural journalism into which he ventured, for he originally announced that the title of his magazine would be *The Progressive Farmer*, being unaware that a magazine of that name was already established as one of the most successful farm journals. When forced to reduce the format size, he explained that he did so because he would not support his magazine with advertising; "its editorials would [then] have to be colored to suit the advertisers." Following this statement ran Chapter I of *The World's Issue*, a new book on economic problems written by C.A. in his usual cumbersome style. The next and last issue of the magazine ran Chapter II of the book.

For information on young Lindbergh's three semesters at the University of Wisconsin, I consulted (in the Wisconsin Historical Society) microfilms of the Madison (Wis.) *Capital-Times* and *Wisconsin State Journal* and (in the library of the university) bound copies of the

student newspaper, *The Daily Cardinal*. All these published, immediately following the Paris flight, much material on the Lindbergh life in Madison. I also learned much from an interview with Delos Dudley there, and from an interview with Mrs. Eunice Rogers Plummer, widow of the Richard Plummer who was Lindbergh's friend; she lives now in Milwaukee and is engaged in welfare work in the school system. Plummer, by one of those strange coincidences one so often encounters, was first cousin of a good friend of mine, George Dormer of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who gave me some of my information about the relations between Plummer and Lindbergh. I, of course, visited the neighborhoods in which Lindbergh lived and, with Plummer and Dudley, worked or played. Dudley and Mrs. Plummer are my sources, though confirmed by many news features and magazine articles, for information on Lindbergh's "rebelliousness" against school routine, his recognized "oddity," his actual aversion to social activities, and at least apparent aversion to girls. The stories of the "bag rush" and the brakeless downhill run on the motorcycle came from Dudley who, as student, though far less shy than Lindbergh, had many attitudes in common with him: he joined the Triangle fraternity but never attended its parties because he hadn't the proper clothes, spending all his money on the tools and materials with which he and his friends worked in the Dudley basement. As for Lindbergh's relations with fraternities, or total lack of them, they became the subject of considerable published comment after the Paris flight. The *Daily Cardinal* for September 20, 1927, quoted extensively from a "recent" *Collier's Magazine* article which said that "licking the Lindberghs into shape [as fraternities do their members]—grinding them until they all fit the mold of the average student—would be a disaster" and that "it is hard to build a system elastic enough to fit the ordinary man and the extraordinary one as well."

An Associated Press story filed from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, May 23, 1927, quoted a Wisconsin classmate of Lindbergh's, W. D. O'Connor, on the student Lindbergh's characteristics, telling of how Lindbergh rode his motorcycle about the town and down to Fort Knox and of his prowess on the rifle team. Sergeant W. S. Atkins and Sergeant W. H. Hellman were quoted in the August 16, 1927, issue of the *Wisconsin State Journal*, and it was from the latter that I obtained the story of Lindbergh's "disgust" at missing a shot slightly after thirty-seven consecutive bull's eyes, on my pp. 69-70. A lengthy feature in the Madison (Wis.) *Capital-Times* for June 11, 1927, page 3, told of the building of the iceboat, of Mrs. Hoebel's icebox, and of the wreck of Lindbergh's iceboat and his reaction to it. My direct quotation from Mrs. Dudley comes from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat Magazine* for June 19, 1927—an article which also tells, accurately, of Lindbergh's

rebellion against grading systems, of Dudley's disguising his voice to sound like Professor Hyland, of Dudley's role in Lindbergh's decision to go into aviation, and of Lindbergh's notion of riding his motorcycle down from the top of the ski jump. Professor Hyland and Lindbergh were both quoted in the *Wisconsin State Journal* for August 16, 1927, concerning the manner of the latter's leaving school, and it was from this that I derived my quotation about Lindbergh's "firing" himself out of school (my page 76). James E. West's *The Lone Scout of the Sky, The Story of Charles A. Lindbergh* (Boy Scouts of America, 1927) contains a chapter on Lindbergh's Wisconsin days for which the material was obviously derived from the same newspapers I consulted. Beamish (op. cit.), pp. 156-57, tells a little of Lindbergh at Wisconsin, including the iceboat story, though with some inaccuracy.

Lindbergh himself covers his motorcycle expeditions of the summer of 1921 on page 24 of *We* (Putnam's, 1927) and the cave-hunting episode on page 348 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*. A press-association story filed in New York and printed in the *Wisconsin State Journal* for June 1, 1927, page 8, quoted Lindbergh's Wisconsin English teacher, Professor R. F. Brosius, and reprinted two of three themes Lindbergh had contributed to the class. "All three papers are to be framed and prominently displayed at New York University," said Brosius, who taught in that university at the time. They were printed in George Buchanan Fife's *Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle* (A. L. Burt, 1927), pp. 130-40. *The Spirit of St. Louis*, pp. 403-4, tells of Lindbergh's interest in aeronautics in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, of his physical restlessness at Wisconsin, and of the eleven schools he had attended—"and there's not one that I've enjoyed." The direct quotations of Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh on the occasion of her son's telling her of his plan to leave school are from page 231 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*. Lindbergh tells of his futile attempt to ride his motorcycle to Lincoln from Madison on page 25 of *We*.

The afore-mentioned Wray Scrapbook, made up of hundreds of clippings concerning Lindbergh, contains numerous stories of Lindbergh's enrollment and subsequent experiences in the Lincoln flying school. Unfortunately, the maker of the scrapbook did not accompany her clippings with the names of the papers from which she clipped. An Associated Press story from Lincoln, Nebraska, May 21, 1927, prints an interview with Ray Page in which the president of the Nebraska Aircraft Corporation tells of Lindbergh's arrival in Lincoln. My direct quotes of Page, on my pp. 80-81, are from this story. Facts about Lindbergh's first plane ride were obtained from Wray Scrapbook clips, from pictures and the legends for them in the Lindbergh Museum in St. Louis, and from *We* (page 25) and *The Spirit of St. Louis* (pp. 247-50). *The Spirit of St. Louis* covers Ira Biffle's character and method of teaching on pp. 250-52. The *New York Times*

for March 30, 1934, page 1, column 2, carries a story datelined Chicago about Biffle, then lying penniless and near death in a hospital; it says Lindbergh had sent a check for \$50 with a note: "Please accept this contribution to the fund being raised for Biffle. Also tell him I'm extremely sorry to hear he is not well and that I hope he makes a fast recovery." *The Spirit of St. Louis*, pp. 253-54, and *We*, pp. 27-28, tell of Lindbergh's inability or unwillingness to post the \$500 bond Page asked for, before permitting him to solo, and of barnstorming with Erol Bahl. The story of the bond posting was, of course, printed in hundreds of newspapers and magazines after the Paris flight.

There is evidence that Lindbergh's first parachute jump—a double jump—was of major importance in the development of his character and the determination of his future. Certainly he stressed it himself far more than a distant observer of his life might deem justified, even including it as a major accomplishment in his *Who's Who* biography. He devotes two of the 212 pages of *We* (pp. 29-31) and over six pages of *The Spirit of St. Louis* (pp. 254-61) to the episode. In both accounts he misspells the name of Charles W. Hardin (he has it "Harden") whose coming to Lincoln was announced in a five-column ad on page 6 of the *Nebraska State Journal* for Saturday, June 17, 1922—an ad containing photos of himself and his wife and of Sergeant Emil Chambers, who traveled with him and who, the ad said, held the "world's altitude record parachute jump of 26,800 feet." According to an article by Ray Page in *St. Nicholas Magazine*, quoted in the *Wisconsin State Journal* for August 22, 1927, Chambers was pilot of the plane from which Lindbergh made his jump. Page's eyewitness account of the event is considerably different from Lindbergh's, Page claiming that Lindbergh jumped from 7,000 feet (!) and "pulled the two 'chutes so close together they jackknifed him in the air." Page's accounts of Lindbergh in general contain numerous inaccuracies, however; Lindbergh's own account is undoubtedly the accurate one. The *Nebraska State Journal* for June 18, 1922, contained a biographical sketch of the two Hardins, and from it I derived my facts concerning his life.

Incidentally, within a day or so of Lindbergh's double drop, and perhaps on that very day, an Oklahoma City flier named Roy Snow and two passengers parachuted to safety after their plane had gone into a tailspin at 3000 feet near Wichita, Kansas—an "unprecedented event" according to a story released by the Department of Commerce in Washington, D.C., next day. "Heretofore fatalities have been inevitable in tailspins from any height," said the Washington dispatch. "Apparently the newest type parachutes provide safeguards." Lindbergh must have read both stories with interest in the *Nebraska State Journal* for June 22, 1927, page 1. (On the following day, he may have read in the same paper a story headlined SPAN OF LIFE GETS LONGER,

saying that there were more than 3500 people in the United States over one hundred years old and that longevity was on the increase.)

As for the psychological significance of the double drop, Lindbergh indicates it on pp. 260-61 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*. He writes: "How soundly I slept that night—as I always have after a jump! . . . I believe parachute jumping had an effect on my dreams as well as on my sleep. At infrequent intervals through life I had dreamt of falling off some high roof or precipice. I'd felt terror and sickening fear as my body sank helplessly toward the ground. It wasn't like that in a real parachute jump, I discovered. Real falling didn't bring horror to your mind or sickness to your belly. Such sensations stayed behind with the plane, as though they were too cowardly to make the final plunge. Strangely enough, I've never fallen in my dreams since I actually fell through air." Thus Lindbergh supports, with his personal experience, a theory expressed by the psychiatrist Otto Fenichel in a paper called "The Counter-Phobic Attitude," quoted by Barnaby Conrad on page 5 of *Gates of Fear* (Crowell, 1957) as follows: "When the organism discovers that it is now able to overcome without fear a situation which would formerly have overwhelmed it with anxiety, it experiences a certain kind of pleasure. This pleasure has the character of 'I need not feel anxiety any more. . . .' The counter-phobic attitude may really be regarded as a never-ending attempt at a belated conquest of an unmastered infantile anxiety. . . . [It] will generally hold true that the essential joy of sport is that one actively brings about in play certain tensions which were formerly feared, so that one may enjoy the fact that now one can overcome them without fearing them."

To background myself on parachutes and parachute jumping I consulted the article on this subject by Harold Evans Hartney in Volume 17 of the 1954 edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. This was my source of the "professional tips" given by Hardin to young Lindbergh on my pp. 87-88. When writing of the birth of the "Jazz Age," I referred to *American History After 1865*, by Ray Allen Billington (Littlefield, Adams, 1953); *Only Yesterday*, by Frederick Lewis Allen (Harper, 1931); and *Our Times, The Twenties*, Volume VI (Scribner's, 1935), by Mark Sullivan.

CHAPTER FOUR: "Variations on a Theme of Danger"

C. A. Lindbergh's *The Economic Pinch* (Dorrance, 1923) is, of course, the principal source of information as to how his mind was working, the ideas it was generating, during the fall and winter of 1922-23. A clipping in the Wray Scrapbook, in the Minnesota Historical Society Library, says that C.A., in 1923, was a director of the People's National Bank of Shakopee, Minnesota, and that, of the \$900 which young Lindbergh borrowed for purchase of his first plane (the

Jenny), only \$50 had been paid by June of 1927, indicating that "flying had not proved a very profitable business." "We hadn't tried seriously to collect the note," said E. J. Young, cashier of the bank. After his Paris flight, young Lindbergh instructed the bank to send the note to his St. Louis backers for payment, and this was done, being carried to St. Louis by J. J. Moriarty of the Shakopee bank who was a delegate to a bankers' convention (the Mississippi Valley Association) meeting in St. Louis in the summer of '27. Details of how C.A. was living in '23 and '24 are covered by Walter Eli Quigley in his "Like Father, Like Son," *Saturday Evening Post*, Vol. 213, June 21, 1941, pp. 21 plus. (Incidentally, a letter from A. J. McGuire to Mrs. Dora B. Haines, in Haines papers, Minnesota Historical Society, dated May 13, 1930, quotes ex-Governor John Lind of Minnesota as saying that C.A. was "a great lawyer who had a splendid legal business with the Weyerhaeuser Lumber Company [spelled in the letter 'Warehouser'] when he entered Congress." Lind says C.A. was the company's "trusted attorney.")

Charles A. Lindbergh's *The Spirit of St. Louis* (Scribner's, 1953), pp. 267-68, tells of his wing walking and parachute jumping with Lynch. Ray Page's article in *St. Nicholas Magazine*, quoted in the *Wisconsin State Journal* (Madison, Wisconsin) for August 22, 1927, tells of Lindbergh's first "loop the loop" while standing on a wing: "We fixed ropes to the struts and let him hold them to keep his balance. When the plane turned and started to go over, his weight, increased a great deal by resistance to the wind [it would have been increased by centrifugal force], was thrown on the ropes. I thought for a moment that he would fall, but he managed to hang on. When the plane landed we found his feet had broken through the wing." Lindbergh himself tells of how the stunt was performed on page 265 of *Spirit*. His *We* (Putnam's, 1927) tells on pp. 32-35 about barnstorming with Lynch and Rogers, and of his attempt to make his way by boat from Montana to Nebraska. The quotation from Robert Westover, Billings garageman, comes from an Associated Press dispatch filed from Billings on May 21, 1927. *Charles Lindbergh, His Life*, by Dale Van Every and Morris De Haven Tracy (Appleton, 1927), covers this expedition with Lynch (who is directly quoted) and the attempted boat trip on pp. 59-62, claiming that the boat "became entangled in an eddy, overturned, and sank" and that Lindbergh's life "was barely spared."

We, pp. 38-43, covers the period of winter, 1922-23, the visit to Florida, the purchase of the plane at Souther Field. The story of buying the Jenny and the first solo flight is told in *The Spirit of St. Louis*, pp. 437-41; in George Buchanan Fife's *Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle* (A. L. Burt, 1927), page 46; in numerous newspaper and magazine features; and was vividly enacted in the motion picture made of Lindbergh's book. Interviews in Little Falls, Minnesota, are my source of

the statement that Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh applied for a teaching position in the high school there and was refused. *We* tells of Lindbergh's first barnstorming trip, including the episode of Gurney and the parachute test, on pp. 63-70, and *The Spirit of St. Louis* covers some of the same material, pp. 441-48. Of great help in defining the pattern of Lindbergh's early flying activities were maps mounted on a wall of the Lindbergh Museum in the Jefferson Memorial, Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis. One of these, an ornamental map which was checked by Lindbergh himself for accuracy, contains a biographical sketch of Lindbergh up to the time of the Paris flight and lists, with general dates, every one of his early cross-country flights. The sense I try to give of the "gypsy flier's" psychology and manner of life seems to me to permeate the above pages of *We* and *Spirit* and many other books covering the history of early flying, including Henry Ladd Smith's *Airways, The History of Commercial Aviation in the United States* (Knopf, 1942) and John Goldstrom's *A Narrative History of Aviation* (Macmillan, 1930), to which I made special reference; one gains this same sense from talks with old-time fliers. They were, indeed, a "special breed of man."

Walter Eli Quigley's "Like Father, Like Son" is my source of biographical information concerning him and of information on the episode in Marshall, Minnesota, when C.A. saw his son fly over as he was speaking. Quigley tells, too, of his flying with young Lindbergh from Marshall to Redwood Falls. *We* says on page 76 that the elder Lindbergh, after his first flight from Redwood Falls to Glencoe, said no more against his son's flying and himself never missed a chance to fly. Quigley (op. cit.), who was intimately associated with C.A. from then 'til C.A.'s death, says C.A. *never* flew again and is my source for the quotes from C.A. as he rode into Glencoe from the field where the plane landed. As regards the Glencoe crash, P. P. Ornberg's letter to Mrs. Dora Haines (in Haines papers, Minnesota Historical Society Library), August 8, 1930, is the source of my quotes from C.A.'s "old friend." Ornberg gives the date as June 9, 1923, which checks out properly, and he is so meticulously accurate in his other details, despite his difficulty with the English language, that I'm inclined to give credence to his account. Lynn and Dora B. Haines, in their *The Lindberghs* (Vanguard and/or McCall's, 1931), tell of the crash on pp. 299-300, saying it occurred as young Lindbergh was coming in to Glencoe instead of attempting to leave it. They also say that "one of the small cables attached to the body of the plane had been cut nearly in two." Richard L. Neuberger, in "The Hero Had a Father," *Esquire* Magazine, September 1937, page 38, is one of the writers asserting that the cable had been deliberately and maliciously cut. The *McCleod County Republic* (Glencoe, Minn.) story I quote appeared on Friday, June 15, 1923, a week after the accident. On June

1, the same paper announced that C.A. would be in Glencoe for "Dedication Day," June 8, 1923, but had said he would not interfere with the "big celebration" planned for then. He *had* planned to speak, however, and would if "the people wish it."

The *Republic* for Friday, July 6, 1923, tells of the meeting held at Oak Leaf Park on Sunday, July 1. It was an annual farmers' picnic given by the Women's N. P. Club and at it Magnus Johnson addressed thousands of people. Haines (op. cit.), pp. 300-1, tells of young Lindbergh at this picnic, drowning out speakers with the roar of his plane motor. While writing of the '24 political campaign, I referred to William Watts Folwell's *A History of Minnesota*, Vol. III (Minnesota Historical Society, 1926), pp. 320-21 and 550-52, and to Theodore C. Blegen's *Building Minnesota* (D. C. Heath, 1938), pp. 441-45.

The Spirit of St. Louis, pp. 449-50, tells of Lindbergh's landing his plane on the Little Falls farm in the summer of '23, and the episode is vividly remembered by Martin Engstrom, the Little Falls hardware merchant, among others. "I have to laugh now when I think that I tried to dissuade the boy from flying," Engstrom told Labert St. Clair, feature writer for Consolidated syndicate, in early June 1927. (The story was published in the *Wisconsin State Journal*, Madison, June 5, 1927.) "Soon after he started to fly, he came back home and asked me three times to go up with him. I refused and told him he should go into something less dangerous. 'Flying is not dangerous,' he replied, 'if your machine is right before you leave the ground. The danger is not in the air.'" *We*, page 77, tells of Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh's flying with her son for ten days in the summer of '24, and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, June 18, 1927, says that by then she had had "ten or eleven hours in the air, all with her son" and that he had "looped, rolled, slipped and spun his plane with her in it and without disturbing her notably."

The quotations from Marvin A. Northrop, describing Lindbergh in '23, are from Northrop's article, "Lindbergh, the Jenny Pilot" in *Western Flying Magazine*, May 1937, pp. 18-19. The story by E. Roy Alexander, which I quote, appeared in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* for Sunday, May 22, 1927. The story of Lindbergh's buying of a large map on which he traced the lines of his flights, and of his log keeping, was told by Russell Owen in the *New York Times* for Sunday, April 15, 1928, Section X, page 3. I saw the map in the Lindbergh Museum, St. Louis, where it is one of the two (previously mentioned) mounted on a wall. The story of Lindbergh's "self-improvement chart," originally published in London, is extensively quoted in a pamphlet privately printed by its author, De Witt Snell, 1222 Keyes Avenue, Schenectady, N.Y., in 1941, entitled *The Lindberghs, An Appreciation*. A contribution to the "America First" controversy of

'41, the pamphlet, of which I saw a copy in the Wisconsin Historical Society Library, Madison, is now very rare. (Daniel Aaron, of Smith College's English department, who read *The Hero* in manuscript, has reminded me that another major symbolic figure of the 1920s, Jay Gatsby (of Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*), also kept an elaborate self-improvement chart. . . .)

Northrop (op. cit.) tells of long talks with young Lindbergh in which he advised the latter to enter the Air Service as a cadet. Says Northrop: "I remember telling him by all means to get his application in, and the training would give him prestige and standing, because an Army-trained pilot had an advantage over a civilian for many reasons. He would fly larger, faster, and more different types of planes. The latest technical developments would be open to his use. I was sure that commercial aviation was still a long way off. It would take several years to get things going. The wide sale of surplus ships was a good thing, but until they were used up and new planes of better performance built, things would not go too fast." Lindbergh himself tells of his decision to enter the Army on page 78 of *We* and on pp. 406-8 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*.

From all accounts, the International Air Races at St. Louis, in October of 1923, were of special importance not only to young Lindbergh's career but to that of American aviation in general. Its events were front-page news from coast to coast and were, of course, reported in column after column of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. The latter paper's accounts were particularly detailed, the race at which Williams set a new record being for the Pulitzer Trophy, awarded by the paper's publisher. On page 3 of its issue for October 8, 1923, the *Post-Dispatch* reports: "An accident at 5:15 P.M. yesterday to a professional aerial daredevil, which happened after he touched earth, was the only serious accident of the meet, there having been about 400 airplane flights made during the meet, with minor injuries to just one pilot. . . . Harlan Gurney, 18 years old, of Lincoln, Nebraska, made a parachute jump from a plane piloted by Charles Lindbergh of Minneapolis, Minnesota, at an altitude of 1700 feet. To heighten the effect, Gurney discarded the first parachute after he dropped 700 feet and unfurled another one he had tied to him. In landing, he broke his left shoulder blade. At Barnes Hospital he said today: 'The air was too "light" yesterday to hold me and I came down awfully fast. My feet landed on the slippery bank of a little creek at the side of the field and I fell and hurt myself that way. It was sure tough luck, I had to be the only fellow here to get hurt. Some day I guess I'll fall off a chair and break my neck. . . .'" He hasn't as yet done so; at present (1958) he is a pilot, as he has been since the early '30s, with United Air Lines, flying from Los Angeles.

Northrop (op. cit.) tells of selling the *Standard* with the Hispano

engine and of his deal with Lindbergh to instruct the buyer in the flying of it. Says he: "In talking with Lindbergh at the field, I remember his telling me in answer to my question of what he was doing, 'Oh, I am staying at a place near the field where board and room may be had for \$9 a week, and I am sightseeing around St. Louis. I will be glad to instruct your man, as I intend to be here a few weeks.' . . . I paid [him] the agreed \$100 . . . and returned to Minneapolis. . . . Early in December of 1923 I received a post card from the south with a laconic but complete report of the contract and its completion." Lindbergh himself tells of his experiences at the air races on pp. 79-83 of *We* and pp. 272-77 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*. Fife (op. cit.) tells of Lindbergh at the races, pp. 49-50.

The wildly adventurous trip with Klink in the Canuck is told of in great detail by Lindbergh on pp. 87-103 of *We* and pp. 408-18 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*. The record of it is also traced on the aforementioned ornamental wall map in the Lindbergh Museum of St. Louis. (Says the legend: "Taking off in Main Street [Camp Wood, Texas] crashed into hardware store whose owner, delighted with advertising, refused compensation.") The story was also recounted in numerous newspaper and magazine features in 1927 and '28, accounts which evidently derived from *We*. The latter, pp. 104-52, contains a detailed recounting of the training undergone, the types of planes flown, and the barracks life at Brooks and Kelly Fields. Fife (op. cit.), pp. 51-52, tells of Lindbergh's arrival at Brooks and the order that he "get that thing" (his plane) off the field. Van Every and Tracy (op. cit.) say, page 71, that "the story is told, although it was never formally confirmed, that an officer came out and saw Lindbergh's plane soon after its arrival and then ordered it off the field saying that 'somebody might get hurt trying to fly that thing.'" The motion picture, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, during the production of which Lindbergh was consultant, portrays the episode vividly. In a 1924 letter to his Wisconsin University friend, Dick Plummer, then an engineer with the Pichands Mather Company in Duluth, a copy of which letter I have seen, Lindbergh described in enthusiastic detail the machines he flew at Kelly. Mrs. Eunice Rogers Plummer, Dick Plummer's widow, now living in Milwaukee, told me that Lindbergh and her late husband remained in correspondence with one another until the time of the Paris flight, when the pressures on Lindbergh's time made casual letter writing almost impossible for him. Van Every and Tracy (op. cit.) have on pp. 71-82 a chapter on "The Army Aviator" describing in considerable detail his period at Brooks and Kelly, including many quotations from his commanding officers as well as his grade record. Similarly with James E. West's *The Lone Scout of the Sky, The Story of Charles A. Lindbergh* (Boy Scouts of America, 1927), an entire

chapter being devoted to Lindbergh in the Army. *The Spirit of St. Louis* tells of Lindbergh at Brooks and Kelly on pp. 417-22.

The most intimate account of C. A. Lindbergh's last illness and death is Walter Eli Quigley's (op. cit.), which also tells of C.A.'s feeding of the pigeons and a little of his insurance scheme. The latter is told of in more detail by Haines (op. cit.), page 303. Haines, pp. 301-2, quotes J. L. Baldus (identifying him as editor of the *Glencoe Republic*) on the visit he had with Lindbergh in June 1923. The Baldus letter is in the Haines papers, Minnesota Historical Society. Current accounts of C.A.'s last illness and death appeared in the *New York Times* for May 9, 1924, page 22, col. 7, and May 25, 1924, page 27, col. 1. The Madison (Wis.) *Capital Times*, June 13, 1927, page 2, col. 4, gives a biographical sketch of C.A. and says that both Mrs. Eva Lindbergh Christie and young Lindbergh were present when C.A. died (an error), going on to say (as is true) that on the occasion of their meeting in Rochester, young Lindbergh and his half sister "became very friendly, although previous to that time they had seen little of each other." That Little Falls people, some of them, plowed up their gardens after C.A.'s ashes had been scattered from the plane was told me by several of the town's residents, including Arthur W. Ohland, caretaker of the Lindbergh Memorial, Little Falls.

John Goldstrom tells how the story of the Lindbergh-McAllister crash at Kelly happened to be published in the chapter he contributes, on "Aviation," to *Swedes in America, 1638-1938* (Yale University Press, 1938), page 540. Lindbergh's official account of the episode is printed in numerous books, including his own *We*, pp. 144-47; Richard J. Beamish's *The Story of Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle* (International Press, 1927), pp. 142-44; Fife (op. cit.), pp. 54-56; Mark Sullivan's *Our Times*, Vol. VI, *The Twenties* (Scribner's, 1935), pp. 636-37; and Van Every and Tracy (op. cit.), pp. 76-78. Phil Love's story of the episode, incidentally, varies a little from Lindbergh's. Love told a St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* reporter, as reported in that paper May 22, 1927, page 3, cols. 1 and 2, that he "saw McAllister jump from his plane shortly after it stuck to Lindbergh's. But Lindbergh was experiencing difficulty. To jump too soon would have run the risk of the milling planes striking him on the way down, or falling upon him when his parachute opened." Love went on: "Slim got out of the cockpit and crouched down upon the cowl like a frog. I saw him leap backward as far as he could and then he and the planes disappeared in the clouds. I dove my plane through the clouds. McAllister was floating nicely, and the planes crashed in flames below. But Slim was nowhere in sight. I began to get alarmed, thinking Slim had been caught by the swirling planes. Then I glanced up, and there were Slim's legs dangling beneath the cloud bank. He had dropped about 500 feet before opening his parachute."

CHAPTER FIVE: "The Air-Mail Pilot"

Voluminous, following the Paris flight, were the newspaper and magazine descriptions of Lindbergh's appearance and manner at the time of his coming to St. Louis after his year in the Army. Typical is a description by E. Roy Alexander in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* for May 22, 1927, telling "How 'Slim' Lindbergh, Unknown, Flew Into St. Louis Three Years Ago." Alexander writes that, in the late fall of '25, Slim "still retained about him a certain, refreshing air of having just come in from the country. In flying togs he was every inch a pilot, from performance to appearance, but off the field he usually dressed in a blue serge suit, which somehow always seemed too small, and a blue serge cap, which he invariably wore high on his head. He was still easily abashed. An introduction to a stranger invariably brought a blush to his cheeks. . . ." Marvin W. McFarland pointed out to me, as one of Lindbergh's distinctive characteristics, his difficulty of shifting from one thing to another—and this is manifest, I think, in the public record of his life. It is consistent with, if not a necessary aspect of, his character as a whole: he tends to become absorbed, committed, to a more than ordinary degree.

Lindbergh's *We* (Putnam's, 1927) describes on pp. 121-23 the practical jokes he and his fellow cadets played at Brooks and Kelly.

The question of the proportion of freedom and necessity in the shaping of individual and collective human destinies has long fascinated me, as it must any student of history. On the one hand is the individual person, making decisions and determining himself by doing so; on the other hand is the stream of history by which the individual is in large part determined but which he to some degree (to what degree, in any given case?) determines, too. The sensed relations between person and history have been shaping themes of two earlier biographies in which, by historical "accident," I've become "involved"; and they are shaping themes of the present work which is also, in a way, "accidental," in that my "involvement" in it was initially a product of outer circumstance rather more than of pure inward decision. While revising this chapter, I "happened" to encounter Reinhold Niebuhr's *The Self and the Dramas of History* (Scribner's, 1955). It is an illuminating discussion of this whole question, and I was especially interested to note that Niebuhr quotes extensively (pp. 26-29) from Lindbergh's *The Spirit of St. Louis* (Scribner's, 1953) to illustrate the argument that personal identity is at once "tripartite" (mind, body, spirit) and "unitary" in an organismic sense, "spirit" being (as one might say) the total self of which mind and body are active aspects. Some of my friends, looking askance at my present

project from their position as political liberals, have openly scoffed at the notion that anyone could become seriously interested, as I am, in the mind of a "mere stunt flier" who "happened" to become a popular hero. I refer them to Niebuhr whose interest in the Lindbergh mind is very like my own, he finding the flier's account of the Paris flight "as illuminating an account of the constant inner dialogue in the self as we have in modern literature," all the more significant "because Lindbergh has obviously made no academic study of these mysteries."

In my review of the stream of public consciousness through 1924-26, I am only too well aware that I reach what some readers will condemn as cliché conclusions concerning the "Roaring Twenties." My defense is that a cliché is not *per se* false, and what I record here, in the way of interpretation, is not only an impression of the period retained from my childhood but also an impression of it gained from perusal of the *New York Times* for the relevant months; Charles Merz's *The Great American Band Wagon* (Literary Guild of America, 1928), wherein many current phenomena now taken for granted (alas) are presented as they appeared when new; Fred D. Pasley's *Al Capone*, significantly subtitled *The Biography of a Self-Made Man* (Washburn, 1930); Maureen McKernan's *The Amazing Crime and Trial of Loeb and Leopold* (Signet, 1957); Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Crisis of the Old Order* (Houghton Mifflin, 1957), particularly pp. 49-76; Bruce Barton's *The Man Nobody Knows* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1925), which I read from cover to cover in sickly fascination; and those indispensable reference works for the period, Mark Sullivan's *Our Times*, Volume VI, *The Twenties* (Scribner's, 1935) and Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday* (Harper, 1931).

Interesting to note, in view of Lindbergh's later experiences, is the opinion his father expressed of the press in the January 1920 issue (Vol. I, No. 8) of *Lindbergh's National Farmer*. There C.A. sourly remarked that "conditions have developed where the kept press cannot catch its breath between falsehoods published," that the press is "choked with inconsistencies," and that "any . . . part of the press receiving paying advertising must refrain from free discussion of practices which would lose its advertising." If his magazine were to gain the advertising support necessary to maintain the large format, wrote he, "its editorials would have to be colored to suit the advertisers" whereas its "only excuse for existence" was its frank critique of the "basis on which the profiteers operate." No doubt the relationship between advertisers and publishers is somewhat different from that which C.A. thought he saw: actually advertisers and publishers are identical in interests, values, and hostility to truly effective social controversy, operating in blandly subtle ways to prevent the latter. But the effects seem even more disastrous than C.A. asserted them to be now that we have a world of competing ideologies and economic systems re-

quiring, if we are to survive in freedom, the very opposite of that smugly complacent materialism which ad men deliberately (or automatically?) generate as the necessary mental climate for mass consumption.

When writing of the development of the air mail, I leaned heavily upon Henry Ladd Smith's *Airways, The History of Commercial Aviation in the United States* (Knopf, 1942) and Francis A. Spencer's *Air Mail Payment and the Government* (The Brookings Institution, 1941). Both books review the history of the Kelly Act, the former doing so in largely human, the latter in economic, terms. Smith is my source of statistics on air-mail fatalities during the period of government operation. He says (page 72) that "on the basis of the 1921 figures, a mail flier could not expect to live more than four years." My quotation of him regarding the taking over of airlines by big business is from pp. 94-95 of op. cit. He tells of the Robertsons on page 107 and pp. 206-9, the latter pages being a case history of the process by which independent operators were squeezed out by big business, the Robertsons losing out to American Airlines, at the decision of Herbert Hoover's Postmaster General Walter Folger Brown, when they attempted in the early '30s to obtain a mail contract for the airline they had established between St. Louis and New Orleans.

Of great aid to the writing of Lindbergh's various activities during the period separating his leaving Kelly from the inauguration of the air-mail flights were photographs (with full legends) and posters in the Lindbergh Museum of the Jefferson Memorial, maintained by the Missouri Historical Society in St. Louis. Interesting, for instance, is the fact that the appearance of the Vera May Dunlap flying circus at Carterville, Illinois, was sponsored by the Southern Illinois Hard Road Baseball Association and that the circus was merely "in conjunction" with a baseball game at "Carterville Base Ball and Aviation Field, 1 Mile South of Carterville." Said the circular: "Admission to the ball game, including airplane circus, will be 50 cents. . . ." A remarkable series of snapshots recorded Lindbergh's testing of Ben Belle's plane, wherein he was forced to save his life for the second time in an emergency parachute jump. These are mounted in the St. Louis museum, with legends. The first photo shows Lindbergh strapping on his parachute; the second shows the take-off; the third shows Lindbergh's parachute being "just missed" by the spiraling plane (it missed, the legend says, by a scant twenty-five feet); the fourth shows the wreckage of the plane; and the fifth shows Lindbergh himself immediately after the jump, holding his left wrist, which the legend says was sprained, and grinning at the camera as later newspaper photographers would seldom catch him doing. Other photos show Lindbergh in the cockpit of a training plane at Richards Field, Kansas City, Missouri; Lindbergh in slouchy mechanics overalls with a schoolboy named George Rut-

ledge who "spent all his time following his 'idol' around Lambert Field"; Lindbergh standing beside a training plane shortly before the air-mail flights were inaugurated; Lindbergh, with open collar and tousled hair, laughing mouth and merry eyes, holding a small white dog in his arms, a photo taken in '26 in Fertile, Missouri; and Lindbergh with Bud Gurney, standing beside a plane. From these, somehow, a "feel" of the man and the place emerged.

As for the story of the emergency leap from Belle's plane, it was published in numerous magazines and newspapers, including the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, May 22, 1927; the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat Magazine* for Sunday, June 19, 1927; the *Saturday Evening Post*, Vol. 200, July 23, 1927, pp. 6-7 plus, an article signed by Lindbergh entitled "And Then I Jumped"; *Charles Lindbergh, His Life*, by Dale Van Every and Morris De Haven Tracy (Appleton, 1927), pp. 80-81; George Buchanan Fife's *Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle* (A. L. Burt, 1927), pp. 60-63 and pp. 101-2; Lindbergh's own *We*, pp. 154-55; and his *The Spirit of St. Louis*, pp. 306-8. *We* is my authority for the statement that his shoulder was dislocated by his hard landing.

Clippings in the Wray Scrapbook, Minnesota Historical Society, and Van Every and Tracy (op. cit.), pp. 59-62, recount the story of Lindbergh's being met at the train by J. Wray Vaughn and of the dangerous episode at Fowler, Colorado. Lindbergh himself tells of his experiences with the Mil-Hi Airways and Flying Circus in *We*, pp. 154-62, characteristically stressing the fact that contracts were rigidly fulfilled even at the risk of life and limb; and in *The Spirit of St. Louis*, pp. 282-87. He tells of the "On to New York Race" on pp. 165-69. The letter he wrote to Frank Robertson, from which I quote, was written in February of 1938 when Robertson was dying of tuberculosis in Phoenix, Arizona; death came to him on March 25 and the letter was made public at that time by Mrs. Edwin H. Uhl, a sister of Robertson, and issued as an Associated Press dispatch datelined St. Louis, March 26, 1938. Lindbergh wrote of the "old days" with obvious nostalgia: "We all often talk of the tremendous progress that has been made. But with all the problems that existed [in the old Lambert Field days], I do not think that any period has been more filled with interest." It is on page 287 of *The Spirit of St. Louis* that Lindbergh records that he once brought a Jenny down from 14,000 feet through fifty turns of a power spin.

The quotation from Major Robertson is evidently from a press interview in New York soon after the Paris flight, published in Fife (op. cit.) on pp. 98-99. Biographical material on Phil Love was contained in news releases made during the national tour with the *Spirit of St. Louis* in the late summer of '27. My particular source was the *Wisconsin State Journal* (Madison, Wisconsin) for August 21, 1927. A facsimile reproduction of Lindbergh's handwritten letter to his uncle

is on page 81 of Fife (op. cit.) and the letter was widely reprinted in papers in '27; clippings of such stories are in the Wray Scrapbook. Also widely reprinted in the press was Lindbergh's official report of his third emergency parachute jump. It was printed in Fife (op. cit.), pp. 65-69 (somewhat abridged); Richard J. Beamish's *The Story of Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle* (International Press, 1927), pp. 150-53 (also somewhat abridged); Van Every and Tracy (op. cit.), pp. 95-102; and *We*, pp. 179-86. The episode is mentioned on page 299 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*. The official report of the fourth emergency leap is printed in Henry Ladd Smith (op. cit.) pp. 78-82; Van Every and Tracy (op. cit.), pp. 103-9; and Beamish (op. cit.) pp. 145-49. It is paraphrased in *We*, pp. 187-93 and Fife (op. cit.) pp. 74-76. The jumps are told of in detail in the *Saturday Evening Post* article, already mentioned, entitled "And Then I Jumped." The Associated Press story on the first air-mail jump was datelined Ottawa, Illinois, September 16, 1926; the "special" *New York Times* story of the second air-mail jump was datelined Chicago, November 3, 1926. Army records made public in Washington, D.C., March 22, 1927, revealed Lindbergh to be "the only American aviator who has made four emergency parachute jumps," according to press-service dispatches printed in the newspapers of May 23, 1927. The story of the stunting for the Mississippi River motor-boat regatta is told by Fife (op. cit.) pp. 89-92, who also tells of the episode with Herbert Ehler, pp. 92-95. Both episodes were told of in news features in many papers. Both Fife and Van Every and Tracy (the latter tell the story on pp. 85-89 of their book) say Lindbergh required Ehler to make a parachute jump before he would take him as passenger. Van Every and Tracy quote Ehler himself: "Lindbergh . . . said he would not take me until I had made a descent in a parachute so I would know what to do in an emergency. I objected at first, but he insisted and it was imperative that I go, so I consented. He took me into the air to an altitude of about 1500 feet and signaled me to jump. I did, and when I reached the ground Lindbergh was already there, waiting for me." This has seemed to me so incredible that I've not embodied it in my narrative; if true, it indicates practical jokery of rare ruthlessness.

E. Wray Alexander's feature in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, May 22, 1927, tells of Lindbergh's flying him to Memphis on the night of the Florida hurricane and Alexander is one of many who stressed Lindbergh's love of food and practical jokes at Lambert Field. The quotes of Littlefield and Wassall come from a feature in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, May 14, 1927. The anonymous mechanic was quoted in the *Globe-Democrat* for May 12, 1927, and the Major Robertson quote is printed on page 92 of Van Every and Tracy (op. cit.). The O. E. Scott material comes from a long feature in the *Globe-Democrat* for May 31, 1937. The food-poisoning episode was told of in the *Globe-*

Democrat Sunday Magazine for June 19, 1927; also described there was Lindbergh's rooming in the Clyde Brayton house (of which a photo is mounted in the Lindbergh Museum, St. Louis), his flagpole exercises, and his prodigious eating feats in Louis Dehatre's diner. Alexander (op. cit.) tells of Lindbergh's disjointing beds, trapping frogs and toads, dousing Phil Love with ice water, and staking down the tent at the National Guard encampment. The latter story was widely printed and is told by Van Every and Tracy (op. cit.), page 91; they add: "Lindbergh enjoyed [the 'joke'] immensely although senior officers may have considered it a bit undignified for a flight commander. . . ." The story of the mechanic who feared bulls is in Fife (op. cit.), page 85, quoting Lieutenant Jack Worthington who, in 1927, was Airway Extension Superintendent at Hadley Field, New Brunswick, N.J. Worthington also told of an occasion when Lindbergh played the hoary "snipe hunt" trick on a "young pilot who had just come [to Lambert] from the East." The Gurney kerosene "joke" was recounted in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, May 21, 1927 (Gurney, says this story, "was deathly sick for a while"); the *New York Times*, May 21, 1927; the *Globe-Democrat* for May 14, 1927 (quoting Harry Hall Knight, one of the Paris-flight backers); and Fife, quoting Major Robertson, (op. cit.) pp. 99-100. Lindbergh's attempts to discourage Love's interest in girls were told of in the *Globe-Democrat Sunday Magazine*, June 19, 1927.

While writing of Dwight Morrow and his relations with Calvin Coolidge, I referred to Harold Nicolson's *Dwight Morrow* (Harcourt, Brace, 1935), especially pp. 267-93, the chapter entitled (after Sinclair Lewis, with an implied irony Nicolson obviously did not intend) "The Man Who Knew Coolidge." The letter I quote, from Morrow to Lamont, appears on page 232 of Nicolson and is quoted by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (op. cit.), page 56—a book also referred to during the writing of the Morrow-Coolidge pages.

CHAPTER SIX: "The Birth of the 'Spirit of St. Louis'"

Numerous newspaper stories, magazine articles, and books confirm the general impression of M. Raymond Orteig and the motives for his prize offer which I seek here to convey, notably an interview with him by M. B. Ray, "With a Stick in It," *Collier's*, June 16, 1934, pp. 16 plus; the *New York Times*, May 26, 1927, 2:1, and June 11, 1927, 3:4; Richard J. Beamish's *The Story of Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle* (A. L. Burt, 1927), pp. 104-5. While writing of World War I fliers, I referred to Quentin Reynolds's *They Fought for the Sky* (Rinehart, 1957). My quotation from Captain Alcock concerning the Newfoundland-Ireland flight comes from Mark Sullivan's *Our Times*, Vol. VI,

The Twenties (Scribner's, 1935), page 516—evidently a quotation from a newspaper interview with Alcock immediately following the flight.

The New York *Times*, like other newspapers during the summer and September of 1926, contained extensive running accounts of René Fonck and his flight attempt and is my principal source of information on him and it. Lindbergh tells of how he first conceived the possibility of making the Paris flight on pp. 14-16 of his *The Spirit of St. Louis* (Scribner's, 1953) and on page 198 of his *We* (Putnam's, 1927). He tells of his reactions to and questions concerning Fonck's crash on pp. 16-18 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*, and the story of his interview with Earl Thompson, with the Fokker salesman, with Major Lambertson, and with Major Robertson is told in detail on pp. 25-34 of his book. On page 34 he seems to me to indicate the resentment he felt thirty years later over the manner in which the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* refused to back the flight. On pp. 23-34 he printed the "outline" he made in the fall of 1926 of the "St. Louis-New York-Paris Flight," and it is from this I quote his very flat alternatives of "Successful completion" or "Complete failure."

Harry Knight, in an interview printed in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, May 14, 1927, 1:4 and 2:5, 6, tells of how the flight was financed as does Major William B. Robertson in a story in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, May 25, 1927. Robertson says Lindbergh first consulted him on the flight project on December 27, 1926. "He had a clear idea then of the plane he wanted to use and he had decided it was best to try the flight with a single motor," Robertson says. "We talked it over with my brother, Lieutenant Frank H. Robertson, and finally we called upon a newspaper reporter, a friend of Slim and ourselves, for advice." This "finally" referred to a conference held in the Robertson office on January 9, 1927. It was at this point that Robertson and Lindbergh decided to consult Knight. Robertson tells how Knight went to Harold Bixby, vice-president of the State National Bank in St. Louis, and how Knight and Bixby then obtained a loan of \$15,000 from Bixby's bank, they signing a thirty-day note, without collateral. The money was placed at Lindbergh's disposal on February 18.

In the Lindbergh Museum, Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis, may be seen the memorandum which Bixby presented to the bank board on February 18. It says: "Charles A. Lindbergh, Air Mail Pilot on the St. Louis-Chicago Route, wants to make the first aeroplane flight from New York to Paris. As you know, I have been very much interested in aviation for a long time past and have taken a number of trips in my plane in the interest of the Bank. Harry H. Knight, President of the Flying Club, Albert Bond Lambert, Earl Thompson, myself and several others are raising the necessary money to buy the plane with

which Lindbergh will make the attempt. It will take some time to raise the required amount, but we must have the \$15,000 immediately. Will the State National Bank lend Harry Knight and me \$15,000, we to endorse the note personally? s/ Harold M. Bixby. Approved, s/ E. R. Pryor." Also in the museum is the canceled check for this money. Having mailed this check to Lindbergh in San Diego, Knight (as Robertson explains) "set out to get subscribers to underwrite his loan"—and at the time of the Robertson interview, published May 25, 1927, the bank had extended the loan, which was still running. Lindbergh at that time had used only \$13,500, according to a quotation from Knight and according to Lindbergh himself (page 175, *The Spirit of St. Louis*), the balance still being on deposit in San Diego.

Fife (op. cit.) prints facsimiles of the check and its endorsements on pp. 112-13 and tells of Lindbergh's struggle to obtain financial backing on pp. 107-11. Beamish (op. cit.) tells the story on pp. 167-68. Dale Van Every and Morris De Haven Tracy tell it on pp. 113-15 of their *Charles Lindbergh, His Life* (Appleton, 1927).

Lindbergh's *The Spirit of St. Louis* tells in detail of his effort to obtain the Wright Bellanca, his dealings with Charles Levine of the Columbia Aircraft Corporation, his efforts to deal with Travel Air, and his final deal with Ryan on pp. 45-86. He tells of the building of the plane on pp. 86-108 of op. cit. and of its testing and the weather delay of the eastward hop on pp. 108-33. He tells of building the plane and testing it on pp. 200-9 of *We*. Donald Hall, the plane's designer, tells of Lindbergh's supervising the building of the plane and of how Lindbergh trained for the flight in a lengthy interview published in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, May 23, 1927, 3:8, and Harry Knight tells of Lindbergh's response to the plane's tests in an interview in the same paper, May 14, 1927, 1:4 and 2:5, 6.

Says Hall, in the above story: "He [Lindbergh] directed every detail, even the most minute, of the plane's construction and he did not leave San Diego until he was absolutely sure that the smallest part, the weakest link in the mechanism of his ship was strong enough to withstand strain before which other planes had succumbed. . . ." Hall is also quoted as saying that Lindbergh trained for his flight "as a boxer trains for a ring battle, but his training was to defeat the sand-man." According to Hall, "Six times while in San Diego he went without sleep from 36 to 40 hours"—and the same story is told in many other places, including Van Every and Tracy (op. cit.), page 122, which says: "First he remained awake and at work for 24 hours. Then he extended the period to 30 hours and finally to 35 and then to 40 hours. He satisfied himself that he was capable not only of remaining awake a sufficient time to permit the flight but to retain his powers of concentration and his strength." Lindbergh himself, however, on page 547 (in the appendix) of *The Spirit of St. Louis* says flatly that he

did *not* thus train himself to stay awake but "slept for part of every night" he was in San Diego.

On page 21 of the *Times* for April 30, 1927, appeared a story datelined San Diego, telling of Lindbergh's testing his Ryan plane and adding: "Captain Lindbergh put the plane through its paces in competition with a Curtiss Hawk and just before he landed, the two planes nearly collided. The Curtiss plane was much faster and was traveling more than two miles a minute." Then the phrase which I quote. On May 5, page 23, the *Times* says in a San Diego datelined story (special to the *Times*) that "Lindberg" [sic] was being delayed "because of mechanical difficulties encountered in the gruelling try-out of the huge [sic] Ryan monoplane"—a sample of the kind of reporting which bred in the flier a contempt for newspapermen. He expresses his attitude on page 166 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*, saying that, for newspapermen, "accuracy . . . is secondary to circulation—a thing to be sacrificed, when occasion arises . . ." But, he goes on to say, "accuracy" is "vital to my sense of values."

Of particular value to me in my covering of all the preflight material was a long, detailed, and (by internal evidence as well as by checks against Lindbergh's own books and the writings of others) accurate account of the making of the plane and other preparations for the flight, written by Lella Warren, entitled "Before the Flight," and published in *Collier's* for July 18, 1931. An editorial note says the author gathered her material "by talking to the small group of men who co-operated with Lindbergh" and that "each of the facts has been checked by the participants so that the narrative may stand in the midst of the grandiose romancing and petty jibes as a fragment of tested truth."

According to Lella Warren, Charles Lawrence, president, and Guy Vaughan, manager, Wright Corporation, didn't believe Lindbergh could make the proposed flight alone and "it seemed scarcely humane to sell this youngster a craft which would lead him into disaster." For this reason, and because they had an obligation to place the Bellanca in the best possible place, they refused to sell to Lindbergh. The article then tells of the sale of the Bellanca to Levine and of Lindbergh's effort to buy from Levine. Meanwhile (according to Lella Warren), J. T. Hartson, sales manager of Wright, had provided Ryan as he had other manufacturers with blank contracts for the purchase of Wright Whirlwinds, and Mahoney forced Hartson to sell him one for the *Spirit of St. Louis* by signing this contract after Hartson had protested that Wright didn't want to sell an engine to Lindbergh for the proposed flight. Thus forced, the Wright factory in New Jersey prepared for Lindbergh one of ten "specially inspected" Whirlwinds, his being number seven. (Three went to Byrd, three to Davis and Wooster.) When the motor was shipped to San Diego, it was ac-

accompanied by instructions not to permit anyone to "fuss with it" because it had "been serviced and tuned up like a fine violin." It should merely be installed and run carefully for the first few hours and then should be ready for the flight east.

Wray Scrapbook, in the Minnesota Historical Society, contains newspaper clippings telling of how Lindbergh lived and acted during his San Diego days. Of the books on Lindbergh, the best for this period is Van Every and Tracy (op. cit.) who tell, pp. 118-19, of Lindbergh's rooming with A. J. Edwards, who is extensively quoted, and, on pp. 122-24, of his practical jokes at San Diego and his love of sweets. The appendix to Lindbergh's *The Spirit of St. Louis* as originally published (the appendix was omitted from the cheaper reprint edition) contains engineering data on the plane, prepared by Donald Hall, explaining that some of this data is in Technical Note 257 of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, dated July 1927, and entitled "Technical Preparation of the Airplane *Spirit of St. Louis*." I have relied on this in my description of the plane which, of course, I've also seen several times in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. This appendix also contains the specifications and general description of the Wright Whirlwind J-5C, which powered the plane, prepared by Kenneth M. Lane, chief airplane engineer of the Wright Corporation in 1927. Also referred to were newspaper features giving detailed descriptions of the plane; Fife (op. cit.), which has a full-page illustration of the plane's motor and instruments (facing 139); and Beamish (op. cit.), which has a detailed and illustrated description of the plane on pp. 180-92.

As for Lindbergh's changed attitude toward reporters and photographers, it is attested to in newspaper and magazine articles *ad infinitum*. Typical is a comment by Henry Ladd Smith in his *Airways, The History of Commercial Aviation in the United States* (Knopf, 1942), page 78: "In the early days he [Lindbergh] was free of the publicity phobia that later caused him so much trouble. In fact, Lindbergh at one time was rather fond of publicity. Newspaper interviewers found him agreeable and co-operative."

On page 121 of his *The Spirit of St. Louis*, Lindbergh tells of how he signaled for the chocks to be removed from before the wheels of his plane when, on April 28, he took it up for its first flight. "A young mechanic named Douglas Corrigan ducks under the wings to pull them out," says he. Corrigan, who helped build the *Spirit of St. Louis* in the Ryan plant, made in 1938 perhaps the most astonishing and daring long-distance flight ever made, crossing the Atlantic in a Curtiss Robin nine years old, of the same design as the one current in 1927, and landing in Ireland, thus garnering fame as "Wrong-Way" Corrigan because he claimed he had made the flight "by accident," having

intended to fly west instead of east. His compass, he explained, had "got stuck."

While writing of Lindbergh's Paris-flight decision—at once (paradoxically) a "pure" decision and a compulsive one—I became aware that here, perhaps more clearly than before, he emerges as an "existentialist hero." I suppose this awareness came in part from my use of the phrase "either/or," which is the title of one of Søren Kierkegaard's works and suggests his famous motto: "*Either/or* is the key to heaven; *both/and* is the road to hell." (This in turn suggests a contrast of Lindbergh with Eisenhower, they being the two greatest "heroes" of this American century. The former's heroism inheres for the most part and involves vital risks; the latter's adheres for the most part and consists of other people's attitudes. Lindbergh is an "either/or" personality, dangerous and courting danger, wholly indifferent to mere popularity, tending toward a totalitarianism in philosophy and politics which requires to be balanced or overbalanced by the particularizations of scientific intelligence. Eisenhower is a "both/and" personality, safe and courting safety, ruled by a vanity which inhibits decisive action since to act would be to antagonize somebody, tending toward a bland homogenization of everything and everyone. Are Lindbergh and his kind more harmful in their long-run effects than Eisenhower and his kind? I doubt it. After all, "either/or" creates through its acts counterbalancing processes and intensifies life as it does so, whereas "both/and" is in itself a smothering anti-vitalism, blurring all definitions and every issue, dissolving existence in a fog of ambiguity. The resultant vacuum, to the extent and degree that it persists, is likely to be filled by force or violence of the most brutal kind in that its motive is a reactionary despair rather than a hopeful intention. Indeed, this dualism of personality seems of a piece with Being and Nothingness, the risks of the former being the "necessary" risks of existence, of "making oneself," while the "safety" of the latter is that protection against dying which only those may have who are already dead.)

The basic premise of existentialism, "existence precedes essence," is implicit, I think, in every really serious effort to answer the question of "why?" when asked of Lindbergh's flight or of any genuinely free act. One generates the reasons (or "essences") for such adventures by accomplishing them, which is to say there *are* no "reasons" apart from the act itself (which does, of course, include "intention" since there can't by definition be an "unintentional" act) until after the act is performed, the "reasons" being then equated with consequences implied by or consistent with original intentions. "Why climb Mount Everest? Because it is there." Similarly: "Why fly the Atlantic? Because I *am dared* to do it." Cf. the essay by Wilfred Noyce, the British mountaineer, in Vol. I, No. 1 of *Horizon*, September 1958,

entitled "Why Men Seek Adventure." Noyce makes the significant assertion that men did *not* seek adventure for its own sake until the effects of the Industrial Revolution began to be felt, and quotes Richard Hillary's *The Last Enemy* (St. Martin's, 1943) concerning the "why" of Hillary's flying an airplane under the Severn bridge: "I had to for my own satisfaction, just as many years before I had had to stand on a twenty-five-foot board above a swimming pool until I dived off." Similarly (Noyce goes on) with "Daredevil Lindbergh" who answered the question of "why" he wing walked and parachute jumped by saying "enigmatically and yet understandably too: 'I believe that the risks I take are justified by the sheer love of the life I lead.'" Such a man does as he does, says Noyce, "because he might, if he did not, miss something in the gamut of emotions—perhaps something that would have suited him exactly."

And what is an "emotion?" Jean-Paul Sartre's phenomenological theory says that an emotion is not originally a "state of consciousness" but a "fact of consciousness" in which the objective world is involved. Thus the emotion of fear which Lindbergh deliberately sought was not, in its initial impact, an awareness of being afraid but, instead, an actual and active fear of such objective facts as gravity's pull, earth's hardness, ocean's cold immensities, etc., in relation to the frailty of his own body. Noyce quotes Lindbergh, "Yes, just being in the air on a flight across the ocean, to Paris, warrants the hazard of an ice field below," and adds, "Besides which, of course, the thrill of that ice field, the thought of those bumps, tauten the nerves and are themselves a pleasure. . . ."

CHAPTER SEVEN: "*The Race*"

The "special" to the New York *Times* telling of receipt of Lindbergh's formal entry for the Orteig Prize (March 1, 1927) said the entry was accompanied by a certified check for \$250, as required by the contest regulations, and that Lindbergh would now, by these regulations, be able to make a start any time after April 25, sixty days after his filing. This same story said that the new Sikorsky being built for René Fonck would be ready about May 1. I, of course, leaned heavily on running accounts of the various flight preparations in the New York *Times* and, to a lesser degree, on those in the New York *Herald-Tribune*. Of special value were the following in the *Times*: a Sunday feature by Russell Owen on March 20, 1927, telling of five cross-Atlantic flights then being prepared and of eight earlier flights (three by dirigible) across the ocean; a detailed story of the Byrd and Davis-Wooster preparations, April 10, 1927; a story on April 11, 1927, on Davis's flying his *American Legion* to Washington, D.C.; stories of

the Acosta-Chamberlin endurance flight with the Bellanca, April 14 and 15; a detailed story of the crash of Byrd's plane on trial, Sunday, April 17; a detailed story of the fatal Davis-Wooster crash, April 27; detailed stories of the Nungesser-Coli flight, May 8, 9, 10, and 11; stories of Lindbergh's cross-continent flight, May 11, 12, and 13 (on the latter day, his name appeared for the first time on page 1); a story on feverish preparations and the weather delay, May 14; the story of Mrs. Lindbergh's farewell to her son, May 15; and stories in detail, on May 17 and 18, on the Levine-Bertaud dispute. These accounts were, of course, checked against Lindbergh's own account of his experience during this period, on pp. 87-149 of his *The Spirit of St. Louis* (Scribner's, 1953) and *We* (Putnam's, 1927), pp. 198-212. I referred also to Quentin Reynolds's *They Fought for the Sky* (Rinehart, 1957) for information about Nungesser.

General Duval's statement deploring attempts to fly the Atlantic, which I quote, appeared in *Le Figaro*, Paris, May 16, and was reported in considerable detail in the *New York Times*, May 17. The anti-Americanism which followed the loss of Coli and Nungesser was told of in news stories at the time, stories which I supplemented by reference to a lengthy feature article by Wilbur Forrest, an eyewitness, in the Washington, D.C. *Star* for May 20, 1934. Forrest describes graphically how, on the late afternoon of May 10, 1927, the report spread in Paris that the French aviators had landed in New York, one Parisian paper actually printing an "interview" with Nungesser. When the bulletin board of a New York paper refused to confirm the landing, the Parisian crowd was angered. Soon it was widely rumored that the Americans not only denied confirmation of the landing because of "jealousy" but also intended to collect the French war debt "by force" if need be, the U.S. having rejected the European formula for repayment of such debts. *Le Matin* felt compelled to remove U.S. flags from the façade of its building. These were the circumstances in which Ambassador Myron T. Herrick issued his "warning" against initiating a New York-to-Paris flight until the fate of Nungesser and Coli was determined.

Lindbergh tells of his flight from San Diego to St. Louis and thence to New York on pp. 210-12 of *We* and pp. 134-50 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*. In the Lindbergh Museum, Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis, are several photos of Lindbergh in St. Louis during his stopover on the coast-to-coast flight and a verbatim quotation from the flight log: "Rockwell Field, North Ireland [should be Island], California, to Lambert Field, St. Louis and circle over St. Louis. Took off at 3:55 p.m. Pacific Time. Over Lambert Field at 8 a.m. Central Standard Time, May 11. Landed at 8:20 a.m. Serious engine missing over desert mountains at night. Probably due to lack of carburetor air heater." I referred to the lengthy news accounts in the St. Louis *Globe-*

Democrat and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* for May 11 through May 13, 1927, for the details of the St. Louis stopover. *Tradewinds*, a monthly magazine published by the Wright Aeronautical Corporation for its employees, carried a story of Lindbergh and the flight, stressing, of course, the role played by Wright in it, in May 1937, Vol. 3, No. 7. Says the article: "The Whirlwind engine, known to the manufacturing division of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation as Engine No. 7331, was tuned up to the nth degree by Edward J. Mulligan, now affiliated with the License Division, and Kenneth J. Boedecker, now of the Sales Department." *The Flying Red Horse*, house organ of Socony Mobil Oil Co., Inc., contained in its spring issue, 1957 (Vol. 23, No. 1) an article entitled "How Mobil Helped a Daring Young Man named Lindbergh" which gave me useful background information. It was illustrated in part by the two photographs I mention.

"Lindbergh, the Famous Unknown," by Harry A. Bruno, with William S. Dutton, *Saturday Evening Post*, Vol. 206, October 21, 1933, pp. 23 plus, and "Before the Flight," by Lella Warren, *Collier's*, July 18, 1931, were two articles of special value to me in the writing of Lindbergh's arrival in New York and the period intervening between then and his Paris take-off. The story of Lindbergh's handling of the men who were to prepare his plane is told by Lella Warren (op. cit.) while Bruno is my source for the story of Lindbergh's relations with Blythe. Bruno comments on what seems to him the strange lack of demonstrative affection between Lindbergh and his mother when the two said good-by at the railway station. Later, according to Bruno, there was talk of an "estrangement" between mother and son, but this, he adds, was untrue. "Lindbergh is simply a man utterly incapable of expressing what is inside him emotionally and his mother is like him." My quotations of Mrs. Lindbergh as she said good-by are from the *New York Times* and *Herald-Tribune* for May 15, 1927. On that same day, the *Times* told of Lindbergh's having to swerve his plane to avoid hitting a photographer, "showing he can see ahead" through his periscope despite the gasoline tank in front of the cockpit. Not only was the tail skid broken but also "a crack was found in the cap over the center of the propeller" after this incident, according to the *Times*. This same story quoted Lindbergh as saying that he planned to spend that night (May 14) with "friends in Port Washington instead of the Garden City Hotel to make certain I am not disturbed." His friends there were Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Guggenheim, whom he had just met for the first time.

Harry Guggenheim tells of the meeting on pp. 74-75 of his *The Seven Skies* (Putnam's, 1930), indicating as he does the "shining contrast" of Lindbergh with most of the public figures of that day. "I was charmed by this splendid boy as he has since charmed the world,"

writes Guggenheim. "His great dignity and modesty in an age of showmen seemed to set him apart in an exalted place. . . . I was moved by his calm assurance, his controlled enthusiasm, his faith absolute." However, Guggenheim left the field "saddened" by what he calls the "difficulties" Lindbergh faced, difficulties he obviously believed would destroy this "splendid boy" in a few days, in all probability, for Guggenheim goes on to speak of his "dismay" when "as an old pilot" he reviewed the "many technical obstacles" and the prospect "of any human being sitting unrelieved, almost motionless, at the controls of an airplane for over thirty hours."

Lindbergh indicates his attitude toward the press in New York on page 176 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*, admitting there that his attitude was ambivalent in that he "wanted publicity for this flight," wanted the newspapermen's help and their headlines, but was appalled by "the excesses" which made for "cheap values." He mentions particularly the "silly stories" and the "constant photographing" and wonders why newspapers can't accept the facts and not "smother the flavor of life in a spice of fiction." He specifically mentions in his book, as newspapers whose reporters he respects, the *Times*, the *New York World*, and the *New York Post*.

My summary of the argument Lindbergh used to convince people his flight was not recklessly conceived but carefully planned is from a written statement he issued to the *New York Times*, which published it on May 21. He confessed that the measurement of drift would be difficult for him, but he would carry smoke bombs and a drift indicator. He believed he could land safely in Ireland or England even at night (or so he said), for he had a great deal of experience with night flying and had learned that the "ground at night takes on very definite characteristics of shadow which enable the pilot to pick a landing place." He thought it unlikely that motor trouble would develop at that end of his trip, however, since the "things that go wrong with a plane" generally go wrong, if at all, during the first dozen hours of flight.

The story of the last day and a half in New York is covered in detail in the *New York Times*, as in the other New York papers; by Harry Bruno (op. cit.); by Lella Warren (op. cit.); and by Lindbergh himself, pp. 169-78 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*. Bruno says that Mrs. Lane "refused to remove the ruts made by the car that had carried Lindbergh" into the front yard of her house for as long as the Lanes lived there. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, May 27, 1927, carries a story quoting Lieutenant George Stumpf, who says he slept "in the same room with Slim on the eve of the flight, the two turning in around midnight." Stumpf is quoted as saying: "I awoke at a quarter of two. I realized I was chewing something and when I opened my eyes I saw that Slim was sitting on the edge of the bed. He had a package of

gum in his hand and he broke into a laugh as he saw me chewing on the piece he had stuck into my mouth. I tried to make him go back to bed but there was no use. We dressed and went downstairs. As we turned into the lower landing there was a rustle in the lobby and whispers of 'there he is'——" Lella Warren, however, says that Stumpf was delegated "to act as an alarm clock" for Lindbergh, and Lindbergh himself (as do the current news stories) speaks of posting "a friend" outside the door to protect him from disturbance. (He says, on page 175, that this friend came in to ask him an inane question just as he was about to drop off to sleep.)

The *New York Times* for May 20, 1927, says that few connected with any of the proposed flights went to bed in the Garden City Hotel that night of May 19-20. "Clarence Chamberlin and Lloyd Bertaud sat in a corner studying weather maps and examining weather charts," says the *Times*. "As the moment drew near for Lindbergh to go they seemed to hope that they still might get a last minute decision from Levine to permit them to go also." That same morning, Byrd's plane made two short flights, one with a load of 12,000 pounds, presumably to "test the new rudder." It didn't appear that Byrd could get away before Sunday or Monday even if the tests were all completed. As for Lindbergh's sleeplessness, he tells of it, and reconstructs what he deems to have been his stream of consciousness, on pp. 173-77 of *The Spirit of St. Louis*. Admittedly, my own presentation is an imaginative interpretation—but then, so is his, against which I check my own—and it seems to me very clear that, by his own account, the undefined knowledge and fear of imminent death hovered just beneath the surface of all his defined thoughts.

Russell Owen's long and detailed account of the take-off for Paris, in the *New York Times* for May 21, 1927—an account which Lindbergh himself obviously referred to as he wrote *The Spirit of St. Louis*—tells of violets nestled beside the roadside as the plane was dragged across. In the Lindbergh Museum, St. Louis, as in the current newspapers, are many photographs of the plane being towed to Roosevelt.

CHAPTER EIGHT: "*The Flight*"

The story of the Lindbergh flight has, of course, been told hundreds of times in print and I've read a good many of these hundreds, checking them against Lindbergh's own accounts in *We* and *The Spirit of St. Louis*. Particularly useful to me was the long account of the take-off written by Russell Owen in the *New York Times* for May 21, 1927. Having contracted to sell his flight story to the *Times*, Lindbergh was particularly co-operative with reporters from this paper and Owen was close beside him through those long tense morning hours, recording

every detail. It was from Owen, for instance, that I learned that Frank Tichenor of the *Aero Digest* was the man who asked Lindbergh about his sandwich supply, and my quote of Lindbergh on this is from Owen's story. Equally valuable to me was Lella Warren's carefully researched story "Before the Flight," *Collier's*, July 18, 1931. She tells, in an account confirmed by *The Spirit of St. Louis* in so far as the latter deals with the same facts, of the mounting tension as time passed beyond the point at which Lindbergh had planned to get away, of the filtering of the gasoline (the *New York Times* for May 21 has a picture of Kenneth Lane pouring gasoline into the main tank), of the factors militating against a successful take-off, and especially of the warming up and "full out" final testing of the motor. Lindbergh himself, covering the take-off and first few miles of flight on pp. 181-90 of *The Spirit of St. Louis* says (page 181) that the engine ran thirty revolutions low. By the Warren account it was forty revolutions low. I've chosen the latter figure as more probably accurate because Lella Warren obtained it by direct interview with Boedecker and Mulligan when the memory of the take-off remained very vivid in the mechanics' minds. The discrepancy is slight in any case. I've based my reported conversation of Lindbergh and Mulligan on both Lindbergh's and Warren's accounts.

Also of help in writing of the take-off was the article, "Lindbergh, the Famous Unknown," by Harry A. Bruno, with William S. Dutton, *Saturday Evening Post*, Vol. 206, October 21, 1933, pp. 23 plus; a full page of pictures of last-minute preparations and the take-off in the *New York Times*, May 21, 1927; a story in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, May 20, 1927, quoting Lieutenant George Stumpf, an eyewitness of the take-off and friend of Lindbergh (Stumpf describes the take-off as "hair-raising" because of the soft runway, it looking at one point as though "Slim couldn't make it"); and John Goldstrom's *A Narrative History of Aviation* (Macmillan, 1930), pp. 226-27, where Goldstrom tells of the take-off in terms of one who knows flying, stressing Lindbergh's turning his plane to pass over trees immediately after he'd cleared the telephone wires. The *New York Times* for May 21 devoted nearly all of its first six pages to the background, take-off, and first stages of the flight. Obviously derived from these current newspaper accounts were the stories of the take-off and flight in Richard J. Beamish's *The Story of Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle* (International Press, 1927); George Buchanan Fife's *Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle* (A. L. Burt, 1927); Chelsea Fraser's *Heroes of the Air* (Crowell, 1939 [revised edition]), pp. 431-38; Dale Van Every and Morris De Haven Tracy's *Charles Lindbergh, His Life* (Appleton, 1927); and John Pudney's *Six Great Aviators* (Hamish Hamilton, London, 1955), pp. 123-56, which were among the books I consulted. The latter, a par-

ticularly well-written account, obviously leans heavily for factual detail on *The Spirit of St. Louis*.

Of special interest and value to me in arriving at such knowledge as I have of technical aspects of the flight was Technical Memorandum No. 423 issued in mimeographed form by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, a translation by Dwight M. Miner of an essay in the German publication *Motorwagen* for May 31, 1927, by August Van Parseval. The author did not have available the accurate statistics on the *Spirit of St. Louis* but made fairly close approximations of its weight, engine efficiency, drag, and general performance. Van Parseval describes the plane as "a flying fuel tank" and is very sure that the "technical and practical significance of the flight . . . is very great" but stresses the extreme hazard of the take-off and of possibly unfavorable winds over the Atlantic. In such flights, says he, "the maximum speed assumes a role quite subordinate to the economical speed, and it is the pilot's task to maintain the correct economical speed whereby not only the characteristics of the plane but also the wind conditions must be taken into consideration." I also found useful to such understanding as I have gained of the experience of piloting a plane Wolfgang Langewiesche's *Stick and Rudder, An Explanation of the Art of Flying* (Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill, 1944), wherein the theory and practice of flight are presented in clear, simple language. The *feel* as well as the problem of flying under various conditions is vividly conveyed by Langewiesche.

Of incidental psychological interest is an interview with Lindbergh published in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, May 12, 1927, wherein the flier was closely questioned as to what would happen if he were forced down on the ocean. "Though he laughed [at the suggestion] of such a landing, his replies showed he had thought of the possibility. If the wings of the plane are not crushed in a forced landing, they are expected to keep the plane afloat forty-five minutes. In this time, he has a chance to pump the gasoline from their tanks, thus creating several large buoys. These, he thinks, would keep the plane afloat indefinitely in a fairly calm sea. In any event he has a small rubber raft which he could inflate in a short period of time."

Of course my account of Lindbergh's solitary experience over the Atlantic is an imaginative, empathic interpretation, but I've made it as a projection of his past experience and character development and checked its factual accuracy against the accounts signed by Lindbergh immediately after his landing in Paris and published in the *New York Times* and other papers, his *We*, and his *The Spirit of St. Louis*. I was also influenced (particularly the "pillars of cloud" descriptions) by an overnight flight I myself once made (as passenger) in an Army Air Transport across the North Atlantic in the fall of 1944. I'll never forget the wild weird beauty of that night sky, and of the towering,

billowing clouds among which we flew as dawn came on. Lindbergh himself speaks repeatedly of the cockpit of his plane as a kind of snug nest amidst an immense, cold world, in his *The Spirit of St. Louis*. On page 227, for instance, he speaks of his cockpit as a "cocoon" in which "I feel secure." He also speaks of it as an "efficient, tidy home" which is very "personal" because nobody but himself had ever piloted the plane, and as a "cabin that flies through the air." Such revelations indicate the *quality* of experience and its significance in terms of his psychology, which I've tried in the flight story to convey. The story of his struggle against sleep is, of course, told in numerous books and is stressed in his *The Spirit of St. Louis*. Interestingly enough, he insisted he had *not* been particularly sleepy when he was first interviewed in Paris after his landing. "I didn't get what you might call downright sleepy," he said, according to a story by Carlisle MacDonald in the *New York Times*, May 22, 1927. He added, however, that "I think I sort of nodded several times."

Incidentally, Lloyd's, having refused to issue odds on the flight's chances on Friday, did so on Saturday, after Lindbergh had passed St. John's. It bet 10 to 3 against Lindbergh's success. On the New York Stock Exchange, in the two-hour Saturday morning session, the stock of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, ordinarily a meagerly traded stock turning over only a few hundred shares in a full day's trading, had a turnover of 13,000 shares. It opened at 29³/₄, jumped quickly to 34³/₈, and closed at that figure—a gain of 4³/₈ over Friday's closing price, made on the strength of Lindbergh's success thus far in his flight. The quotation about Lindbergh's navigation "genius" is from a "veteran airman," anonymous, quoted in the Washington, D.C. *Star* in an editorial of unknown date in the fall of 1927.

Hanging on a wall in the Lindbergh Museum, Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis, is the chart Lindbergh used during the flight. Says the legend:

ORIGINAL CHART

used by Col. Lindbergh to guide his Spirit of St. Louis from New York to Paris. Shows magnetic course on Great Circle [north of shipping lanes] which he laid out in San Diego while supervising the construction of his plane. The pencilled circle at St. Johns, Newfoundland, added by him as he flew over the city about 7 p.m. New York Time, indicates the only deviation from his planned course. This being the last point of land from which, if seen, a message might be relayed back to his associates that he had reached this point safely before heading out over the Atlantic. His altitude varied from a few feet above the ocean and 10,500 feet, and air speed between 85 and 120 mph.

CHAPTER NINE: "The Glory"

An article by T. Bentley Mott, "Herrick and Lindbergh," in *World's Work*, January 1930, Vol. 59, pp. 66-72, was particularly helpful in the description of Herrick's days just before and after the Lindbergh landing in Paris. It contains lengthy direct quotations from the U. S. Ambassador. Edwin L. James of the *New York Times*, in an account published May 22, 1927, gives the color and feel of the Le Bourget landing more fully and accurately than most other accounts. I also referred to the European edition of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, (the *New York Herald*, Paris) for May 23, 1927. Wilbur Forrest's eyewitness reminiscence of the landing in the *Washington Star*, May 20, 1934, was also helpful, particularly in dealing with the Harry Wheeler episode; Forrest is my source for the story of Herrick trying to press roses on Wheeler, Forrest having been in the room at the time, and he fills in a gap in Herrick's reported remembrance by telling of Weiss's taking Lindbergh to the American Embassy. A story by Carlisle MacDonald in the *New York Times*, May 22, 1927, covers in detail Lindbergh's early morning press conference at the Embassy. Lindbergh tells of his first hours in Paris in an "Afterword" to *The Spirit of St. Louis*, pp. 495-501.

Summaries of the sermons by leading New York pastors on Sunday, May 22, 1927, were printed in the *New York Times* for Monday, May 23. The messages from Herrick to President Coolidge and from foreign governments to the White House were published in *The Flight of Captain Charles A. Lindbergh from New York to Paris, May 20-21, As Compiled from the Official Records of the Department of State* (U. S. Government Printing Office, 1927). Infinitely detailed accounts of Lindbergh's Paris triumph appeared in the *New York Times*, as in other newspapers, and I also referred to Richard J. Beamish's *The Story of Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle* (International Press, 1927), pp. 43-88, which is a lengthy summary of current newspaper accounts, as well as to the other "quickie" biographies of that year: George Buchanan Fife's *Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle* (A. L. Burt, 1927); Dale Van Every and Morris De Haven Tracy's *Charles Lindbergh, His Life* (Appleton, 1927); and James E. West's *The Lone Scout of the Sky, The Story of Charles A. Lindbergh* (Boy Scouts of America, 1927). T. Bentley Mott (op. cit.) quotes Herrick in a denial that he ever "coached Lindbergh" as to what to say or do in Paris and as saying that Lindbergh "was a perfectly mature man, for all his youthful appearance" and knew "exactly what he was about and . . . nothing short of death would stop him." Herrick did give Lindbergh, by his own account, some advice on how to face the French Assembly,

namely that Lindbergh should not begin to speak until the room was perfectly quiet. The story Lindbergh used was of Franklin's response to someone who asked him of what use was the newly invented balloon. "Of what use," Franklin replied, "is a new-born baby?"

The quotations of Gene Tunney and Gertrude Ederle on the advisability of a swift "cashing in" on fleeting fame are from press-association news stories in the Wray Scrapbook, Minnesota Historical Society Library. The story of the four wealthy men who wanted to "save" Lindbergh by giving him \$1,000,000 is told by Harry A. Bruno, with William S. Dutton, in "Lindbergh, the Famous Unknown," the *Saturday Evening Post*, Vol. 206, October 21, 1933, pp. 23 plus. The same article tells of the hectic time Blythe and Bruno had following the flight. An Associated Press dispatch for August 30, 1927, quoting Fitzhugh Green, Lindbergh's chief secretarial aide then, tells of the offer of \$1,000,000 for going through a "real marriage ceremony." The dispatch quotes an article by Green in *Popular Science Monthly*. My direct quotation concerning the offer comes from a summary story in the *Literary Digest* for October 1, 1927. Dixon Wecter, in his *The Hero in America* (Scribner's, 1941) says, page 423, "that when Lindbergh first planned his flight, desperate for funds, he . . . approached the American Tobacco Company with an offer, in exchange for backing, to name his plane 'The Lucky Strike.' But these businessmen, dubious of the result if he crashed, declined the offer." Wecter's source of this is "information supplied the author, on the authority of the late Senator Dwight W. Morrow, by kindness of Professor Edwin F. Gay." It is interesting to speculate what effect an acceptance of Lindbergh's alleged offer by the cigarette company would have had on the extent and quality of his fame.

Edwin L. James, in a by-lined story in the *New York Times*, told of Lindbergh's plan to return to the United States by flying around the world, a story reprinted in full by the *Literary Digest*, Vol. 93, June 25, 1927, pp. 52-53. James apparently interviewed Ambassador Houghton to obtain information on the argument which the flier and Ambassador had at midnight of May 29-30, 1927.

The bulk of every "quickie" biography of Lindbergh in '27 consisted of a digest of the endless columns of newspaper material on his triumphs in Washington, New York, and St. Louis, and I have consulted them as well as the Washington, New York, and St. Louis newspapers of appropriate dates, while writing of these events. Also helpful were Raymond Evans's "Lindbergh at the Capital," *Outlook*, Vol. 146, June 22, 1927, pp. 243-45, and Curtis Wheeler's "Lindbergh in New York" in the same magazine of the same date, pp. 245-46. Irwin (Ike) H. Hoover's "The Queen and Lindy," edited by Wesley Stout, the *Saturday Evening Post*, Vol. 207, August 11, 1934, pp. 10-11 plus, tells of the White House's difficulty in locating Mrs. Evan-

geline Lindbergh on June 10, 1927; of the nearly uncontrollable crowds around 15 Dupont Circle; of Dwight Morrow's entertaining Mrs. Lindbergh; and other behind-the-scenes details of Lindbergh's stay as the President's guest.

Claude M. Fuess, in his *Calvin Coolidge, The Man From Vermont* (Little, Brown, 1940), tells of Lindbergh's attending church with the Coolidges (page 486): ". . . Coolidge . . . possessed a very strong sense of the dignity of office and was well acquainted with details of precedence and etiquette. . . . [He] was much disturbed when Colonel Lindbergh, as a White House guest, appeared dressed for church in a noticeably [sic] light-colored suit. After the President tactfully inquired whether dark blue clothes would not be more appropriate, the aviator rather reluctantly made the change." "Ike" Hoover (op. cit.) tells the same story.

Fitzhugh Green's accounts of the Washington and New York triumphs, in the closing chapters of Lindbergh's *We* (Putnam's, 1927), were particularly helpful in that they were authenticated by the flier himself. Bruno's story of the uniform is told in his *Saturday Evening Post* piece of October 21, 1933. My summary of Mrs. Lindbergh's press conference derives mostly from a by-lined newspaper story in the Wray Scrapbook, by Genevieve F. Herrick, datelined New York, June 14, 1927. It was apparently a syndicated or wire story clipped from one of the Twin City newspapers.

The New York *Times* for July 2, 1927, 4:1, telling of Lindbergh's being at work on his book, says he had excited admiration "by refusing to hurry publication." When urged by his publishers to hurry, "his response was a new mass of handwritten manuscript so clear and so precise that the publishers felt reproved for their importunity." The *Times* on July 26, 1927, 6:2, says "most of the work" on the book was done in two weeks in the home of Harry F. Guggenheim at Port Washington; he worked on it from ten to eighteen hours a day, the story says.

Donald E. Keyhoe's *Flying with Lindbergh* (Putnam's, 1928) is a detailed story of the 48-state flying tour. A condensed version by Keyhoe appeared in *National Geographic Magazine*, January 1928, Vol. 53, pp. 1-46. Statistics on miles covered, etc., were given in the New York *Times*, October 23, 1927, 26:2. Clippings in the Wray Scrapbook, as well as New York *Times* stories, report that Lindbergh in Minneapolis was a "light eater" and that in general, at banquets, he returned part of his portions uneaten—a report so at variance with his earlier reputation as trencherman as to have, if true, psychological significance. Army physical examinations, whose results were announced October 4, 1927 and March 18, 1928, showed Lindbergh in practically perfect physical condition, if "slightly underweight" at 159 pounds; he also had a "slight case of flat feet, but not more than ex-

pected in a person of his height." The *Wisconsin State Journal* (Madison) for August 23, 1927, tells of thirteen-year-old Dorothy Meyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Meyer, who carried a basket of roses to the speaker's platform in Madison. Presenting them to Lindbergh, she said: "Colonel Lindbergh, all Madison loves you." Lindbergh bowed and clasped her hand, but when she reached an arm around his neck and tried to kiss him he drew back abruptly and "gently but firmly ushered the little girl off the platform. Dorothy felt herself a failure and wept broken-heartedly . . . after leaving the platform, her brown curls shaking."

The New York *Herald-Tribune* editorial quotation is from the *Literary Digest* for November 12, 1927. The editorial closes: "We are reliably informed that the suggestion that he [Lindbergh] be sent to Congress was made only in jest and signified no ill will." The various items of Lindbergh's fantastic fame were gleaned from current newspaper accounts, *Literary Digest* newspaper summaries (particularly "Why the World Makes Lindbergh Its Hero," June 25, 1927, Vol. 93, pp. 5-8), and visits to the Lindbergh trophy room in the Jefferson Memorial in St. Louis, maintained by the Missouri Historical Society. Here are mounted vast numbers of clippings, many of the popular songs, etc. Also helpful to the writing of Lindbergh-worship were Charles Merz's *The Great American Band Wagon* (Harper, 1928), pp. 226-28; *We*, pp. 316-18; Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday* (Harper, 1931), pp. 219-24; and Dixon Wecker (op. cit.), pp. 422-35. The *Literary Digest* for October 1, 1927, tells of Lindbergh's fan mail, quoting representative letters. The volume of poems mentioned, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, was published by Doran, 1927, and contains (pp. iii-vii) an instructive "Note by the Editor" on the "Spirit of St. Louis Competition."

A detailed story of Lindbergh's triumph in Boston is given by the New York *Times*, July 23, 1927; the same issue tells of Fuller's visit to Sacco and Vanzetti. H. G. Knowles's letter to Senator Borah is quoted in the New York *Times*, January 4, 1928, 3:4, and J. A. Matthews is quoted in the *Times* for January 10, 1928, 1:2. The *Wisconsin State Journal* (Madison) for June 21, 1927, contained a by-lined story from Delos Dudley in which he tells how he was frustrated in his efforts to reach Lindbergh. He says he finally drove out to Knight's country home, where Lindbergh was staying with Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh, after having given Knight many messages to convey to the hero which remained (Dudley was convinced) undelivered. He speaks bitterly of "armed guards" patrolling the Knight grounds, one of whom "yelled" to Dudley, "Hey, get off our myrtle!" Dudley says he looked down to "see what girl" he'd stepped on and saw that he stood on green plants—at which point he decided to abandon his project. A later story by another correspondent, in the same issue, tells of Dud-

ley's meeting his old friend at last and quotes the conversation between them.

The Haines papers, in the Minnesota Historical Society, contain a letter to Mrs. Dora B. Haines from A. J. McGuire, on stationery of the Land O' Lakes Creameries, Inc., dated May 13, 1930, in which he tells of visiting ex-Governor Lind in order to gather information for the book Mrs. Haines was completing about the elder Lindbergh. "Governor Lind frequently made comparison between the aviator Lindbergh and his father, and it was always by saying, 'The younger Lindbergh is like his father in this or that respect.' He said the boy is like his father in not capitalizing his great achievement as he might have done. When the father gave up his legal business he might be considered well off but he spent practically all of it in what he considered the public good."

John Erskine's essay, which I quote, may be seen in Vol. 114, pp. 513-18, of *Century Magazine*, under the title: "Flight: Some Thoughts on the Solitary Voyage of a Certain Young Aviator." Erskine stressed that "there is no such thing as sustained greatness, not because man is liable to fall but because from time to time it is our nature to fly"—and the flight must necessarily end in a coming to earth again. Lindbergh's "greatness" was, said Erskine, such a "flight." "Unless Lindbergh is a god, he has made mistakes in life, said occasional fretful and disagreeable things, and at some moment or other acted less than the hero," says Erskine. "Unless he is twice a god, he will someday disappoint some of his admirers."

I wish also to acknowledge, as particularly stimulating to me, the manuscript of a lecture given by John W. Ward of Princeton University to a student assembly at Clark University in 1957. It is entitled "The Meaning of Lindbergh's Flight" and was kindly sent to me at my request by the author. Ward's argument concludes: "It is a long flight from New York to Paris; it is a still longer flight from the fact of Lindbergh's achievement to the burden imposed on it by the imagination of his time. His role was finally a double one. His flight provided an opportunity for the people to project their own emotions into his act and their emotions involved finally two attitudes toward the meaning of their own experience. One view had it that America represented a brief escape from the course of history, an emergence into a new and open world with the self-sufficient individual at its center. The other said that America represented a stage in historical evolution and that its fulfillment lay in the development of society. For one, the meaning of America lay in the past; for the other, in the future. For one, the American ideal was an escape from institutions, from the forms of society, and from limitations put upon the free individual; for the other, the American ideal was an elaboration of the complex institutions which made modern society possible, an accept-

ance of the discipline of the machine, and the achievement of the individual within a context of which he was only a part. The two views were contradictory but both were possible and both were present in the public's reaction to Lindbergh's flight."

CHAPTER TEN: "A Question of Identity"

W. O. McGeehan's statement about Lindbergh's having "been up among the gods" was among many adulatory editorials about the hero quoted in *Literary Digest*, Vol. 93, June 25, 1927, pp. 5-8, under the heading "Why the World Makes Lindbergh Its Hero." The New York *Sun* said that "no such combination of honor, enthusiasm and admiration has been pressed on any other private citizen in our times" whereas the Providence (R.I.) *Journal* went so far as to doubt "if any man of any age in the world's history has ever been the recipient" of such adulation as Lindbergh had received. The St. Louis *Star* asserted that Lindbergh "has done more to create good feeling and increase the prestige of the United States in Europe, recently at low ebb, than any American since George Washington." An explanation of Lindbergh's fame, far less exalted than most, was given by a British journalist, P. W. Wilson, in a contribution to the New York *Times*: "The popularity of Lindbergh is due to the fact that he has chosen to achieve an aim the whole world can understand and admire. Every era has its allotted evangel. The Middle Ages built churches. Reformers read the Bible. Our faith is locomotion. We believe with all our hearts in the happiness of going somewhere else. We are elevated upward. On railroads we are not only pulled but pullmanned. We are automobilious. To fly is thus a supreme mysticism. To fly across the ocean is the beatific vision. Charles A. Lindbergh is our Elijah. Not only can he ascend to heaven in a chariot of fire, but, the public permitting, he can also alight again."

On May 22, 1927, the clipping service to which Lindbergh had subscribed happily announced in an Associated Press dispatch that "Lindbergh's exploits have commanded more than 27,000 columns of newspaper space since the young flier began his flight to Paris from California two weeks ago." The clip service estimated that it would have sent more than 300,000 clippings to the flier's mother before the excitement over the flight had ended. "In comparison, the company found that Admiral Peary's discovery of the North Pole yielded 80,000 clippings and the death of President Wilson yielded only about the same number." The story of Lindbergh's prudent limiting of the number of clips to be sent his mother was told me by Marvin W. McFarland, head of the Aeronautics Section, Science and Technology Division, Library of Congress. McFarland obtained the story from

Harold Bixby, one of the St. Louis backers of the Paris flight. On one of the hectic days preceding the great flight, a clip-service representative came into the room where Lindbergh and his backers were dealing with the thousand and one details of flight preparations. The clip-service man showed his contract to Bixby, who merely glanced at it, said it looked "all right," and asked the representative to "show it to Lindbergh over there." Despite the hectic atmosphere, and while others in the room concentrated on other matters, Lindbergh took time to read the contract carefully and make the change in it I mention, before signing it. Lindbergh was convinced that if he received more than \$50 worth of clippings, he'd be so famous he wouldn't need or want a clipping service.

According to Dixon Wecter's *The Hero in America* (Scribner's, 1941), page 436, Oliver Garrett of the *New York World* was the reporter who asked the question at which Lindbergh bridled, about seeing his mother off at the train, during his New York press conference. Wecter also mentions "frenzied women" who fought for Lindbergh's corncobs after he left an outdoor table at St. Louis (page 437) and adds that once "a well-dressed woman of middle age stopped before his table" in a restaurant "and tried to look into his mouth to see whether he were eating 'green beans or green peas.'" A syndicated feature by Ward Morehouse, North American Newspaper Alliance, in the Minneapolis *Tribune* for May 20, 1936, told in some detail of vandalism in the Little Falls house after the Paris flight. A newspaper feature in the Wray Scrapbook, Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, by Lieutenant Lester J. Maitland, tells of a valet assigned to Lindbergh unpacking the flier's belongings when he was a house guest on a Long Island estate and finding that Lindbergh "was quite destitute of linen." The hostess sent someone into town to buy shirts for him and when Lindbergh discovered them he explained to her: "You see, I can't keep any shirts. I send them to the laundry and that's the end of them. . . ." Russell Owen in the *New York Times*, March 25, 1928, said that Lindbergh, being forced to throw his soiled clothes away and buy new, "probably uses more new underwear than any person in the world." The story of Lindbergh's slamming the Sikorsky hangar door in the chorus girls' faces was told in the *New York Post* on October 27, 1927; Harry Guggenheim was with Lindbergh at the time. Maitland (op. cit.) tells of the host coming with guests into Lindbergh's bedroom before breakfast and of the incident in a Long Island country club, he having obtained his information from Lindbergh.

Lindbergh's glumness during his St. Louis triumph was noted by the *Wisconsin State Journal* (Madison) reporter who told on June 21, 1927, of Delos Dudley's meeting with his old friend; "Lindbergh smiled" as he shook hands with Dudley and this was one of the few

times, if not the only time, he did so during the St. Louis visit. The New York *Times* portrait of a frowning Lindbergh appeared on June 17, 1927. The quotation from Myron T. Herrick about Lindbergh's stunting at Le Bourget comes from T. Bentley Mott's "Herrick and Lindbergh," *World's Work*, January 1930, pp. 66-72, and the story of Blythe and Lindbergh at St. Louis comes from "Lindbergh, the Famous Unknown," by Harry A. Bruno, with William S. Dutton, *Saturday Evening Post*, Vol. 206, October 21, 1933, pp. 23 plus. Harold M. Bixby told of Lindbergh's pranks while on the national air tour with his Paris flight backers (spring of 1928) in a talk before a luncheon of the St. Louis Air Board and City Club, a report of which was in the New York *Times* for May 22, 1928. The Keyhoe photographs of a smiling Lindbergh illustrated the article Keyhoe wrote for *National Geographic Magazine*, January 1928, Vol. 53, pp. 1-46, and also his *Flying with Lindbergh* (Putnam's, 1928). The *National Geographic Magazine* for January 1928, Vol. 53, pp. 132-40, tells in detail of the ceremonies at which Lindbergh received the Hubbard Gold Medal of the National Geographic Society.

Harold Nicolson's *Dwight Morrow* (Harcourt, Brace, 1935) tells, pp. 311-13, of Morrow's persuading Lindbergh to make the Mexico City flight and my quotations of Lindbergh are from pp. 311-12. Interviews with Lindbergh friends who prefer to remain anonymous are my source of statements as to the hero's diffidence, his sense of inadequacy in fields outside his own during the early stages of his fame. The Jean Forbes-Robertson anecdote was told by Aubrey Menen (who obtained it from her) in an article, "Memoirs of a Pillar of Society," *Vogue*, August 1, 1957, pp. 121 and 138. My quote of Thomas Lamont is from page 325 of Nicolson (op. cit.) and Nicolson's remarks on Morrow's insensitivity to subtle differences in personality (remarks I quote) are on page 315 of op. cit. Wray Scrapbook in the Minnesota Historical Society contains a newspaper clipping datelined Butte, Montana, September 12, 1927, telling of Lindbergh's vacation at Elbow Lake, where he was a guest of John D. Ryan, chairman of the board of Anaconda Copper, and where he organized an elaborate snipe hunt. Harry Bruno (op. cit.) tells of Lindbergh's visiting Dick Blythe in the hospital just before the Mexico City take-off.

The accounts of Lindbergh's days just prior to his take-off in Washington derive from newspaper stories of appropriate dates and the Oulahan account, which I quote, was a double-column story on page 1 of the New York *Times* for December 14, 1927. While writing of the Mexico City flight and Latin-American tour, I referred not only to the *Times* but also to Lindbergh's article "To Bogota and Back by Air," *National Geographic Magazine*, May 1928, Vol. 53, page 529; "Lindbergh's Historic Central American Flight," by Russell Owen, *Current History*, April 1928, Vol. 28, pp. 89-96; and "Lindbergh's Embassy of

Goodwill to Mexico," *Literary Digest*, December 24, 1927, Vol. 95, pp. 3-4. While writing of the symbolism of Lindbergh's getting lost directly he entered Mexico, I was reminded of the long chapter on Mexico in F. S. C. Northrop's *The Meeting of East and West* (Macmillan, 1946) in which the author defines and suggests a possible creative fusion of the abstract "theoretic component" of the West and the concrete "aesthetic component" of the East. By Northrop's view, the "aesthetic component" dominates Mexico, and by my view the "theoretic component" is, or was at that time, of the essence of Lindbergh. I derived the quotation of Mrs. Morrow's diary from pp. 312-13 of Nicolson's op. cit. The log for the *Spirit of St. Louis* during its Latin-American tour was published in the *New York Times* for February 14, 1928, and in the appendix to Lindbergh's *The Spirit of St. Louis* (Scribner's, 1953).

Interesting to me, as I considered Lindbergh's effort to "manipulate" fame as if it were a machine and the ambiguity of his feeling and approach to fame, was an analysis of his handwriting by one Rafael Schermann of Vienna, published in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* sometime in August 1927, as reported in the *New York Times* for September 1, 1927, IX, 14:5. Schermann saw in Lindbergh's handwriting evidence that an aviator's profession could no longer be surmised by an expert merely from a sample of the aviator's hand. Formerly, Schermann said, the aviator must make a "spiritual struggle" in order to follow his profession, and this struggle was revealed in "tight, jiggling lines." But Lindbergh's handwriting was indistinguishable in this respect from that of other "sportsmen," indicating that the aviator's "struggle" was now "physical rather than spiritual." Of Lindbergh's hand, Schermann wrote: "A markedly cursive handwriting is interspersed with hard, sharply cornered strokes. This man, essentially amiable, can be different if it is necessary. He will . . . get along well with his fellow beings. If, however, he makes up his mind to carry his point with anyone he will do so; and if it cannot be done good-naturedly he will become angry. Indeed, he can become warlike."

Lester J. Maitland (op. cit.) tells of the "smart aleck" who "touched" Lindbergh. Other episodes of Lindbergh's alleged determination to "retire" from public life were recounted in the *New York Times* news columns. "Charles Lindbergh Gets a Job," *Literary Digest*, June 9, 1928, Vol. 97, pp. 34-36, tells of the hero's employment by Transcontinental Air Transport, as does a lengthy feature by Lauren D. Lyman in the *New York Times* for May 27, 1927, IX, 17:1-6.

The "war" between Lindbergh and the working press has been much commented upon in my personal talks with journalists who dealt with various segments of the Lindbergh story. I also derived

factual and theoretical information concerning it from John S. Gregory's "What's Wrong with Lindbergh?" *Outlook*, December 3, 1930, Vol. 156, pp. 530-34; "Fame and Privacy," the *Nation*, August 20, 1930, Vol. 131, pp. 195-96; "Has Lindy a Right to Live His Own Life?" *Literary Digest*, July 13, 1939, Vol. 102, pp. 41-44; "High Cost of Fame," *New Republic*, June 12, 1929, Vol. 59, pp. 87-88; and "Feet of Clay—Or Eyes of Envy?" by Constance Lindsay Skinner, *North American Review*, July 1929, Vol. 220, pp. 41-46. John Lardner gives vividly the hostile view of Lindbergh in his insightful and well-written contribution to *The Aspirin Age, 1919-41*, edited by Isabel Leighton (Simon and Schuster, 1949), entitled "The Lindbergh Legends," pp. 190-213. The subject is also well covered by Dixon Wecter (op. cit.), pp. 435-38. The *New Republic* editorial which I quote was entitled "Crippling his Wings" and appeared on February 29, 1928, Vol. 54, pp. 57-58. Will Rogers commented upon the "taking over" of Lindbergh by Americans as early as May 25, 1927, writing in his syndicated column: "There are 120,000 people in America ready to tell Lindbergh what to do. The first thing we want to get into our heads is that this boy is not our usual type of hero. He is all the others rolled into one and multiplied by ten and his case must be treated in a more dignified way." With typical ambiguity (typical, that is, of America's whole approach to Lindbergh), Rogers went on to say that "the government should vote [Lindbergh] . . . a life pension and a high position in our government" and that "instead of us paying money to see him on the stage and screen (where he don't belong) take that admission money and make it into a national testimonial that will provide a fund for him and his mother for life."

Milton Mackaye in an article entitled "The Lindberghs, First Romancers of the Air," *Vanity Fair*, October 1935, though sympathetic to Lindbergh, indicates that his publicity problem was partially of his own creation and that "practical jokery" had something to do with it. Writes Mackaye: "[Lindbergh] hates publicity, and is still so young he does not recognize its inevitability. . . . [His] efforts to elude the press have increased the pressures upon him. No wire association, however the colonel feels about it, can take the chance of being licked on a story about Lindbergh. The colonel's unwillingness to disclose his plans and his delight in outwitting reporters have resulted in a system of espionage which the papers find necessary and the Lindberghs find hateful and unfair." Instances of Lindbergh's gaining publicity in the process of allegedly avoiding it could be multiplied. On April 14, 1928, for example, he created great anxiety by making a "secret" flight from Williams, Arizona; in June, July, and September, he made "forced landings" and other news by flying in foul weather, etc. I quote from Russell Owen's op. cit. as regards Lindbergh's fortune in the spring of '28.

My source of the parenthetical statement that Lindbergh was so disturbed by the "swell-head" charge that he made a special stop at Amarillo to "correct" the opinion of Gene Howe is a feature in the *New York Times* for February 3, 1929, by Jesse S. Butcher, headed "Lindbergh Rides Only by Air." According to Butcher, Lindbergh, en route to New York, "remembered that once on landing at Amarillo's airport he had spoken curtly to some sightseers who had ventured too near the propeller of his plane" and decided to "deviate from his course" in order to land there again.

Julian S. Mason in the *Saturday Evening Post* for August 3, 1929, had an article entitled "Lindbergh and the Press" in which the claim was made that Lindbergh's splattering of the crowd at Bolling Field was wholly accidental. He was alleged not to have known a puddle of water was in the slip stream of his plane. Unexplained is the fact that he splattered the approaching spectators *three times*.

CHAPTER ELEVEN: "The Lone Eagle and His Mate"

Current Biography for 1940, pp. 505 plus, has an article on Anne Spencer Morrow in which the "rumor" is repeated, from 1929 news and magazine features, that the engagement of Lindbergh and Anne was "a case of mistaken identity" since the flier had really preferred her "more beautiful sister." The quotation of Anne Morrow, and the story of the family breakfasts, is from an account written by her for Harold Nicolson, who was writing a biography of her father; it is printed on pp. 160-63 of Nicolson's *Dwight Morrow* (Harcourt, Brace, 1935). Also referred to were a lengthy biographical feature on Anne in the *New York Times* for February 13, 1939, 3:2, 3; an Associated Press feature of approximately that date (my clip was undated); and the *Literary Digest*, Vol. 100, March 9, 1929, pp. 36-38, which summarizes material published originally in the *New York World* and the *New York Evening Post*, which in turn derived from interviews at Smith College. The verses to which I refer were widely reprinted in newspapers at the time the engagement was announced, were also in *Literary Digest* and (in part) Current Biography (op. cit.), and are printed on pp. 47-48 of *The Lindberghs, The Story of a Distinguished Family*, by P. J. O'Brien (International Press, 1935). O'Brien, who was aviation editor of the *Philadelphia Record* when he wrote his book and who, judging from internal evidence, had interviews with the Morrow family as he gathered material, tells of the New York courtship of Anne and Lindbergh on pp. 45-46 of op. cit. The quotation from Anne's aunt is from the *New York Times* feature mentioned above.

Morris Markey, in a very acid piece on Lindbergh in *The New*

Yorker, September 20, 1930, says he was an eyewitness of the episode in Portland, Maine, when the amphibian was allegedly "stuck" and the hero was jeered by the spectators. The fullest and most accurate account of the wedding of Anne and Lindbergh was a lengthy feature, syndicated by NEA, clipped (undated) in the Wray Scrapbook, Minnesota Historical Society, from the *New York Telegram*. It was also quoted at length, among other material, in *Literary Digest*, Vol. 102, July 13, 1929, pp. 41-44. The latter also, in an article headed "Has Lindy a Right to Live His Own Life?" tells of the discovery of the honeymooners, a story published, of course, in every newspaper. Harry Norman Denny contributed to the *New Republic*, Vol. 59, June 26, 1929, pp. 145-47, an article headed "Lindy and Anne Wed!" in which he sympathized with Lindbergh's attitude toward the press but at the same time defended the press against charges that newsmen had no respect for privacy. "It is true that to a large extent [newspaper reporters] 'made him,'" Denny writes. "They of course did not fly his plane. . . . [but] if the commodity known as publicity did not exist he might never have flown to Paris and never have met Anne Morrow." (Others pointed out that Lindbergh might be said to have "made" certain reporters, too; certainly his publicity sold a lot of papers.) "Newspapermen wonder sometimes whether Lindbergh, at such times as he is forced to be questioned when he does not wish to be, knows that the newspapermen dislike it quite as much as he does and would gladly leave him in peace if only they were permitted," Denny goes on. ". . . Two days after Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh had disappeared on their honeymoon, when the whole country was wondering where they were, a reporter who knows Lindbergh was motoring with his wife on Long Island. The reporter and his wife presently found themselves driving through a huge estate where Lindbergh has frequently been a guest. 'I'll bet the Lindberghs are right here,' the wife remarked. 'Well, then, we'd better turn around and go back,' said the reporter. 'They might happen to be out walking and I'd hate to run into them.'"

Dixon Wecter in his *The Hero in America* (Scribner's, 1941) tells, page 438, of the question about Anne Lindbergh's pregnancy at the first press interview of Lindbergh after the honeymoon. The *New York Times*, November 25, 1929, 16:3, tells of Lindbergh's first visit with Goddard, the rocket pioneer, in Worcester, Massachusetts. Edwin Way Teale's *The Book of Gliders* (Dutton, 1930) tells in Chapter Five of "Noted Glider Pilots," one of whom was Lindbergh whose relationship with Bowlus, and whose glider flights, are told of in some detail. "On [one flight, February 2, 1930] . . . the right aileron dropped off while the machine was high in the air," Teale writes. "With the remaining aileron, Lindbergh was able to balance the craft and made a long glide and a perfect landing in spite of the accident."

Stories of his relations with Bowlus and his and Anne's glider flights were told in the *New York Times*, January 20, 1930, 1:2; January 26, 1930, II, 8:3; January 30, 1930, 1:2; February 3, 1930, 21:3; February 4, 1930, 1:4 (tells of his losing aileron); February 5, 1930, 1:2; and February 7, 1930, 3:5. Edward Moffat Weyer, Jr., in an article entitled "Exploring Cliff Dwellings with the Lindberghs," *World's Work*, December 1929, Vol. 56, pp. 52-57, tells of the night and day the Lindberghs spent in the Canyon del Muerto and the Canyon de Chelly. Weyer was one of the three men camped in the Canyon del Muerto. The *New York Times*, July 26, 1929, tells of the Lindberghs' aerial photography in the Southwest and quotes Dr. E. L. Hewett of the American School of Research as saying that the Lindbergh films were the first successful application of such photography to archaeological purposes. The *Times* for July 30, 1929, 1:2, also tells of the Lindberghs' photography in the Southwest. *Literary Digest*, Vol. 105, April 12, 1930, pp. 39-40, reprints an article on "How Lindbergh Taught Anne Lindbergh to Fly" from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. My quotations are from it. William I. Van Dusen in an article entitled "Exploring the Maya with Lindbergh," *Saturday Evening Post*, Vol. 202, January 11, 1930, pp. 40-43, and February 1, 1930, pp. 6 plus, tells in detail of the Central American flights with Kidder on behalf of Carnegie Institute and Pan-American. So does A. W. Payne's "Flying Over the Past" in *Pan-American Magazine*, November 1929.

John S. Gregory's "What's Wrong with Lindbergh?" *Outlook*, Vol. 156, December 3, 1930, pp. 530-34, tells of the newsreel presenting "a cold, unsmiling Lindbergh who stood resolutely beside his plane while the most critically regarded woman in the world, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, struggled hopefully and alone out of the cockpit of the airplane and busied herself carting the Lindbergh luggage off the flying field." Gregory points out, however, that "all plane luggage is light" and is sure that "whatever [the Lindberghs] do, you may be sure they have deliberated carefully and think they have ample reason for doing it their way." Gregory's article, one of the fullest and best dealing with the "war" between Lindbergh and press, covers many instances of this "war" and presents both sides of the case with sympathy for both. He tells of the occasion during the Guggenheim national tour when Lindbergh was interviewed by a reporter on his health. "It so happened that [Lindbergh] had just passed a most rigid physical examination for renewal of his pilot's license. The doctor's report was given to the newspaperman. 'Well,' the reporter said, tossing the medical report back on the table and giving Lindbergh a glancing appraisal, 'my editor sent me down here to get a story on your rundown condition and I'm going to get it. You look pretty sick to me!' There then appeared a scare story describing with a wealth of detail 'broken nerves,' 'haggard look' . . . [etc.]." Wholly

sympathetic to Lindbergh and condemnatory of press "persecution" is an editorial in the *New Republic*, Vol. 59, June 12, 1929, pp. 87-88, headed "High Cost of Fame." The interview of Lindbergh by Marlen Pew appeared in *Editor and Publisher* in July of 1930 and was summarized in the *New York Times* on July 26, 1930, 14:7. It was commented upon in an editorial quoting it in the *Nation*, Vol. 131, August 20, 1930, pp. 195-96, entitled "Fame and Privacy." "We must say that the Colonel's views as quoted by Mr. Pew raised him still higher in our respect and admiration," says the *Nation*, "something we had hardly felt possible in view of his great modesty, his dignity, and his refusal to let himself be ruined by the unparalleled publicity and popularity which have been his."

Morris Markey in *The New Yorker* (op. cit.) tells of the plane-buzzing episode at Cleveland, as does an undated and otherwise unidentified (though apparently from a Hearst paper) clip in my files. Dixon Wecter (op. cit.) mentions the episode, page 439. Donald E. Keyhoe's "Lindbergh Four Years After," *Saturday Evening Post*, Vol. 203, May 30, 1931, pp. 21 plus, tells of and excuses the plane-buzzing episode and also of the alleged "nervous breakdown" of Anne following the Easter Sunday, 1930, flight. John Lardner's "The Lindbergh Legends," contributed to *The Aspin Age* (Simon and Schuster, 1941), edited by Isabel Leighton, tells on page 203 of Lindbergh's handling of newsmen on the occasion of the record-breaking cross-continent flight, and one may read the hero's attitude between the lines of even such eulogistic stories as that of Lauren D. Lyman, entitled "Lindbergh Again Shows Air Genius," in the *New York Times Magazine* for April 27, 1930. "Before greeting friends and receiving reporters at the end of his transcontinental flight, he carefully went over the plane," says Lyman. He also says, "When Lindbergh landed at Roosevelt Field . . . he disclaimed the record which was clearly his. . . ." My direct quotation of Lindbergh is from Lyman's article. The details of the Lindberghs' life in the spring of '31 and of Keyhoe's visit in the Princeton farmhouse are from Keyhoe's *Saturday Evening Post* piece cited above.

My quotation of Mrs. Dwight Morrow's diary is from Harold Nicolson (op. cit.), page 397, and I, of course, leaned heavily on Nicolson in my biographical summary of Morrow. I also referred to J. C. Long's excellent "Dwight W. Morrow, the End of an Era," in *Scribner's Magazine*, Vol. XCVIII, September 1935, pp. 129-40, and to Edmund Wilson's "Dwight Morrow of New Jersey" in *The American Jitters, A Year of the Slump*, (Scribner's, 1932), pp. 1-5. J. C. Long and Nicolson both clearly indicate that Morrow never deserved the reputation of a "political liberal" and Long says Morrow never wanted that reputation. Morrow certainly accepted and did what he

could to maintain the support of liberals, however, when he campaigned for the Senate.

Both Long and Nicolson devote major attention to the Amherst controversy, Long giving a factual report of Morrow's role in it and neither defending nor attacking that role. He does quote Walter Lippmann in the *New York World*: "[The trustees] have a case, a pretty strong case, against Meiklejohn by the ordinary standards of this world, but they were dealing, and in their hearts they knew they were dealing, with an exceptional man. They dealt according to the rules of rather common sense with a very uncommon man." Lippmann became convinced of this after talking with Amherst students who spoke "of Meiklejohn as only the greatest of teachers are talked about." I must add that I myself was a student of Meiklejohn's at the University of Wisconsin; I remain his good friend, and I regard him as not only the greatest teacher but also the greatest man I have ever known. Even if I did not, however, I would be outraged by Nicolson's method of supporting Morrow's alleged belief that Meiklejohn was "intellectually frivolous." Nicolson quotes from Meiklejohn's farewell address at the Amherst alumni dinner in 1923, an occasion when Meiklejohn's heart was breaking and his mind clouded with despair. Nicolson would have had difficulty finding other speeches or writings of Meiklejohn's in which there occurred a remotely similar looseness of expression and blurredness of definition. Morrow's own regret of his role and the quotations Nicolson makes of the conversation with Stanley King (page 257, *op. cit.*) do Morrow far more honor than does Nicolson's defense of Morrow's stand.

Long (*op. cit.*) tells of Morrow's unemployment study, as does Nicolson, saying (as Nicolson does not) that "he came to have an increasing respect for England's system of the dole." He adds that "various persons who knew of Morrow's view on the dole were inclined to regard it as a definite sign that he was veering toward a changed and liberalized philosophy." Long himself didn't agree, believing the "dole" views simply indicated Morrow's facing of facts within a conservative framework. He does say that Morrow was shaken to the depths of his being by the forced reorganization of Kidder, Peabody and other firms. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in his *The Crisis of the Old Order* (Houghton Mifflin, 1957) says on page 180 that "each new failure [of a financial institution] came to Dwight Morrow as a personal shock" in 1931. My quotation of Morrow's remark to his son-in-law about not worrying is from Nicolson, page 395, but my having Morrow say it on July 4, 1933, is arbitrary on my part.

A story by-lined Flora G. Orr in the Washington (D.C.) *Daily News*, June 29, 1931, page 13, tells of the Lindbergh Association's charge that copies of C.A.'s books were being removed from public-library shelves and of the search made by reporters for library copies

of these books. So does a story by J. A. Fox in the Washington (D.C.) *Star* for July 2, 1931. Fox points out that, "in his attacks on the bankers, Lindbergh [the elder] never hesitated to use names and among those often appeared that of J. P. Morgan, with which was associated Dwight Morrow."

The direct quotation of Senator Hugo Black concerning the control of aviation is made on pp. 450-51 of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Coming of the New Deal* (Houghton Mifflin, 1959). Schlesinger reviews the activities of Postmaster General Walter F. Brown on pp. 449-51. Henry Ladd Smith's *Airways, The History of Commercial Aviation in the United States* (Knopf, 1942) covers in detail the story of Brown, the air-mail contracts, and the development of the big passenger-carrying airlines on pp. 156-248. Lauren D. Lyman, in the *New York Times* for Sunday, May 27, 1928, IX, 17:1-6, tells of the organization of TAT and of Lindbergh's decision to join the organization. The stock deal between Lindbergh and TAT was revealed on page 1556 of the *Hearings, Special Committee on Investigation of Air Mail and Ocean Mail Contracts*, United States Senate, 73rd Congress, Second Session, "Testimony of D. M. Sheaffer." Smith quotes the letter from Keys to Lindbergh, detailing the procedure for handling the \$250,000, on page 143 of op. cit.

The revelations of Mr. Morgan's "preferred list" were made in the last days of May 1933 during the Hearings: Stock Exchange Practices, Banking and Currency Committee (Pecora Investigation), United States Senate, 73rd Congress, First Session. Schlesinger discusses it in op. cit., pp. 436-37, quoting an editorial in the *Kansas City Star's* morning edition (*Times*): "Those favored by Morgan were placed under obligation to him." Also one from the *New York Times* condemning the "gross impropriety" of Morgan's list. Also Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas who said of the list: "It is nothing more or nothing less than bribery." Also, and most revealingly, John J. Raskob who, to a Morgan partner, expressed his gratitude for the favor of being on the list and the hope that the future would hold "opportunities for me to reciprocate."

The story of the 1931 flight to the Orient of Anne and Charles Lindbergh was very fully reported in all papers and I have relied on the *New York Times* of appropriate dates, checking the stories for accuracy whenever possible against Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *North to the Orient* (Harcourt, Brace, 1935). The latter is my source of information concerning the efforts of Canadian pilots in Ottawa to dissuade Lindbergh from the route he'd chosen (see her pp. 58-63). The *New York Times*, September 21, 1931, 8:4, tells of the Lindberghs in Nanking; September 28, 1:3, tells of the famished Chinese mobbing the plane at Hinghwa; October 3, 1:4, tells of plane capsizing in Yangtze River (though the account doesn't jibe with Anne Morrow

Lindbergh's, which I followed in my account). Anne Lindbergh covers these events on pp. 210-21 and 226-34 of op. cit.

My direct quotation of Dwight Morrow on his lack of need for sleep is from J. C. Long (op. cit.). My having Morrow say it on the occasion of the Lindbergh stop at North Haven is arbitrary. The Milton Mackaye article, which I quote, was published in October 1935 under the title "The Lindberghs, First Romancers of the Air."

CHAPTER TWELVE: "Blood Sacrifice"

While gathering material on the kidnaping I leaned most heavily on current accounts in the *New York Times*, checking these against numerous books dealing with the crime. (I visited the Hopewell house, now a New Jersey home for delinquent boys, in the summer of 1958.) Of the books, the most valuable to me were Sidney B. Whipple's *The Lindbergh Crime* (Blue Ribbon Books, 1935) and *The Trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann*, a volume in the "Notable American Trials" series, edited with a history of the case by Whipple (Doubleday, Doran, 1937). The latter is a reprinting of all the important testimony in the trial and I relied chiefly on this testimony, checking the statements of the various witnesses against one another and against Whipple's account, as I described the movements of the various people in the Lindbergh household at the time of the crime. Also of value to me was Dudley D. Shoenfeld's *The Crime and the Criminal, A Psychiatric Study of the Lindbergh Case* (Covici, Friede, 1936), whose first chapter, "A Crime Was Committed," is a factual summary of the crime and the immediate aftermath. One of the best accounts of the crime, a very clear and concise one, is that of J. Vree-land Haring, a handwriting expert whose work helped to convict Hauptmann, in his book *The Hand of Hauptmann* (Hamer, 1937). Reference was also made to *True Story of the Lindbergh Kidnaping*, by John Brant and Edith Renaud (Kroy Wen, 1932), a "quickie" brought out before the baby's body was discovered and chiefly valuable for the sense it gives of the hectic journalistic activity around the Hopewell home; to John F. Condon's *Jafsie Tells All* (Jonathan Lee, 1936); and to Laura Vitray's weird *The Great Lindbergh Hullabaloo, An Unorthodox Account* (William Faro, 1932). Laura Vitray, an ex-Hearst reporter, dedicated her book to "William Randolph Hearst, who fired me for writing it," her argument being that the kidnaping was a monstrous hoax perpetrated by the "underworld rulers" of the United States for the purpose of diverting popular attention "from those matters which must be solved at once, unless this nation is to be crushed beneath the weight of foreign tyranny, and of inner corruption." She "proves" her charge with a summation of the "queer"

aspects of the case as it appeared to reporters on the scene who (she alleges) did not tell "the true facts." She believed the baby would eventually be returned unharmed and hinted that Colonel Breckinridge, if not Lindbergh himself, was privy to the "plot."

Of the numerous magazine articles about the case, the one most valuable to me, as confirmation and corrective of other material, was Craig Thompson's "Did They Really Solve the Lindbergh Case?" *Saturday Evening Post*, Vol. 224, pp. 26 plus, March 8, 1952. My direct quotation of Spitalo derives from John Lardner's "The Lindbergh Legends" in *The Aspirin Age, 1919-41*, edited by Isabel Leighton (Simon and Schuster, 1949), page 205. Lardner was one of the reporters assigned to Spitalo during this period and was present at the press conference in Spitalo's apartment.

An interesting sidelight on the earliest investigation of the crime was given me by Lindbergh's University of Wisconsin friend, Delos Dudley. In March of 1932, Dudley lived in Chicago where he was employed by a firm manufacturing heating equipment. He traveled a good deal and was on his way to Minneapolis from Chicago when, on the train, he read the first newspaper accounts of the kidnaping. He had been barely two hours on the job of repairing or installing heating equipment in a high school when two FBI agents showed up and questioned him about Lindbergh; a day or so later the FBI questioned him again, for hours, in Chicago. They concentrated on "Lindbergh's relationship with girls; had he had any flames in the University?" etc. Afterward the agents told Dudley why they had questioned him along these lines. They said they had to "check out" all sorts of theories in a case like this, and the one they were testing here was that Lindbergh had had, prior to his Paris flight, a love affair with some girl—or some girl had fallen in love with him—who was bitterly disappointed when he married Anne Morrow and who brooded over the alleged wrong done her until she sought revenge by kidnaping the baby.

In my duplication of the language of the ransom notes I have followed Sidney Whipple, who made a careful study of them and tried to resolve the discrepancies in spelling and punctuation which appeared in the court testimony. In my account of the activities of the press I derived much factual detail from Silas Bent's "Lindbergh and the Press" in *Outlook*, April 1932, Vol. 160, pp. 212-14 plus, and my quotations of him are from this article. Concluded Bent: "Charles A. Lindbergh has suffered more, probably, than any other citizen at the hands of newspapermen. They capitalized for revenue only (their revenue) a stunt flight to France. They built up around his personality a myth which he has never been quite free to dissipate. They outrageously invaded the privacy of his honeymoon and his marriage and

now they have made more difficult if not impossible the return by the kidnappers of his son to Mrs. Lindbergh's arms. Colonel Lindbergh has an ugly score against the daily press."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN: "A Farewell to America"

When the New York *American* of August 16, 1932, told of Lindbergh's appearance at the Newark airport on the preceding afternoon, it went on to say, typically, that Anne, pregnant, was now "in good health." An Associated Press dispatch filed in Kansas City, May 7, 1933, tells at length of how a sandstorm "struck [the Lindberghs in their plane] with blinding fury" as they flew eastward from Albuquerque on the afternoon of May 6. After landing, "I couldn't walk more than a hundred yards from the ship without losing sight of it," Lindbergh said to reporters. The Lindberghs, however, had a comfortable night, for they carried emergency equipment enabling them to sleep on a mattress in the plane's fuselage. The New York *Times* for January 24, 1933, 21:8, tells of the dinner party given by G. P. Putnam for the Lindberghs and Piccard. Putnam himself writes of the episode, and of the embarrassment it caused him, on pp. 180-83 of his *Soaring Wings, A Biography of Amelia Earhart* (Harcourt, Brace, 1939). Putnam also tells, on pp. 183-84, of an occasion when Amelia Earhart, Anne, and Lindbergh were guests in the home of Jack Maddux in Los Angeles and were sitting close to the icebox, which they had raided for a late evening snack, in the Maddux kitchen. Lindbergh was eating a tomato sandwich and drinking a glass of water while standing above his seated wife. He began to pour dribbles of water upon her shoulder, which was clad in a blue silk dress of which she was fond. Suddenly she swung round and threw a glass of butter-milk, from which she had been drinking, over her husband's blue serge suit. "Lindbergh's look of utter amazement changed into a tremendous grin, and he threw his head up and shouted with laughter," writes Putnam.

The F. C. Meier article to which I refer was entitled "Collecting Micro-organisms From the Arctic Atmosphere" and was published, with field notes and material by C. A. Lindbergh, in *Scientific Monthly*, January 1935, Vol. 40, pp. 5-20. The Lindberghs' North Atlantic flight of 1933 was, of course, voluminously reported in the contemporary press. Anne Morrow Lindbergh wrote of it in "Flying Around the North Atlantic" (with a foreword by Charles A. Lindbergh), *National Geographic*, September 1934, Vol. 66, pp. 259 plus. Her *Listen! the Wind* was published by Harcourt, Brace in 1938 and has been issued in paperback by Dell. A lengthy story in the Washington *Evening Star* for January 23, 1934, on Lindbergh's presence at a

meeting of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, was illustrated by a three-column picture of the group. Plans for a 500-mile-per-hour wind tunnel proposed for the committee's laboratories at Langley Field were discussed at this meeting. Later that day Lindbergh and Anne paid a visit to the Smithsonian after closing hours to inspect the *Spirit of St. Louis*, and he "warned Paul F. Garber, Curator of Aeronautics of the Smithsonian, that if the famous silver monoplane ever is lowered to the floor, precautions must be taken to prevent damage due to the parting of . . . deteriorated shock cords of the landing gear." The *New York Times* for September 16, 1934, carries a story of Lindbergh's visiting Dr. Goddard, the rocketeer, at Roswell, New Mexico. He and Anne were house guests of the Goddards. Beryl Williams and Samuel Epstein, in their *The Rocket Pioneers* (Messner, 1953), tell on pp. 98-99 of Lindbergh's crucial role in the encouragement of Goddard's researches.

While writing of Lindbergh and the air-mail controversy, I depended upon *New York Times* accounts at the time, chiefly: January 11, 1934, 1:2, which tells of the TAT stock "gift" (Lindbergh himself denied it was a gift, said it was payment for "services rendered"); January 12, 3:6, which tells of his sending full data on his transactions to the Black Committee; January 13, 3:3, which tells of investigation being launched of Lindbergh's income-tax returns; February 12, 1:1, telling of his wire to Roosevelt; February 13, 18:1, editorializing on the wire; February 14, 18:1, editorializing further; February 15, 1:6, in which Farley replies to Lindbergh; February 16, 18:1, editorializing on the Farley reply; February 19, 1:1, which publishes Lindbergh's statement of his financial transactions with Pan-American and TWA; February 19, 10:7, which reports on the denunciation of Lindbergh's wire by the Committee on Air Law of the Federal Bar Association of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut; March 4, 3:3, which tells of Mitchell's attack on the airlines; March 12, 1:6, telling of Lindbergh's conference with Dern in Washington; March 15, 1:1, telling of Lindbergh's refusal to serve on the committee; March 16, 1:3, in which he again refuses, but agrees to testify before Senate committee on pending bill; March 17, 1:1, telling of his testimony; and March 18, IV, 4:7, giving excerpts from his testimony. I also referred to Henry Ladd Smith's *Airways, The History of Commercial Aviation in the United States* (Knopf, 1942), which gives a very detailed account of the Black Committee, the Army's flying of the mail after the cancellation, etc., on pp. 214-90. Fulton Lewis, Jr.'s role in the controversy—strange in view of his virulent hatred of Roosevelt, the New Deal, and every form of political liberalism—is possibly illuminated as to motive by Smith on pp. 215-16 of op. cit. Lewis was married to the daughter of Postmaster General Brown's political rival, Colonel Claudius Huston, chairman of the Republican National Committee,

who had been ousted from that post (or at any rate resigned) in the spring of 1930 after having been criticized for unwise use of party funds. "Whether or not Brown had anything to do with Huston's discomfiture is conjectural," writes Smith, "but Huston had no great love for the Postmaster General, and it is possible that this attitude carried over to his son-in-law, Lewis." Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., tells of the Black Committee, the background for it, the Army's flying of the mail, and Lindbergh's role in the controversy on pp. 446-55 of his *The Coming of the New Deal* (Houghton, Mifflin, 1959).

For biographical material on Alexis Carrel and for the story of his relations with Lindbergh I referred to *Current History*, 1940, pp. 145-46; *Who's Who in America*, 1940-41; a lengthy feature article on Carrel and his work by Waldemar Kaempffert in the *New York Times*, June 26, 1938, Section VII, pp. 3 and 17; *Time Magazine*, July 1, 1935, page 41 ("Glass Heart"); *Time*, July 13, 1938, pp. 40 plus ("Men in Black," a cover story); "Lindbergh Adds to Fame as Scientist," *Literary Digest*, August 22, 1936, Vol. 22, pp. 16-17; and "More Will Live," by Arthur Train, Jr., *Saturday Evening Post*, July 23, 1938, Vol. 211, pp. 5-7 plus (this piece was approved by Lindbergh who wrote a brief foreword to it from which I derived the quote from him on Carrel's mind and character). My portrait of Carrel's mind and its development derives mostly from Carrel's own books: *The Voyage to Lourdes* (Harper, 1950), with a preface by Lindbergh in which he tells how he met Carrel; *Reflections of Life* (Hawthorn Books, 1953), with an introduction by Anne Carrel; *Man, the Unknown* (Harper, 1935); the introduction Carrel wrote for *Methods of Tissue Culture* by one of his assistants, Raymond C. Parker (Hoeber, 1938); and *The Culture of Organs* (Hoeber, 1938). It is from pp. 318-19 of *Man, the Unknown* that I obtain my direct quotations of Carrel on ways of dealing with criminals.

The *New York Times*, September 22, 1935, had a lengthy and intelligently critical editorial on *Man, the Unknown*, saying that "the Institute in which Carrel would make man a whole is both familiar and impractical"; it reminded the editorialist of "Bacon's *Solomon's House* into which all knowledge is to pour for clarification and application, and of that dreadful technical center, satirically pictured by Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World*, where humanity is to be turned out in accordance with specifications drawn up by a scientific hierarchy." Also of great value to me in gaining such understanding as I may have of Carrel's mental processes were: a lengthy report in the *New York Times*, December 13, 1:3 and 9:2, 3, 4, and 5 of his sensational address at the New York Academy of Medicine; his speech upon receiving the Cardinal Newman Award for 1936 at Urbana, Illinois (in this he inveighed against "modern society" for turning its attention "exclusively to the dissection of man," isolating him from

"his cosmic and social environment" and separating "the soul from the body"), reported in the *New York Times* for February 22, 1937, 19:1; his speech at Dartmouth, celebrating the 150th anniversary of Phi Beta Kappa, reported in the *New York Times* for October 26, 1937, 26:1 (again he urged the establishment of an "institute of psychobiology" which would "ultimately produce leaders of government and education and which would supply the information necessary for men and nations under civilized conditions"); and (in some ways, most revealing of all) the shipboard press interview reported in the *New York Times* for September 18, 1935, 25:2, which I quote.

In telling of the Hauptmann arrest, trial, and execution I, of course, leaned on contemporary newspaper accounts, chiefly in the *New York Times*. Also helpful were *The Lindbergh Crime*, by Sidney B. Whipple (Blue Ribbon, 1935); *The Trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann*, edited with a history of the case by Sidney B. Whipple (Doubleday, Doran, 1937), a volume of the "Notable American Trials" series; *The Hand of Hauptmann*, by J. Vreeland Haring (Hamer, 1937); *The Lindbergh-Hauptmann Aftermath*, by Paul H. Wendel (Loft, 1940); and *The Crime and the Criminal, A Psychiatric Study of the Lindbergh Case*, by Dr. Dudley D. Shoenfeld. The latter contains many valuable insights, though it is (alas) badly organized and written in that pseudoscientific case-history style which psychiatrists so often employ for the irritation of minds that value precision. It was Dr. Shoenfeld's conviction from the moment of the kidnaping that the nature of the criminal might be inferred from the nature of his victim, Lindbergh, and that this inference would provide a basis for predicting the criminal's behavior.

My account of the flight of the Lindberghs from America depends largely upon Lauren D. Lyman's exclusive story in the *New York Times* for December 23, 1935, and his follow-up story on the next day. The *Times* on appropriate dates, of course, covered the arrival of the Lindberghs in Liverpool, their visit to the House of Commons, and their renting of a house from Nicolson. The editorial in the *London News Chronicle*, December 31, 1935, which I quote, was reprinted in an article by St. John Ervine, "Privacy and the Lindberghs," *Fortnightly Review*, February 1936, Vol. 145, pp. 180-89. Ervine's article is an angry indictment of the British press. I also referred to accounts of this episode in *Literary Digest*, January 4, 1936, Vol. 121, pp. 27-28; *Time Magazine*, January 6, 1936, Vol. 27, pp. 34-36 plus; and *Time Magazine*, January 13, 1936, Vol. 27, page 27.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN: "European Years"

"English Garden: Lindbergh's Idyll," *Literary Digest*, January 9, 1937, Vol. 123, pp. 10-12, gives a detailed picture of the house where the Lindberghs lived in England and of their way of life in Kent. The *New York Times* for May 25, 1937, 1:3, also describes the house and village. The *New York Times*, May 28, 1936, 1:4, reported that the Lindberghs were guests of King Edward VIII. The dinner, and its significance in terms of the developing constitutional crisis, are mentioned by J. Lincoln White's *The Abdication of Edward VIII* (Routledge, 1937), page 26; Hector Bolitho's *Edward VIII* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1937), page 259; and *A King's Story, The Memoirs of the Duke of Windsor*, page 308. The Irish flight is told of in the *New York Times* for November 20, 9:2; November 21, 19:6; November 22, 35:3; November 23, 8:5; and November 25, 11:6. Criticism of his failure to report his safe crossing of the Irish Sea was made by the *London Daily Express* on November 25 and reported by the *Times* November 26, 3:6. The visit is also told of in the above-mentioned piece in *Literary Digest*. The flight to India was, of course, covered in the *Times* of appropriate dates. The incident of the locking up of the reporter in Belgrade was reported on April 5, 12:3. The story of the birth of Land Lindbergh made big headlines on May 25, 1:3, of the *Times*. H. R. Knickerbocker, who was in London at this time, reports that Mrs. Dwight Morrow, who had come to London to be with Anne during her confinement, couldn't understand Lindbergh's withholding the news of the baby's birth. "I said to Charles," she reportedly exclaimed to a friend, "if you want to avoid being bothered by the press, why don't you simply announce the birth of your child? After all he's normal and born within wedlock." See Knickerbocker's *Is Tomorrow Hitler's?* (Reynal and Hitchcock, 1941) page 353.

"Men in Black," cover story in *Time Magazine*, July 13, 1938, pp. 40 plus, tells of Carrel on St. Gildas with Lindbergh. The *Times* for April 14, 1938, 12:2, and April 16, 15:8, told of the purchase of Illiec, and, on June 10, 22:6, of the Lindbergh's move to their island home. The *Times* for June 26, VIII, page 3, had a feature on Carrel and his work with Lindbergh. A feature describing the island and adjacent mainland appeared in the *Times* for October 30, 1938, X, 4:3; it was illustrated with a photograph of the house. The *Paris-Soir* reporter who interviewed Carrel was P. A. Martineau and a report of his story appeared in the *New York Times* for July 14, 1938, page 23:3, 4. Carrel, in response to a Martineau question, denied that Lindbergh had any "intention of entering politics" as had been hinted. (A recent story

had speculated that Lindbergh planned to seek the presidency of the United States.) My quotations of Lindbergh on Carrel are from the introduction to Carrel's *The Voyage to Lourdes* (Harper, 1950), pp. vi and vii.

While writing the résumé of the rise of Nazi-Fascism, I referred to *An Encyclopedia of World History*, Vol. 2, compiled and edited by William L. Langer (Houghton Mifflin, 1948); the invaluable chronologies of the *World Almanac* for the appropriate years; and Winston Churchill's *The Second World War*, Vol. I, *The Gathering Storm* (Cassell, 1948). The *New York Times* of appropriate dates covered very thoroughly the Lindbergh visits to Germany in 1936, 1937, and 1938. It printed the text of his speech at the German Air Ministry luncheon on July 24, 1936, 1:2, and praised the speech in an editorial on that same day, 16:2. C. B. Allen, in his article "The Facts About Lindbergh," *Saturday Evening Post*, December 28, 1940, Vol. 213, pp. 12, 13 plus, answers criticisms of Lindbergh's Nazi visits by telling of Lindbergh's relationship with Major Truman Smith, stressing the value of Lindbergh's reports on German aviation. According to Allen, Lindbergh's only formal report on European military aviation was the one forwarded by Ambassador Kennedy but he adds that Lindbergh "wrote one or more letters to Lieutenant Colonel Raymond E. Lee, attaché of the London Embassy, dealing with the Russian air picture." So much was made by Lindbergh's defenders of this Kennedy report that I was astonished to read in General H. H. Arnold's *Global Mission* (Harper, 1949), pp. 187-88, that he, who was appointed Chief of the Air Corps on September 29, 1938, "never did see Lindbergh's memorandum myself, though I believe the State Department sent it on to G-2. . . ." Arnold was stimulated, however, to correspond with Lindbergh in Britain and France and says he found Lindbergh's letters to be "full of striking information." Arthur Krock's praise of Lindbergh's "invaluable contribution" appeared in the *New York Times* for February 1, 1939. Krock claims that Lindbergh's access to German information was greatly increased after he'd made his derogatory remarks about the Russian Air Force, implying that the hero had suffered calumny from the Communists in order to obtain his "invaluable" news about the Nazis. Says William L. Shirer's *Berlin Diary* (Knopf, 1941), page 63, entry for July 23, 1936, "The Lindberghs are here, and the Nazis, led by Goering, are making a great play for them." Shirer in personal conversations gave me his impression of Lindbergh in Berlin; he was also in Paris when Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget in 1927 and claims that even this early Lindbergh impressed him as "cold" and "arrogant." Allen stressed in his piece the immense strength of the Nazi Air Force as it was impressed on Lindbergh.

Writing of the Munich crisis and Lindbergh's role in it, I referred

to John W. Wheeler-Bennett's *Munich: Prologue to Tragedy* (Macmillan, 1948); Alexander Werth's *France and Munich* (Harper, 1939); Pierre Lazareff's *Deadline* (Random House, 1942); André Simone's *J'accuse!* (Dial, 1940); Sir John Slessor's *The Central Blue* (Praeger, 1957); and Churchill's op. cit. Wheeler-Bennett, pp. 98-99, tells of the dinner at Bullitt's house where Lindbergh gave his impressions of Nazi, French, and other European air strengths to M. Guy La Chambre. On pp. 159-60, Wheeler-Bennett in a lengthy footnote tells of Lindbergh's report to Kennedy and indicates in the main text that Lindbergh's views helped Sir Thomas Inskip to "dampen" efforts within the British government to obtain a stronger stand by Chamberlain against Hitler in September 1938. (When the Russo-German pact was signed in August of '39, the "reaction was one of anxiety mixed with relief" in Chamberlain's government, according to Wheeler-Bennett. There was "the comforting thought that Colonel Lindbergh had always said that the Russians would be very poor allies from the military point of view. . . .") Pierre Lazareff quotes on page 191 from the day-by-day notebook he kept in September 1938. The entry for September 26 told of Daladier's earlier visit to Chamberlain in London, whence he went "armed with the solemn assurances of General Gamelin and Admiral Darlan that the French Army and Navy were ready for action." To this, Chamberlain had replied ("cried" is the word Lazareff uses), "But we have the most discouraging news on the state of your aviation." Says Lazareff: "He was referring to the truly terrifying report made by Lindbergh to Mr. Joseph Kennedy, the U. S. Ambassador to London." Alexander Werth, page 333, stresses the significant fact that no real effort was made to determine Russia's military strength as a factor to be considered in shaping British and French policy during the crisis. "Staff talks were consistently refused," he said; "and, instead, questionable sources of information like Colonel Lindbergh were used in high quarters in London." Slessor, pp. 218-23, reproduces in full his memorandum on the conversation with Lindbergh in London on September 22, 1938.

The *New York Times* for October 11, 1938, 1:2, reported the attack on Lindbergh by the Soviet aviators, quoting *The Week*. On subsequent days it reported on Lindbergh's attendance at the Lilienthal Society meeting and his inspection of German plane factories, climaxed by the story, October 20, 1:3, of Lindbergh's receiving the second highest German decoration.

One may wonder why Ambassador Hugh Wilson did not advise Lindbergh and Henry Ford to be chary of accepting Nazi decorations and did not facilitate their refusal of them in such a way as to avoid the "international incident" which (according to Lindbergh apologists) would have occurred had the hero declined the honor. Wilson, however, was the personification of the suave, smooth diplomat, "dis-

creet" and "non-partisan," who nevertheless always ends up on the side of reaction. His explanation of how "anti-Semitism reared its ugly head" in Germany, on page 115 of his *Diplomat Between Wars* (Longmans, Green, 1941), is revealing: "Millions of returning soldiers out of a job and desperately searching for one, found the stage, the press, medicine and law crowded with Jews. They saw among the few with money to splurge a high proportion of Jews. . . . The leaders of the Bolshevik movement in Russia, a movement desperately feared in Germany, were Jews. One could sense the spreading resentment and hatred." Which, evidently, was justified in Wilson's view. He blamed Britain and France for not accepting Hitler's offer in February 1934 to "limit its standing army to 300,000 men, or even to 250,000 men, its aviation to one-third the combined strength of its neighbors, and the caliber of its mobile artillery to approximately six inches." "It was the best offer that was ever made by Nazi Germany; it was an offer the French would have rejoiced to take two years later, after the opportunity for doing so had been lost." No one could know whether Hitler would have kept his word, Wilson admitted, but "on the other hand, nobody can demonstrate convincingly that it would not have been observed." This in 1941! Mussolini was "courtesy itself" and Goebbels was "an interesting and stimulating conversationalist," says Wilson, and, "If a choice between sincerity and manners were necessary, I should unhesitatingly choose manners for ninety-nine percent of the people with whom I come in contact."

In writing of the reaction to Lindbergh's acceptance of the Nazi medal, I paid special attention to the *New York Times* for November 1, 1938, 25:7; November 7, 11:2; November 16, 1:3; December 6, 15:5; and December 13, 27:7, telling respectively of the *Everybody's Magazine* criticism, the denunciation by Molotov, the report of his planned move to Berlin, the dropping of the slogan by TWA, and the rental of the apartment in Paris.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN: "The End of the Hero"

According to the *New York Times* report of Lindbergh's return to the U.S. on April 14, 1939, (page 8:7, 8 of the issue of April 15), he told the ship's crew that he "disliked the American press" and that, had the ship been landing in England, he would have been "glad to see the British newsmen." An inspector, uniformed police, and plainclothes detective boarded the *Aquitania*, examined the credentials of newsmen, and ordered off the ship all "whose cards were not satisfactory to them." A cover story in *Time Magazine*, June 19, 1939, Vol. 33, pp. 20-21, said that the relationship of Lindbergh to the people of the U.S. "is a tragic failure chalked up against the institution of hero-

worship." According to *Time*, Lindbergh did not even know the *Aquitania* had docked "because he was talking to his friend, Dr. Carrel." *Time* also tells how the Hearst press suppressed a picture of Jon and Land taken by an INS photographer on the *Champlain*, when Anne brought the two children over a few weeks later.

General H. H. Arnold's *Global Mission* (Harper, 1949), pp. 188-89, tells of Lindbergh's calling the general and of their meeting immediately after Lindbergh's landing. Arnold says this happened "one day in May, 1939," an obvious error; he also has Lindbergh meeting with Spaatz and the others in the special committee on May 5, 1939—a day when Lindbergh, according to news reports, was in Arizona on his research tour; but the rest of the account (including the fact that Lindbergh landed on a Friday night) jibes with ascertainable facts and so, with some misgivings, I've followed it. Arnold is a fervent admirer of Lindbergh and found him "a valuable technical aid to the Air Corps throughout the war," despite Roosevelt's refusal to restore Lindbergh's commission—a refusal whose motives remain obviously beyond Arnold's comprehension. The appalling state of American military intelligence, revealed by Arnold's account of Lindbergh's services in this regard, has now, one hopes, been transformed into something more deserving of the name "intelligence." Sir John Slessor found the Americans overestimating the number of German planes by as much as three hundred to four hundred per cent! And the production of German plane factories by as much!

Current newspaper accounts told of Lindbergh's inspection tour that spring of '30. Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, in *Popular Aviation Magazine*, October, 1939, Vol. 25, No. 4, pp. 10, 11, and 62, tell "Why Lindbergh Came Home." The article claims that the "immediate inspiration" for his return was a letter from John F. Victory, secretary of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, who wrote Lindbergh in England "urging that he attend the spring meetings of the Committee," enabling it to have a "publicity punch" as it sought to increase federal funds for aeronautical research. "Also, Victory knew, though he did not mention it to Lindbergh, that the flying Colonel's appointment as a member of the NACA was likely to lapse at the end of 1939 if he attended no meetings," say Pearson and Allen. Another factor motivating the return, the two go on, was the hero's awareness "of his growing unpopularity in the United States." Lindbergh told George Rublee, old and close friend of Dwight Morrow, that one Long Island town would not even permit Anne's *Listen! the Wind* to be sold in it because of dislike of Lindbergh. It is from this article that I derived the story of the night boat trip to Norfolk and of Lindbergh in the summer night in a Washington suburb.

People at Little Falls, Minnesota, with whom Lindbergh talked

when he visited a nearby airfield on his inspection tour, remember vividly his opinions as to the invincibility of the Germans and the softness of the British and French. Russian Brigadier General Kokkinaki's comments on Lindbergh's statement concerning Russian aeronautics were reported in the *New York Times*, May 3, 1939, 3:2. The story of how Lindbergh met Fulton Lewis, Jr., and the subsequent arrangement for the first of the isolationist radio talks, is told by Roger Butterfield in *Life Magazine*, August 11, 1941, Vol. 11, pp. 64-70 plus, under the title: "Lindbergh: Stubborn Young Man of Strange Ideas Becomes a Leader of Wartime Opposition."

The interpretation which Winston Churchill and other historians make of the Russo-German 1939 pact, whereby it is alleged that Stalin engaged in a piece of Machiavellian "smartness" which backfired, is one with which (as I suppose my historical résumé makes clear) I happen to disagree. It seems to me that Stalin's move was not only clearly in the national interest of the Soviet Union but also in the long-run interests of the Western allies. Had the pact not been signed, neither Britain nor the United States would have made in time the effort which was essential to free-world survival and Hitler would have crushed an as yet unprepared Russia. We would now be living, all of us, in a world dominated by Nazis. The belief that the United States could have survived for long as a democracy in the face of this overwhelming power—a power driven by unappeasable inner needs for aggression and seemingly "justified" by its uninterrupted "success"—seems to me obviously absurd, and I note that those who profess to believe it are, almost always, people who are themselves inclined toward right-wing totalitarianism.

My direct quotation of Robert Sherwood is from page 187 of Volume 1 of the Bantam Giant paperback edition of Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins* (Harper, 1948). My quotation of Roosevelt is from Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Coming of the New Deal* (Houghton Mifflin, 1959), page 588.

In writing of Lindbergh's public speeches of 1939-41, I referred to *The Radio Addresses of Charles A. Lindbergh, 1939-40*, a pamphlet containing five speeches issued by *Scribner's Commentator* in 1940, and to *Vital Speeches*, Vol. 5, pp. 751-52, "Appeal for Isolation"; Vol. 6, pp. 57-59, "What Our Decision Should Be"; Vol. 6, pp. 484-85, "Our National Safety"; Vol. 6, pp. 644-46, "An Appeal for Peace"; Vol. 7, pp. 42-43, "Strength and Peace"; Vol. 7, pp. 241-42, "Our Air Defense" (this is his testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee on January 23, 1941); Vol. 7, pp. 266-67, "We Are Not Prepared for War" (his testimony before the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee on February 6, 1941); and Vol. 7, pp. 425-26, "We Cannot Win This War for England"; as well as to the *New York Times* on appropriate dates.

Christian Century, in an editorial on "The Attack on Lindbergh," Aug. 21, 1940, Vol. 57, pp. 1022-23, asserted that the flier's argument deserved rational consideration but was instead being answered with personal attacks upon him. "The administration has gone to unprecedented lengths to heap scorn and revilement on this distinguished American citizen who does no more than exercise his constitutional right to discuss national policy," said the editorial, pointing out that a senator had been assigned to reply to each Lindbergh speech and that "none of these administration spokesmen have attempted to deal with Lindbergh's arguments on their merits." For the most part, "they have relied on mudslinging and namecalling." My footnote quotation of Dorothy Thompson is from her essay headed "Thompson vs. Lindbergh" in *Fortnightly*, June 1941, Vol. 155 (n.s. 149), pp. 546 plus. My quotation of Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* is derived from a pamphlet *Is Lindbergh a Nazi?*, issued by Friends of Democracy, Inc., L. M. Birkhead, National Director, in 1941. (The pamphlet provoked bitterly angry reaction from the America First Committee, who branded it a "smear." It consisted in large part of quotations of Lindbergh in parallel with quotes from Goebbels, Hitler, Moseley, and Dennis.) Said *Social Justice*: "Your father knew the score. Your father fought the Warburgs, the internationalist and the warmongers. . . . The Winchells who poured vinegar into your wounds are . . . the same puppets who poured vinegar upon the lips of the crucified Christ. . . . The boiling press . . . that scourged the naked back of your reputation was long foreshadowed in history by the stupid speeches of Pontius Pilate who tore the tender flesh of Christ in a dungeon—tore it with their scourges to appease the Scribes and Pharisees." My quotation of H. R. Knickerbocker is from pp. 347-48 of his *Is Tomorrow Hitler's?* (Reynal and Hitchcock, 1941).

Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *The Wave of the Future* is significantly subtitled "A Confession of Faith," and my quotation regarding the sins of the "Democracies" (her quotes) vs. those of the Nazis is from page 11 and 12 (Harcourt, Brace, 1940). The much quoted "wave of the future" passage is to be found on pp. 18-19. Dorothy Thompson's reply in my footnote is from op. cit.

In writing of America First and Lindbergh's relationship with it, I leaned heavily upon the carefully objective and well-documented history by Wayne S. Cole, entitled *America First, The Battle Against Intervention, 1940-41* (University of Wisconsin, 1953). I referred also to Lawrence Dennis's *The Coming American Fascism* (Harper, 1936), finding particularly interesting, in relation to Lindbergh's battle, the chapter on "National Interest in Foreign Relations" wherein Dennis writes (page 273): "Fascism differs from liberalism in its conduct of foreign policy by proceeding on the premises that the only authority which may be usefully thought of as exercising any measure

of supremacy is the human will; that the supremacy of the human will is synonymous and commensurate with the force factors or might it exerts; and that the only norms for the rational control of the human will in its highest expressions are facts and scientific probabilities. If the facts conflict with the logic of a given law, or rule, or concept, or right, the facts win out and the law, commandment, or eternal truth, loses out." That moral feelings are objectively definable "facts" and that morality is a force of history were never recognized by Dennis, nor by Lindbergh in his isolationist speeches.

Roosevelt's press conference of April 25 was, of course, very fully reported in the *New York Times* next day. The *Times* editorially deplored the "copperhead" label, as well as Lindbergh's recent stand, finding both men, in a sense, wrong. The whole thing was "unfortunate." Bernard DeVoto in his "Easy Chair" department of *Harper's Magazine* for July 1941, Vol. 183, pp. 221-24, said Roosevelt would have been better advised to compare Lindbergh with John Frémont or George McClellan than with Vallandigham. Wrote DeVoto: "No man's opinions about such things [as foreign policy] are better than his intelligence, education, and experience—and Mr. Lindbergh is not qualified. The honesty of his gospel is not here impugned, but it is groping, bewildered, full of violent contradictions, inexpressibly naïve, and clearly a product of limited intelligence. If the anonymous layman expressed it we would dismiss it as a sum of contradiction, confusion, the fantasy of panic and mere stupidity. But there is added to it the power of irrelevant achievement and adventitious publicity—and of some that is not altogether adventitious." *Commonweal*, May 9, 1941, Vol. 34, page 51, expressed "distaste for Roosevelt's personal attack on Lindbergh's character" but went on to say that Lindbergh's resignation had an importance which transcended the manner in which it was obtained. The nation, said *Commonweal*, was now clearly committed to a policy of opposition to the totalitarian powers and of aid to Britain; the commitment had been registered through democratic processes in the presidential election and in the Lend-Lease Act. "Every citizen has a right to oppose a policy and to bring others to oppose it. But we do not claim that a man publicly and energetically opposing the foreign policy of the government can at the same time continue to be a member of the armed forces of the nation which serve the national policy and do not initiate it. Unless we admit intolerable confusion, the role of the Army and Navy must be a silent one." The public "inevitably associates" Lindbergh with our military strength in the air; therefore, concludes *Commonweal*, the resignation forced by Roosevelt was necessary.

Roger Butterfield (op. cit.) gives a vivid picture of Lindbergh's home life on Long Island. Also useful was a cover story in *Time Magazine*, October 6, 1941, Vol. 38, pp. 18-20, on General Robert E. Wood

and his chairmanship of America First, which has many references to Lindbergh. Colonel Breckinridge's break with Lindbergh became public knowledge when, in mid-June of 1940, he challenged Lindbergh's stand (*New York Times*, June 16, 1:2). My quote of Thomas W. Lamont is from Butterfield, as is my quote of Admiral Land and of Anne Lindbergh on her husband's "memory of his father." The *Spectator* article assessing Lindbergh's character, by Harold Nicolson, was reported in the *Times*, Oct. 22, 29:3. The quotation of Carrel on his reasons for returning to France are from a dispatch in the *Times*, September 1, 1944, 4:6, in which he denied that he had aided German occupation forces. My footnote quotation of Dennis is from page xi of his introduction to *The Dynamics of War and Revolution* (Weekly Foreign Letter, 1940).

Cole's *America First* devotes a whole chapter to "Anti-Semitism and America First" and quotes in full (page 144) the passage in Lindbergh's Des Moines speech which produced the furor. Cole quotes from newspapers the denunciations of the speech which flowed in from prominent Americans of all religious faiths. Birkhead's aforementioned pamphlet, *Is Lindbergh a Nazi?*, placed in parallel columns key phrases of Lindbergh's speech and a quotation from Hitler's speech to the Reichstag on January 30, 1939: "At the moment, Jews in certain countries may be fomenting hatred under the protection of the press, of the film, of wireless propaganda, of the theater, of literature, etc., all of which they control." Also quoted is an official statement by Hitler issued September 13, 1941: "All Roosevelt's actions have one purpose and one objective—to precipitate the United States into a Jewish war and preserve the position of international Jewry." Cole quotes Gregory Mason on page 150 of his book.

General Arnold's statement that Lindbergh's offer to serve in the armed forces indicated a "definite change of his isolationist stand" must be weighed against the fact that Lindbergh had repeatedly said, "If it came to an attack on this country, I would be for war all the way." (Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of the British Union of Fascists and National Socialists, was quoted by Birkhead (op. cit.) as saying: "If any country . . . attacks Britain . . . then every single member of the British Union would fight for Britain." Lawrence Dennis wrote on page xiv of the introduction to *The Dynamics of War and Revolution*: "As soon as we enter the next war I shall try to join up in any capacity in which I may be found useful. If I am found too old . . . for line duty . . . I shall be delighted to serve my country with its war propaganda. I am just as ready to lie as to kill for my country. Any ethic which does not put a man's country above all else is a stench in my nostrils.")

C. B. Allen's *Saturday Evening Post* article (op. cit.) is my source

of the story that Lindbergh was in effect refused clearance by the White House when United Aircraft sought to employ him.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN: "Envoi"

The first published statement that Lindbergh had shot down Japanese planes while a civilian "observer" in the Pacific appeared in the Passaic (N.J.) *Herald-News* on October 22, 1944. Comment on the statement was refused by Lindbergh, United Aircraft, and the Army and Navy. On November 30, 1945, newspapers carried a United Press dispatch by W. B. Dickinson telling in circumstantial detail how Lindbergh shot down a Jap Zero on October 10, 1944, during a raid on Japanese installations at Balikpapan, Dutch Borneo—a raid on which one of Lindbergh's colleagues was alleged to be the great American ace, Major Richard Bong, who "that day downed his twenty-ninth and thirtieth" enemy planes. Actually, Lindbergh was in America (as we see) several weeks before October 10. Representative N. M. Mason, Republican, promptly inserted in the *Congressional Record* a wholly unsubstantiated report that Lindbergh had shot down "several" Japanese planes.

In writing of Lindbergh's war and immediate postwar service to his country, I leaned heavily upon Lauren D. (Deac) Lyman's article, "The Lindbergh I Know," in the *Saturday Evening Post*, April 4, 1953, Vol. 225, pp. 22-23 plus. Lyman, a personal friend of Lindbergh's, gained much of his information directly from the flier, the article being designed in part to promote the serialization of Lindbergh's forthcoming book (the serialization was entitled "Thirty-Three Hours to Paris") which began in the *Post* on the following week. Lindbergh's account of the return from the raid on Palau appears on pp. 10-14 of his *Of Flight and Life* (Scribner's, 1948). From it I derived my sense of the fatal moments as he experienced them.

The *New York Times*, Aug. 29, 1944, 1:2, tells of Alexis Carrel's dismissal from the Institute. An Associated Press dispatch datelined Paris, August 30, 1944, said it had been "announced" that Carrel had been arrested by the F.F.I. Carrel was alleged to have founded his Institute "for the purpose of supplanting the great French universities and introducing fascism and Marxism to the students"—the latter a combination of subjects which was unlikely, to say the least. The report, as I say, was promptly denied by the legitimate French government. A United Press dispatch from Paris, datelined August 31, 1944, carried Carrel's denial of the charges against him. The *Times* for October 20, 1944, 4:5, told of the last sacraments of the Church being administered to Carrel on the 19th. An Associated Press dispatch from Paris, November 5, 1944, said that "one of Dr. Carrel's most recent

projects was an investigation of blood circulation, fatigue, and sleep" and that "his last book, *The Prayer*, on the influence of prayer on health, will be published in the United States soon." It never was.

Lindbergh gives his impressions of Germany, 1945, on pp. 15-21 of *Of Flight and Life*. My direct quotation is from page 17. The *New York Times*, July 26, 1945, 21:4, reports Lindbergh's meeting with executives of the *Chicago Tribune*. My direct quotations of Lindbergh's judgment on Soviet Russia are from pp. 25-26 and pp. 30-31 of *Of Flight and Life*. His Aero Club speech was reported in the *Times* for Dec. 18, 1944, 11:1. The *New Republic's* editorial comment on the speech, headed "Lindbergh Rides Again," appeared December 31, 1945, Vol. 113, page 885. My quotation on "salvation" is from page 56 of *Of Flight and Life*.

Surprisingly ignored by most reviewers of Lindbergh's *The Spirit of St. Louis* (Scribner's, 1953) was a detailed description of his mystical experience as he approached Europe during the Paris flight, pp. 389-90. He tells here how the fuselage of his plane became filled with "ghostly presences" who spoke to him, one after another, leaning forward so that they could be heard above the motor's noise. He lost "all sense of substance" and felt that his body no longer had weight. The "feeling of flesh" vanished and he felt himself to be on the "border line of life and a greater realm beyond"; he was aware of powers greater by far than any he had ever known before. "Is this death?" he asked himself, feeling that he lived now in the past, the present, the future, and everywhere at once, having become one with infinite reality. This passage is clearly a thematic climax of Lindbergh's book, and whether or not it is a literally accurate description of his experience in 1927 it is certainly revealing of his psychology and attitudes in 1952. Here we see the flight, from his point of view, as symbolic of the experience of modern Western man who, having concentrated so exclusively on the realization of extensive possibilities (as Spengler put it) is now in search of a soul (as Jung put it) and can "save" his life in this sense only by "losing" it.

Marvin W. McFarland in the magazine, *U. S. Air Services*, February 1954, presents a full, well-written account of "The Lindbergh Dinner" of the preceding January 25, an account revealing of the personal impression the flier still makes on those who see him on his rare public appearances. Writes McFarland: "It would be trite to say it if it were generally known today, but the essential Lindbergh—the Lone Eagle of the wondrous flight to Paris—is unchanged and, one is certain, unchangeable. This is the fact which must have struck everyone who saw him at the I.A.S. dinner. His fifty-two years lie on him lightly. The candor and vigor of youth are still with him. His demeanor is as modest as it ever was. His smile is as heartwarming, as disarming; his handclasp as firm and as friendly. . . . The Lindbergh

we saw at the Astor was Lindbergh fully mature, at the prime of life, his powers at their height. Time has served but to confirm that here is a man cast in heroic mold. . . ." The same magazine printed the full text of Lindbergh's speech in the issue for March 1954.

My view of Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh at Cass Technical High School derives from interviews with former colleagues of hers who still teach at Cass: Wolber, now principal of the school; Raymond R. Jared, head of the school's science department; and Gordon Salton, chemistry teacher. Salton asked to borrow Mrs. Lindbergh's key one day and was refused, politely but also firmly. The Detroit *Free Press* morgue contains interesting unpublished material on Mrs. Lindbergh, including the notes of reporters who were sent out to get background material and wrote of their experience of their attempts. I quote from one set of notes: "When she was asked to come to the Board of Education to have a check up she refused flatly. On the first year's check up, or when an attempt was made to give the first year's check up which the system does as routine to see that retirement funds are spent wisely, a nurse called at the Land-Lindbergh home and got rough treatment. Mayor, superintendent, councilmen, etc., were called by Mr. Land to protest. . . . Since then, on superintendent's order she is not checked like other retired teachers. Her pension even with a couple of percentage increases is less than \$100 a month, but that amounts to maybe \$10,000 or \$12,000 during the 12 years she has been retired." I must say that I personally think Mrs. Lindbergh's stand was perfectly justified and I trust Detroit has revised a "routine" which seems an outrageous invasion of privacy, essentially insulting to retired people. The *Free Press* for September 8, 1954, reported Mrs. Lindbergh's death and presented her obituary, including in the latter the story of her refusal to submit to annual physical check ups. On September 17, 1954, the *Free Press* told of Mrs. Lindbergh's burial in Pine Lake Cemetery following "a simple service in the country church where her grandfather [Dr. Edwin Albert Lodge] once preached"—the Orchard Lake Community Church. "Only members of the immediate family attended the quiet rites."

The Library of Congress's *Quarterly Journal of Current Acquisitions*, Vol. 11, No. 4, August 1954, tells on pp. 207-9 of the acquisition by the library of the manuscript, in its several revisions up to the final one, of *The Spirit of St. Louis* and tells the story of how the book was written. Much the same information is presented in the United Aircraft Corporation's house organ, *Bee-Hive*, for the summer of 1954, in an article, "How Lindbergh Wrote a Book," by Lauren D. Lyman, pp. 18-20. Lindbergh donated his \$500 Pulitzer Prize to the Columbia University Dental School to which he had earlier presented equipment of historical interest from his grandfather C. H. Land's laboratory. (See *New York Times*, November 23, 1954, 37:5.) After

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the film version of the book was released and Warner Brothers discovered that Lindbergh was unknown to the young, the movie actor Tab Hunter, then twenty-five, was sent to high schools and colleges around the country to "sell" the film to students and explain to them who Lindbergh was and is.

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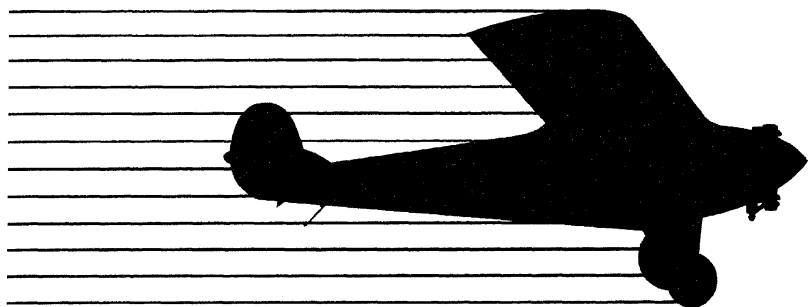
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